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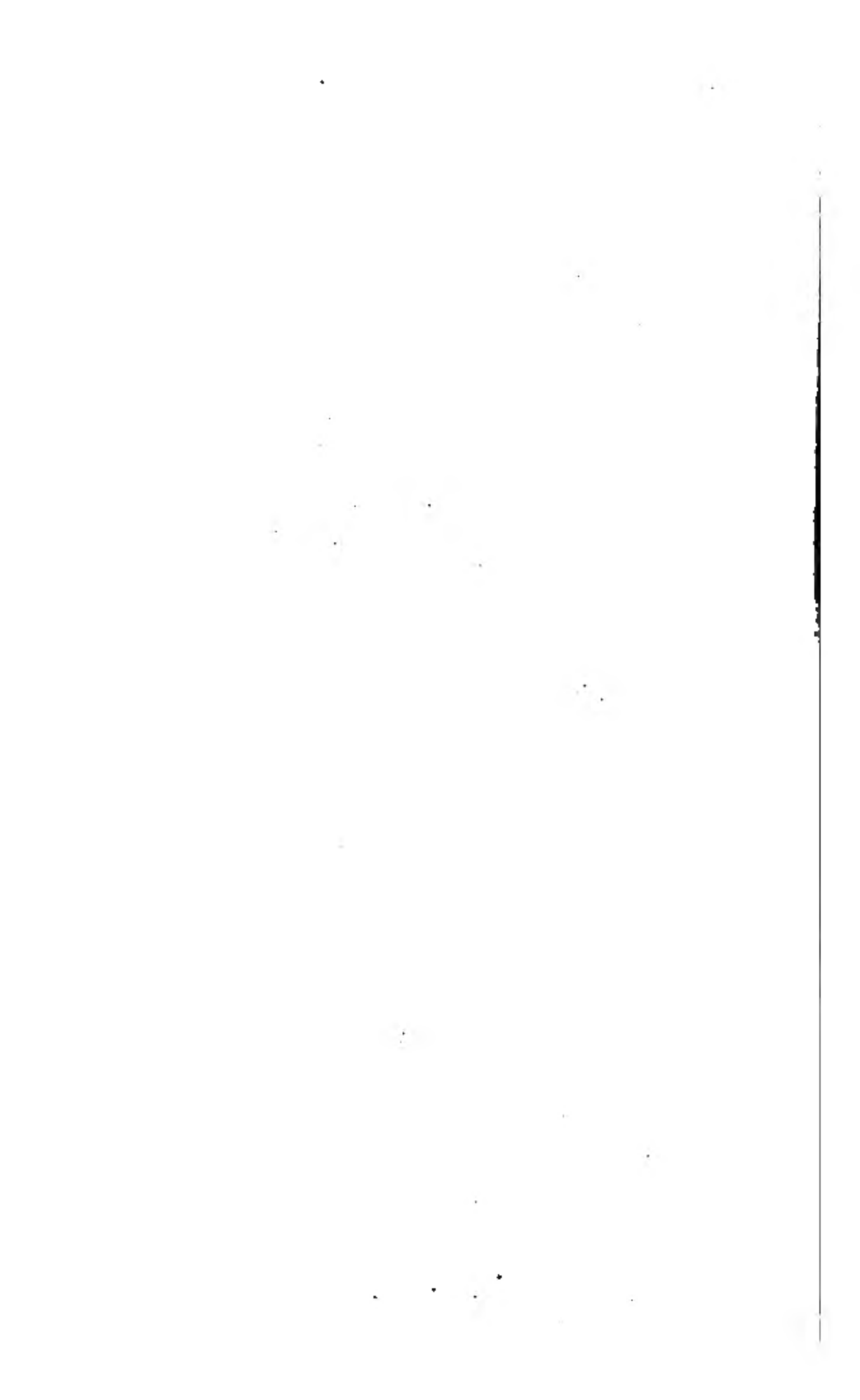
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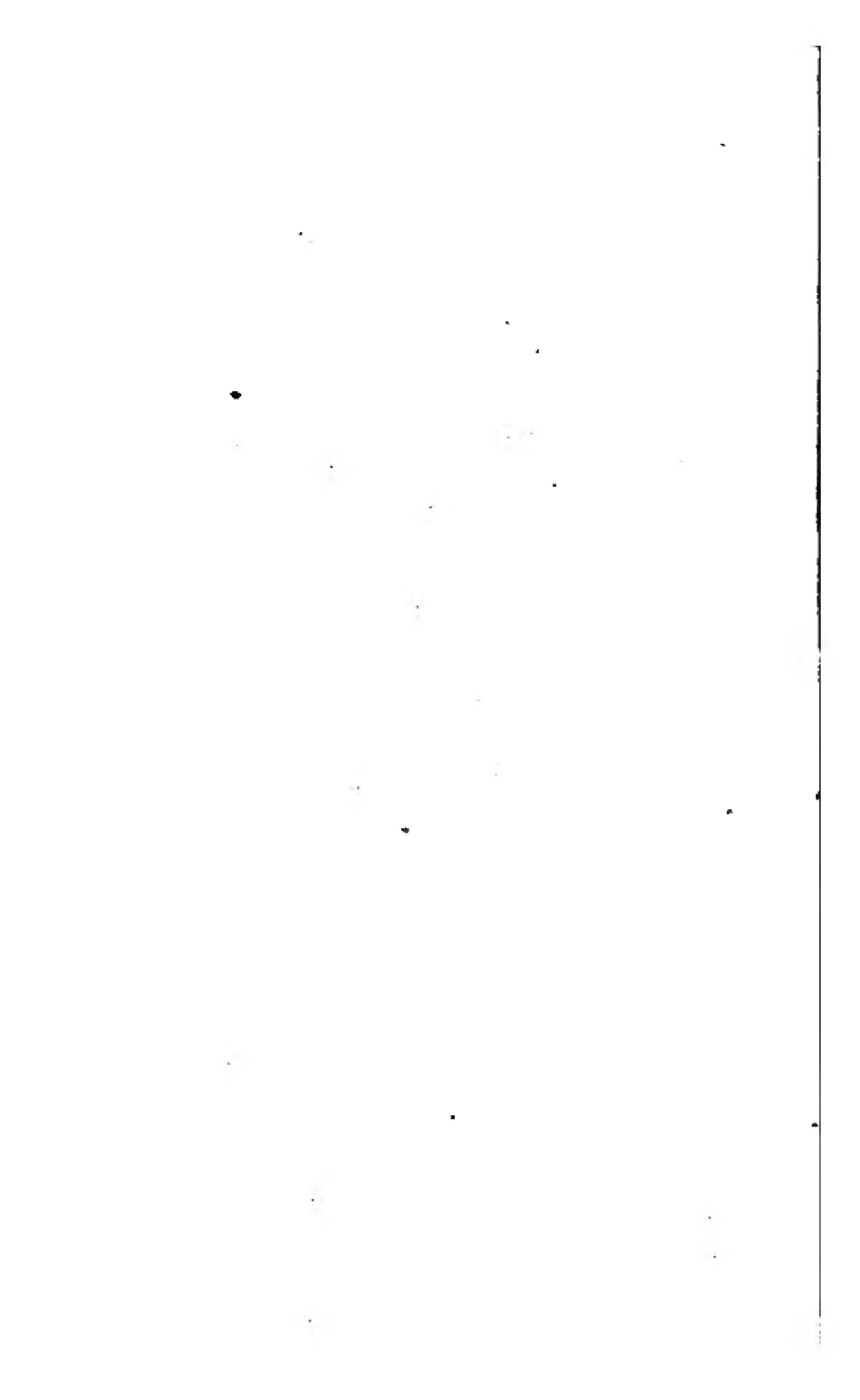
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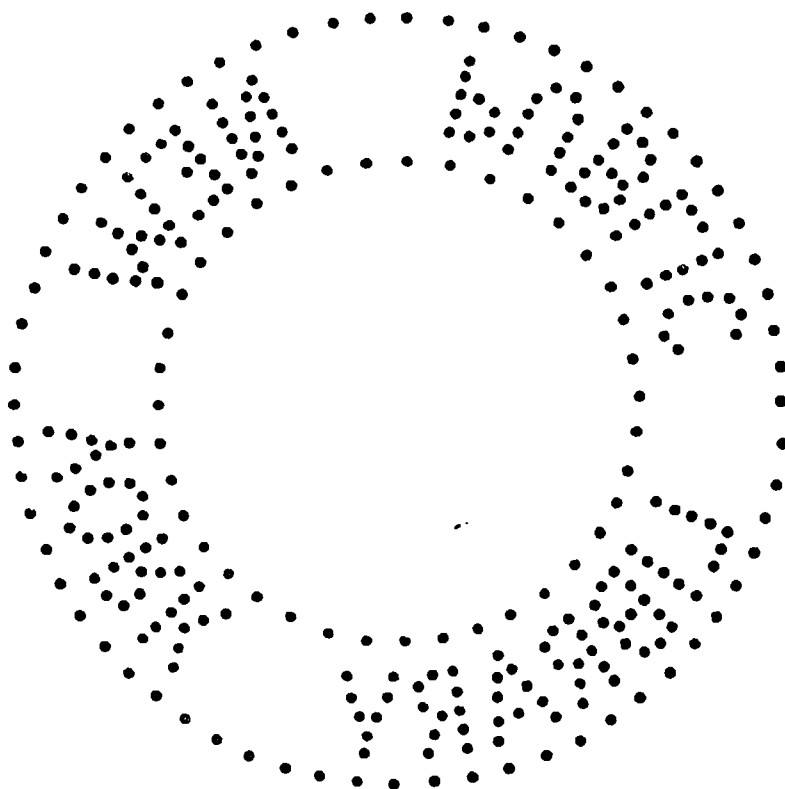
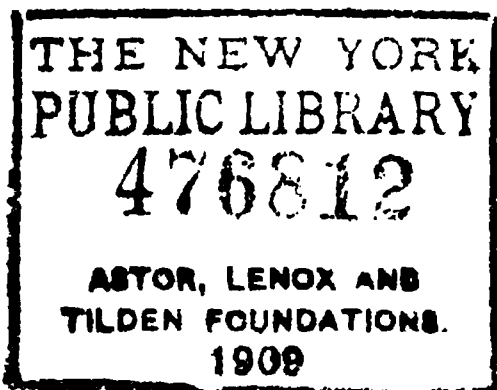
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1858.
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PREFACE.

(TO THE FIRST EDITION.)

I HOPE that those who do me the honour of perusing these Letters will not take them for more than they are worth,—a simple, and, I trust, faithful record of impressions as they arose, and incidents as they occurred, such as I conceived would be read with interest *at home*. In preparing them for the press, I have divested them of much that could possess no general interest. If certain allusions to members of my family circle have been allowed to stand, it is only because they arose so naturally out of the circumstances that they serve to illustrate them, or that, in one or two instances, I could not find it in my heart to cut them out.

I may be permitted to allude to the subject of many reflections in these volumes—the literal accomplishment of prophecy, as displayed in the actual condition of Egypt, Edom, and Syria. Others have borne their testimony; it is but adding a stone to the cairn, yet I cannot, and ought not, to withhold mine.

I embrace with pleasure this opportunity of express-

ing my sincere acknowledgments for the uniform courtesy and kindness I experienced during my recent tour. To —— Tibaldi, Esq., of Alexandria, and his amiable lady,—to Colonel Campbell, her Majesty's Consul-General in Egypt,—to M. Piozin, Vice-Consul,—to Dr. Walne, John Hannay, Esq., and the Rev. Theophilus Lieder, at Cairo;—to the Reverend the American Missionaries, and —— Moore, Esq., at Jerusalem;—and to Nathanael Moore, Esq., British Consul at Beirut, (whose courtesies I regret having been prevented from personally acknowledging,)—my peculiar thanks are due. On my obligations to Mr Farren, Consul-General in Syria, I will not dwell in this place.

I cannot conclude without adverting to the lamented decease of my friend and near relation, Mr. William Wardlaw Ramsay, the companion of the greater part of my tour.

If excellent abilities and sound judgment, expanding and maturing every day—if singular genius for music and drawing, and a general love for the fine arts, balanced by an enlightened taste for science and natural philosophy—if sweetness of temper, a warm, kind heart, and sincere but unostentatious religious principle—be qualities to render a character attractive and estimable, and to enhance the sorrow of surviving friends for the loss of one who, if spared by an all-wise Providence, would have been a blessing to his family and an ornament to society—such a character, such qualities, were Mr. Ramsay's.

I have extracted from his private journal, and appended to the present work, in the shape of notes, many passages which, I think, will be read with interest by every one into whose hands these volumes may fall.

Haigh, Feb. 1838.

(TO THE FOURTH EDITION.)

In sending forth these Letters, probably for the last time, I have carefully revised them, and appended a few additional notes where occasion presented itself. Certain speculations—which I would not be understood to insist upon with so much earnestness as I did nine years ago—have been allowed to remain; others, which more recent research has disproved, have been omitted. My journey was undertaken, and the record of it published, previous to the appearance of the works of Rossellini, Wilkinson, and Bünsen on Egypt, and of Dr. Robinson on Palestine—works invaluable to the student at home and the traveller abroad, and with which the expectation of Europe already classes the labours of Lepsius. Had it been my fortune to possess guides like these during my wanderings in the East, the volume, which I now finally dismiss, would have been more deserving of the favour with which it has been honoured by the public.

Haigh, 1 January, 1847.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

DURING the ten years that have elapsed since I last revised and annotated the present volume, much progress has been effected in the path of Egyptian and Syrian research; important discoveries have been made, and interesting speculations started, which have thrown additional and ever increasing light upon the history of the early world and upon the Scriptures. I would mention three works in particular, the supplementary volume by Dr. Robinson recording his latest 'Researches' in Palestine, the 'Sinai and Palestine' of Canon Stanley, and Mr. Porter's 'Five Years in Damascus,' as having especially contributed to this object,—with a reiteration of my regret that the tour recorded in these pages was of such early date as to preclude me from the advantage of following in the track of such keen and original observers as these gentlemen and their immediate predecessors.

Of the former of the works just mentioned, the additional Researches of Dr. Robinson, it is enough to say that the learning and acute observation displayed in it render it a worthy companion in all respects to the volumes which have already appeared by the same distinguished author:—Mr. Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine' exhibits throughout the most winning union of scholarship and grace, and is original and suggestive to the highest degree; it ought to be the companion of every traveller to those regions, whether bent on scientific inquiry, or pilgrimising in simple devotion to the Holy Places of the elder or younger Covenant:—While Mr.

Porter has for the first time furnished us with a detailed and accurate account of Damascus, that eldest and loveliest of cities, and of its neighbourhood; with much new information regarding Lebanon; with the results of a personal ascent and examination of Mount Hermon; and with a further and more full description of a great portion of the very interesting province of the Hauran, the ancient Auranitis, South of Damascus.

Of the discoveries actually effected during the last few years, I may mention those of Lepsius and others at the Pyramids, which have revealed to us the vast sepulchral excavations and the magnificent sarcophagi enshrining the mummies of the Bull Apis; and the tombs of the state officers of the Pharaohs who built the Pyramids, all of them sleeping in silent attendance around their ancient lords, awaiting their common resurrection,—the identification of Dothan, or ‘the Two Wells,’ the scene of Joseph’s visit to his brethren and of his delivery to the Midianites, by Mr. Van de Velde and Dr. Robinson,—the identification of Emmaus and of Pella (among numerous sites of lesser interest) by Dr. Robinson during his recent journey,—the discovery of a circular or ring temple on the Eastern summit of Mount Hermon—the very temple of Baal, facing the rising sun, from which the mountain derived its ancient name of Baal-Hermon—perhaps the earliest relic of the primeval Syrian worship now existing—by Mr. Porter,—and the detailed descriptions given by that gentleman, and also by Dr. Robinson, of the very curious monument at Hurmel, near the Orontes, on the road from Baalbec to Riblah, of which the first published account was given in a note to these travels, (p. 484, *infra*,) nearly twenty years ago, from the information of Mr. Farren.

Among the speculations which have thrown additional

interest on various scenes described in this volume, I would specify, i. The suggestion by which the learned Ritter has attempted to reconcile the conflicting claims of Gebel Serbal and of Gebel Mousa to be considered the true Sinai—identifying (that is to say) Gebel Serbal with the ‘Mount of God,’ the scene of the early worship of the tribes of the desert, referred to in Exod., iii. 1 ; iv. 27 ; and Gebel Mousa and its dependencies with the mount of Sinai, from whence the Law was delivered to Moses, and before which the Israelites encamped in the plain Er Raha,—the valley of Faran representing under this hypothesis the valley of Rephidim, and the hill of Faran the hill on which Moses stood and prayed during the battle with the Amalekites ; a suggestion which might almost be termed the happiest in the whole range of German criticism,—ii. The theory of Mr. Stanley (which, startling as it may at first appear, commends itself strongly to conviction) that Kadesh-Barnea, the last great resting-place of the Israelites before their final departure for Palestine, and the scene of the rebellion of Korah and of the death of Miriam and Aaron, must be fixed at Petra ; with which I may associate the argument of the same accomplished traveller to prove that the meeting of Abraham with Melchizedek, and the sacrifice of Isaac, took place at, and on, Mount Gerizim, and that Hermon was the scene of the Transfiguration,—And, iii. The opinion of Mr. Porter that the older, simpler, and more massive edifices of the Hauran—the private houses, city-walls, and stone gates, described in general terms at pp. 291 sqq., *infra*, in the present volume, and in fuller detail in Mr. Porter’s own travels—may claim a much higher antiquity than has hitherto been conceded to them, and remain to us, in fact, as remnants of the “fenced cities” and of the domestic architecture of that giant race, the subjects of Og King of Bashan, who ruled

over the regions east of the Jordan at the time of the advent of the Israelites.

To have contributed thus largely to the elucidation of Sacred story, and to the treasure of facts and memories laid up for the meditation of earnest men, would repay the labour of a lifetime :—And if I mention in this place, and in such association, that the honour of the *quasi* discovery of the plain Er Raha in front of Mount Sinai, and the first identification of it as the scene of the encampment of the Israelites during the giving of the Law, has been assigned to myself in 1837, and to Dr. Robinson in 1838, as successive, although independent observers, by Mr. Stanley in his recent volume ;* and that Mr. Stanley, in alluding to me as “the only traveller who has carefully described the eastern shores” of the Sea of Galilee, has accepted my identification of the “tombs” from whence the man with an unclean spirit, whose name was Legion, issued forth to oppose our Saviour’s arrival in the country of the Gadarenes—of the “mountain” on which the herd of many swine were feeding—and of the “steep place” or declivity down which they ran violently into the sea, and perished in the waters—as well as of the “city” out of which the inhabitants came thronging to meet Jesus, and besought him to depart out of their coasts,†—it is from feelings of deep gratification at the thought that I have been permitted, by the blessing of God, although travelling as a mere pilgrim and in the flush and fervour of immature youth, to contribute thus much—more than I ever expected or was entitled to hope for—towards the illustration of the topography of the Bible.

It is, in truth, a characteristic of youth to attach undue importance to whatever lies on the surface of things, or

* See Additional Notes, p. xviii., *infra*.

† Additional Notes, p. xxvi., *infra*.

flatters the imagination by approximating to its apprehension the near and the remote, the earthly and the divine—in ignorance or disregard of those rules of sober and corrective criticism, the discipline of reason, which, cautiously and reverently applied, in due deference to lawful authority, for the ascertainment of fact and the regulation of opinion, are our surest safeguard against credulity and error. Had I written the ensuing ‘Letters’ twenty years later, I should have been more slow to recognise a special fulfilment of prophecy in the existing ruins of Petra, Bozrah, and Ammon; I should have spoken with less dogmatism and assurance with regard to the literal restoration of the Jews and other points of a more general or historical character, equally as yet in the womb of time, respecting which, and the prophecies relating to them, the judgments of the wisest and holiest men have been at variance, and the precise interpretation of which would appear, in fact, intended to be reserved, until made clear by fulfilment, among the secret counsels of the Most High. As respects the ancient cities above alluded to, I may at least remark, in the words of Mr. Stanley, that “the warnings delivered by ‘holy men of old’ were aimed, not against stocks and stones, but then, as always, against living souls and sins, whether of men or of nations;” and that, while, in a general point of view, the extinction of the power and polity of Phœnicia, Egypt, Edom, and other ancient empires, denounced by the prophets, is a living proof of the divine foreknowledge and of the authority of the Scriptures, “to narrow the scope of these sublime visions to the actual buildings and sites of the cities” which represent these empires, “is as unwarranted by facts as it is mistaken in idea. Sidon,” for example, “has probably never ceased to be a populous, and, on the whole, a flourishing town; . . Tyre,” when destroyed, “has been always speedily rebuilt,”—“and

the ruin of the empire of Tyre, combined with the revival and continuance of the town of Tyre, is thus a striking instance of the moral and poetical, as distinct from the literal and prosaic, accomplishment of the Prophetical scriptures. The same argument," continues Mr. Stanley, "applies with greater or less force to the prophecies against Ascalon, Damascus, and Petra, as well as to those of which the fulfilment is supposed to be yet future. If the revival of these cities, after their temporary destruction, shows that we are not to press the letter of prophecy beyond its professed object, so also the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans shows that no expectations of its future prosperity can be founded on prophecies uttered long before that time in reference to its restoration by Ezra. It is possible that, in the changes of the Turkish empire, Palestine may again become a civilised country, under Greek or Latin influences; that the Jewish race, so wonderfully preserved, may yet have another stage of national existence opened to them; that they may once more obtain possession of their native land, and invest it with an interest greater than it could have under any other circumstances. But the localities of Syria, no less than common sense and piety, warn us against confounding these speculations with divine revelations, or against staking the truth of Christianity and the authority of the Sacred Records on the chances of local and political revolutions. The curse on Ascalon must have expired before the time when it became the residence of the Herods and the court of the Crusaders. If Petra under the Roman empire rose into a great thoroughfare of Eastern traffic, and is now again, after a long interval of desertion, the yearly resort of European travellers, it is clear that the words 'None shall pass through it for ever and ever,' cannot be extended beyond the fall of the race of Esau. In like manner the curtain of pro-

phesy falls on the Holy City, when 'Jerusalem was trodden down' by the armies of Titus. Its successive revivals under Hadrian, Constantine, Omar, and Godfrey, as well as its present degradation, and its future vicissitudes, are alike beyond the scope of the Sacred Volume."—I would not be understood as subscribing to these views in absolute unreserve; but their importance in themselves, and their value as a corrective to the somewhat crude assumptions for which I would now apologise, have induced me to subjoin them here, in the interest of truth and for the consideration of my readers.

In concluding these observations, I wish I could report the state of Syria and the Holy Land as more settled and prosperous than at the period when I last sent forth this volume. Egypt is much as it was in the time of Mohammed Ali; but Syria has never regained the comparative security for life and property which the iron rule of Ibrahim Pasha bestowed upon her. Tourists, formerly few and far between, have multiplied in the Levant, and the satellites ever attendant on their pleasure swarm proportionably. The convents, with which pilgrims were fain to content themselves in a former day, have been superseded by hotels and lodging-houses—even at Jerusalem. The desert route from Cairo to Suez is traversed by omnibuses; Suez has become a town; and the "Wells of Moses," so dreary and desolate when I encamped beside them on our first evening in Arabia, are now a scene of gardens and palm-groves, "the Richmond of Suez." All is change so far, though change merely on the surface. But as we advance northwards, insecurity appears to prevail everywhere beyond the beaten track—the difficulties of access to Petra and Palmyra are far greater than previously to 1838—the ruins of Jerash and the interesting regions east of the Jordan are unapproachable except at

enormous prices through the independence and rapacity of the inhabitants—and the recent volumes of Mr. Porter exhibit the hazard attendant on exploration of the Moslem districts of the Hauran. The very manners and feelings of the Syrian population would appear to have deteriorated, *pari passu* with their loss of security for the present and of hope for the future. In towns and districts where I met with the utmost courtesy and good will, trusting myself alone day after day with the natives, without escort and in utter undisguise, and frequently rambling (as we all did), alone and unarmed, in different directions in quest of objects of interest and amusement, I read of insults and contumely, robbery and attempts at murder. Giving the fullest weight to the controlling influence of Ibrahim Pasha, as affecting the great tribes of the Syrian desert and the population generally, I cannot think that the courtesy, so simple and cordial, which I uniformly experienced from individuals during my journey in 1837, could have been the mere result of terror and simulation; and the only conclusion I can come to in explanation of the change is that which I have above indicated.

Of the companions of my wanderings—always pleasantly remembered by me—some are dead, others I have lost sight of. Sheikh Hussein, the chief of the Alouins, is still living, a slave to avarice,—his son Mohammed, who received us at the camp near Mount Seir with simple grace, a boy at that time of twelve years old, in his little red robe of honour, is now practically the leader of the tribe, and Mr. Stanley speaks gratefully of “the almost princely courtesy” which he showed to him during his journey. Of my friend Sheikh Hussein, of the Towara—the model of a Bedouin for honour, courage, and generosity, and with whom it was impossible to live in association without becoming warmly attached to him

—I have heard nothing for several years. Toulaleb, the kindly and simple-hearted, who was in declining health in 1848, is probably dead long ago. Our servants, Hadji Achmet, Hassan the merry-hearted, the 'Snowballs,' the Greek Giorgio, and others, if still alive, must now be grey-bearded men. Abdallah, the Nubian, was living at Alexandria not long ago, as gaily attired as ever. Missirie still conducts his hotel at Pera, and is well, prosperous, and respected. I might speak of others, and of other matters connected with my pilgrimage,—but I have detained the reader at too great length already, and must bring this prolonged prologue to a close.

Duneeh, January, 1858.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

1858.

When I revised these Travels in 1847, I added various notes throughout the volume, giving at each step of the journey such further information in an abridged form as recent research had elicited; and I should have done the like on the present occasion, had it not been rendered impossible by the fact that the entire volume was stereotyped at the period of the former revision, and still remains so. My only resource is, therefore, to append to this preface such observations of my own, and such extracts from the works above mentioned, and from others, as I should have wished to bring into connection with my own descriptions or speculations, by way of correction or illustration, had the case been different. The inconvenience arising from the separation of these additions from the pages to which they respectively refer will be found, indeed, to be considerably remedied by an Index which has been added to this edition for the first time by the present publisher.

PAGE 98.—Great temple of Carnac.

I quote the following from Miss Martineau, with respect to the western propylon of this temple, built by Sesostris:—"One curious incident I must mention. A stone has fallen out, in more than one place, from the wall of the old Pharaonic propylon; and looking in at the hole, I saw sculptured and painted blocks, built into the interior; remnants of a still earlier time, used as material."—*Eastern Life, Present and Past*, p. 215, edit. 1850.

PAGE 147.—Temple of Ebsambul; colossal statues of Ramesses.

Miss Martineau states respecting the most northern of these statues as follows:—"The sand slopes up from the half-cleared entrance to the chin of the northernmost colossus. . . . When I had reached the chin, I found that a part of the lower jaw, reaching half way up the lower lip, was composed of the mud and straw of which crude bricks are made. There had evidently been a fault in the stone, which was supplied by this material. It was most beautifully moulded. The beauty of the curves of these great faces is surprising

in the stone; the fidelity of the rounding of the muscles, and the grace of the flowing lines of the cheek and jaw: but it was yet more wonderful in such a material as mud and straw. I cannot doubt that this chin and lip were moulded when the material was in a soft state. . . . Part of the dress of the second Osiride on the right hand, entering the temple, is composed of this same material, as smoothly carved and nicely wrought as the chin overhead. On examining closely, we found that this layer of mud and straw covered some chiselling within. The artist had been carving the folds of the dress, when he came upon a fault in the stone which stopped his work till he supplied a surface of material which he could mould."—*Eastern Life*, pp. 119, 120.

PAGE 156.—Pyramids of Cheops and Mycerinus.

Colonel Vyse, I may add, discovered the name of Cheops, in hieroglyphical characters, in the Great Pyramid, and the sarcophagus and mummy of Mycerinus, inscribed with his name, in the Third Pyramid. The mummy, and some fragments of the wooden coffin which immediately enclosed it, are now preserved in the British Museum. I have already mentioned the interesting tombs and excavations recently discovered near the Pyramids. In one of these the gold ring of Cheops was found, inscribed with his cartouche, or name in hieroglyphics. It is now in the possession of Dr. Abbott, at Cairo.

PAGE 172.—El Murgha.

This is the Wady Murkâ of Mr. Stanley.

PAGE 175, NOTE *.—Sinaitic inscriptions.

Mr. Forster's work has since been published, with others in sequence to it,—exhibiting great learning and ingenuity, but requiring a knowledge of the ancient Arabic and Oriental tongues which places it above the criticism of ordinary readers.

PAGE 179, NOTE *.—Gebel Serbal, and the question whether or not it be the Sinai of the Exodus.

On this subject I transcribe from Mr. Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine,' pp. 40 sqq.:—"There remains the question whether there is any solution of the rival claims of Serbâl and Gebel Mousa, which can give to each a place in the sacred history. Such an attempt has been made by Ritter, who with his usual union of diffidence and learning, suggests the possibility that Serbâl may have been 'the Mount of God,'* the sanctuary of the heathen tribes of the Desert,—already sacred before Israel came, and that to which Pharaoh would understand that they were going their long journey into the Wilderness for sacrifice. It may then have been the Wady Feirân that witnessed the battle of Rephidim, the building of the Altar on

* * Exodus, iii. 1; iv. 27."

the hill, and the visit of Jethro, and after this long pause, in 'the third month,' they may again have moved forward to 'Sinai,' the cluster of Gebel Mousa. There are two points gained by any such solution; first, that Sinai may then be identified with Gebel Mousa, without the difficulty, otherwise considerable, that the narrative brings the Israelites through the two most striking features of the Desert—Wâdy Feirân and Serbâl—without any notice of the fact; and, secondly, that it gives a scene, at least in some respects well-suited, for the encampment at Rephidim, the most remarkable which occurred before the final one in front of Sinai itself. How far the narrative itself contains sufficient grounds for such a distinction between the two mountains is, in our present state of knowledge, very uncertain. If 'Horeb' be taken for the generic name of the whole range, and not necessarily as identical with Sinai, then there is only one passage left (Exod. xxiv. 13, 16) in which, in the present text, 'the Mount of God' is identified with 'Sinai;' and even if Horeb be identified with Sinai, yet the variations of the Septuagint on this point show how easily the title of one mountain might be assumed into the text as the title of the other after the distinction between the two had been forgotten. In Exod. iii. 1, where 'the Mountain of God' occurs in the present Hebrew text, it is omitted in the LXX, (though not in the Alexandrian MS.;) as in Exod. xix. 3, where it occurs in the LXX, it is omitted in the Hebrew text. This would agree well with the slight topographical details of the battle. In every passage where Sinai, and Horeb, and the Mount of God, and Mount Paran are spoken of, the Hebrew word 'Hor' for 'mountain' is invariably used.* But in Exod. xvii. 9, 10, in the account of the battle of Rephidim, the word used is 'Gibeah,' rightly translated 'hill.' Every one who has seen the valley of Feirân will at once recognise the propriety of the term, if applied to the rocky eminence which commands the palm-grove, and on which, in early Christian times, stood the church and palace of the Bishops of Paran. Thus if we can attach any credence to the oldest known tradition of the Peninsula, that Rephidim is the same as Paran, then Rephidim, 'the resting-place,' is the natural name for the paradise of the Bedouins in the adjacent palm-grove; then the hill of the Church of Paran may fairly be imagined to be 'the hill' on which Moses stood, deriving its earliest consecration from the altar which he built; the Amalekites may thus have naturally fought for the oasis of the Desert, and the sanctuary of their gods; and Jethro may well have found his kinsmen encamping after their long journey, amongst the palms 'before the Mount of God,' and acknowledged that the Lord was greater even than all the gods who had from ancient days been thought to dwell on the lofty peaks which overhung their encampment. And then the ground is clear for the second start, described in the following chapter. 'They departed' from Rephidim, and came to the Desert of Sinai, and 'pitched' in the Wilderness; 'and there Israel encamped before the Mount.'—*Exod. xix. 2.*"

* In Exod. xxiv. 4, it is the same word, though mistranslated 'hill.'"

"If," concludes Mr. Stanley, "the Wâdy Feirân, from its palm-grove and its brook, be marked out as the first long halting-place of Israel, the high valleys of Gebel Mousa with their abundant springs no less mark out the second. The great thoroughfare of the Desert, the longest, and widest, and most continuous of all the valleys, the Wâdy Es-Sheykh, would lead the great bulk of the host, with the flocks and herds, by the more accessible though more circuitous route into the central upland; whilst the chiefs of the people would mount directly to the same point by the Nakb Hôwy, and all would meet in the Wâdy Er-Râheh, the 'enclosed plain' in front of the magnificent cliffs of the Râs Sasâfeh."

PAGE 185.—Mount Sinai; the Convent.

I ought to have described the Convent as "of the Transfiguration,"—not, as in the text, and as frequently is done by travellers, "of St. Catherine."

PAGE 193.—View from the summit of Gebel Katerin.

I was wrong in stating that Gebel Serbal is visible from this elevation. The mountain I mistook for it was the double peak of El-Barât.—*Stanley*, p. 77.

PAGE 194.—The plain El Raha, in front of Sinai.

"How little," remarks Canon Stanley, "could have been the desire of finding a place which should realise the general impressions of the scene; how the great event which has made Sinai famous was forgotten in the search after traces of special incidents, of which there could be no memorial, and in the discovery of which there could be no real instruction, is sufficiently apparent from the fact that, amongst all the pilgrims who visited Mount Sinai for so many centuries, hardly one noticed, and not one paid any attention to the great plain of Er-Râheh. And yet it is the very feature which, since the time that it was (we may almost say) first discovered by Lord Lindsay and Dr. Robinson, must strike any thoughtful observer as the point in the whole range the most illustrative of Israelite history."—*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 44.

PAGE 197.—Gebel Minnegia and Wady Sebayeh.

Mr. Kellog, an American gentleman, who visited Mount Sinai in 1844, states that the Wady Sebayeh, to the south of the valley of the Convent and of "the little mountain of the Cross (Neja)," the same which I have described under the name of Gebel Minnegia, is even more extensive than the Er Raha, and more suitable for the encampment of the Israelites. (See Kitto's "Scripture Lands," pp. 68 sqq.) Travellers would do well to explore the region south of the Convent. Mr. Kellog's theory, it will be observed, presupposes the arrival of the Israelites from the south, which is against probability.

PAGES 213, 217.—Sheikh Hussein and his son Mohammed.

Miss Martineau gives a striking picture of the avarice and greed of Sheikh Hussein, as witnessed by herself some ten years afterwards :—" I little thought," she says, " ever to have witnessed the working of any passion in such perfection as I saw that of avarice in Sheikh Hussein, up to the last moment before our parting at Hebron. He cannot help himself now. To this passion he is a slave, every day, every hour. His life, his mind, his countenance are ravaged by it. The whole intensity of the Arab character—an intensity which in others is divided among the objects and affections of their lives, their families, their camels, their enemies, their religion, and their desert wilds—is in him concentrated upon gain; and a terrible spectacle it is."—*Eastern Life*, p. 389. He was not altogether so lost to better impulses when I knew him; and we felt towards him more as a troublesome child than otherwise. When Mr. Stanley visited Petra in 1853, he had ceased accompanying travellers, and his son Sheikh Mohammed was Mr. Stanley's companion, showing him, as I have already mentioned, the greatest courtesy throughout his journey.—*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 85.

PAGE 220.—Wady Hower.

This name is not derived from Mount Hor, but implies "the valley of division;" that is, of the waters—the watershed.—*Stanley*, p. 86.

PAGES 224, 225.—Petra; the Deir, or rock-temple.

Mr. Stanley states that "the Sinaitic inscriptions are carved on the steps by which it is approached"—that is, on the broad steps cut in the rocks of the ravine by which you ascend to it.—*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 92. It would be very desirable to obtain copies of these inscriptions. Miss Martineau noticed, after mounting to the summit of the temple, and "at a rather higher elevation," a "circle of hewn stones and shrubs, [which] indicated very clearly that here had been a circus."—*Eastern Life*, p. 410.

PAGE 226.—Petra, as identified with Kadesh-Barnea.

I have cited in a note at p. 232, Dr. Robinson's argument to prove that Kadesh-Barnea is to be fixed at El Uebe, in the Wady Araba. The following extracts will place before the reader the claims of Petra to that honour, as advocated by Mr. Stanley :—

Except Hazeroth (if Huddra be indeed Hazeroth) none of the stations of the Israelites after leaving Sinai, as recorded in Numbers xxxiii., have as yet been identified. "All that is clear is, that they marched northwards from Mount Sinai, probably over the plateau of Tih—which seems to be designated as 'the wilderness of Paran'—then that they descended into the 'Arabah—designated, apparently, as 'the wilderness of Zin.' Thence, on the refusal of the king of Edom to let them pass through his territory, they moved southward,

encamped on the shores of the Gulf of 'Akaba, at Ezion-Geber, and then turned the corner of the Edomite mountains, at their southern extremity, and entered the table-lands of Moab at the 'torrent of the willows,' ('the brook Zared,') at the south-east end of the Dead Sea.

"In this general obscurity, one place stands out prominently. There can be no question, that next to Sinai, the most important of all the resting-places of the Children of Israel is Kadesh. It is the only one dignified by the name of 'a city.' Its very name awakens our attention—the 'Holy Place'—the same name by which Jerusalem itself is still called in Arabic, 'El-Khods.' It is probably the old oracular 'Spring of Judgment,' mentioned as existing in the earliest times of Canaanite history;* as if, like Mount Sinai itself, it had an ancient sanctity before the host of Israel encamped within its precincts. The encampment there is also distinct in character from any other in the wilderness, except the stay at Sinai or perhaps at Rephidim. The exact time is not given; but it is stated generally that 'they abode in Kadesh many days.†' They were there at least forty days,‡ during the absence of the spies. In its neighbourhood, two battles were fought with the southern Canaanites—one a defeat, the other a victory.§ There arose the demand for water, which gave to the place its new name of Meribah-Kadesh;|| there also the rebellion of Korah, and the death of the sister and the brother of Moses.

"All these indications compel us to look for some more definite locality than can be found in the scattered springs and pools in the midst of the Desert, with which travellers have usually endeavoured to identify it—such, for example, as 'Ain-el-Weibeh, on the eastern side of the 'Arabah, which Dr. Robinson selected as the spot, and which, but for the reasons just given, would not be an inappropriate scene.

"The geographical notices of its situation are unfortunately too slight to be of much service. Yet thus much they fix, that it was 'in the wilderness of Zîn,'¶ that it was 'on the "edge" of the border of

"* Gen. xiv. 7. 'En-Mishpat (the spring of Judgment), which is Kadesh.' Compare for the combination, Exod. xv. 25, 'He made for them (at Marah) a statute and a "judgment" (mishpat).' Jerome, however, distinguishes Kadesh-'en-Mishpat from Kadesh-Barnea, making the former to be a spot in the Valley of Gerar, well known in his days as Bear-dan,—'the well of the judge.' De Loc. Heb. voc. *Putens judicis*."

"† Deut. i. 46."

"‡ Numb. xiii. 25."

"§ Numb. xiv. 45; xxi. 1."

"|| Deut. xxxii. 51."

"¶ Numb. xxvii. 14; xxxiii. 36; Deut. xxxii. 51. In one passage Kadesh appears to be placed in 'the wilderness of Paran.' Numb. xlii. 26. The spies returned 'unto the wilderness of Paran to Kadesh,' (cf. xii. 16.) It is possible that the other Kadesh (before noticed) may be here meant. But, however it is explained, a passage of this kind—with the liability to mistakes which seems to have beset the whole text of the wanderings—cannot avail against the emphatic contrast elsewhere drawn between the two wildernesses of Paran and of Zîn, and the close connexion of Kadesh-Barnea with Zîn."

Edom*—that it was near 'Mount Hor,'—that it was at the southern point to which the territory of Judah afterwards reached.

"Is there any place to which these indications correspond? Possibly, if the country were thoroughly explored, there might be found several in the deserted cities of Edom, known only to the very few travellers who have entered Edom by the Wâdy Itâm. At present one only is known, and that is Petra.

"An oasis of vegetation in the desert hills; scenery only second in grandeur to that where the Law was delivered; a city of which the present ruins are modern, but of which the earlier vestiges reach back to the remotest antiquity—these are some of the points which give Petra a claim to be considered as the original sanctuary of the Idumean wilderness. It is moreover one of the few facts localised by anything like an authentic tradition,—in this case preserved by Josephus, the Talmudists, Eusebius,† and Jerome‡,—that Kadesh was either identical, or closely connected with Petra. With this the existing names (though capable of another origin) remarkably harmonise. The mountain which overhangs the valley of Petra has been known as far back as the knowledge of travellers extends, as the 'mountain of Aaron.' The basin of Petra is known to the Arabs by no other name than 'the Valley of Moses.' The great ravine through which the torrent is admitted into the valley is called 'the Cleft of Moses'—in distinct reference to the stroke of the rod of Moses.§

"* The 'edge,' Numb. xx. 16, is the same word as is used in Numb. xxxiii. 37, of Mount Hor. To represent Edom as extending west of the 'Arabah' in the time of Moses is an anachronism, borrowed from the times after the Captivity, when the Edomites, driven from their ancient seats, occupied the 'south' of Judea as far as Hebron; 1 Macc. v. 65."

"† Josephus (Ant. IV. iv. 7) speaks of Mount Hor as lying above Arke, which he identifies with Petra. Arke is evidently the same word (perhaps with the prefix of 'Ar for 'mountain'—as in Armageddon) as 'Rakem,' the Syriac name for Petra (Jerome, de Loc. Heb. voc. *Petra* and *Rakem*) and the Talmudist name for Kadesh,—see also the Syriac and Arabic versions,—derived (says Jerome, voc. *Rakem*, and Josephus, Ant. IV. vii. 1) from the Midianite chief *Bakan*. Abulfeda (Tabula Syria, p. 11,) speaks of Ar-Rakem as near Al Balkâ (the Arabic name of the country east of the Ghor), and remarkable for the houses cut in the rock. There may be other places on the east of the Ghor to which this description would apply, but none to which it would so well apply as Petra. The Targums of Onkelos, Jonathan, and Jerusalem, call Kadesh-Barnea 'Rakem Giah'—'of the ravine,' probably alluding to the Sîk. See Schwarze, p. 23, 24, who has, however, his own explanations."—[I would refer here to my note, p. 418, *infra*, which may be interesting in connection with these observations of Mr. Stanley.]

"‡ 'Cades Barnea in deserto, quæ conjungitur civitati Petras in Arabia.' He notices the tomb of Miriam as still shown there, not that of Aaron. (De Loc. Heb.)"

"§ See p. 90. This also agrees with Jerome's description of Mount Hor. 'Or Moas, in quo mortuus est Aaron, juxta civitatem Petram, ubi usque præsentem diem ostenditur rupes quâ percussâ magnas aquas populo dedit.' De Loc. Heb. voc. *Qr*."

“In accordance with these confirmations are the incidental expressions of the narrative itself. The word always used for ‘the rock’ of Kadesh,* in describing the second supply of water, is ‘*sela*’ or ‘*cliff*,’ in contradistinction to the usual word ‘*tzur*’—‘rock,’ which is no less invariably applied to ‘the rock’ of Horeb—the scene of the first supply.† It may be difficult to determine the relative meaning of the two words. But it is almost certain that of the two, ‘*sela*,’ like our word ‘*cliff*,’ is the grander and more abrupt feature; which is of importance as excluding from the claimants to the name of Kadesh such spots as ‘Ain El-Weibeh, where the rocks are merely stony shelves of three or four feet in height. But the name ‘Sela’ is also the same as that by which in later times the place now called ‘Petra’ was designated. As the southern boundary of Judah is described as reaching over the ‘ascent of scorpions’ to Kadesh, so the Amorite boundary is described as ‘from the ascent of scorpions, from the “cliff” (*sela*), and upwards.’‡ ‘Amaziah took “the cliff” (*sela*) by war.’ ‘Other ten thousand did the children of Judah carry away captive, and brought them up to the top of “the cliff” (*sela*), and cast them down from the top of “the cliff” (*sela*), that they were all broken into pieces.’§ The name of Kadesh almost entirely disappears from the Sacred Books before the name of Sela appears, and it is therefore possible that the latter, taken from its natural peculiarity, may have been given to it by the Edomites or later settlers, after the recollections of its earlier sanctity had passed away. That a sanctuary of this kind should have been gradually transformed into an emporium and thoroughfare of commerce, as was the case with Petra during the Roman empire, would be one out of many instances with which oriental and ancient history abounds.

“If there be any ground for this conclusion, Petra assumes a new interest. Its rock-hewn caves may have served in part for the dwellings, in part for the graves of the Israelites; it is dignified as the closing scene of the life both of Miriam and Aaron; its sanctity may account for the elevation and seclusion of some of its edifices, perched high among almost inaccessible rocks, and evidently the resort of ancient pilgrims; its impressive scenery well accords with the language of the ancient hymns of Israel, in which Kadesh with the surrounding rocks of Edom is almost elevated to the rank of a second Sinai: ‘Lord, when thou wentest out of *Seir*, when thou marchedst out of the field of *Edom*’||—‘God came from *Teman*, and the Holy One from *Mount Paran*’¶—‘He brought them to Mount Sinai and *Kadesh-Barnea*’**—‘The Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from *Mount Seir* unto them; he shined forth from Mount Paran, and He came . . . with ten thousands of saints,’†† (if we take the Hebrew as followed in the Authorised Version—but more probably with the

* Numb. xx. 8-11.”

“† Exod. xvii. 6.”

“‡ Joshua, xv. 8; Judg. i. 86.”

“§ 2 Kings, xiv. 7; 2 Chron. xxv. 12.”

“|| Judg. v. 4.”

“¶ Habak. iii. 8.”

“** Deut. xxxiii. 2.”

“†† Jude, 14.”

Septuagint)—‘with the ten thousands of *Kadesh*,’ or (perhaps more probably still, with Ewald,*) ‘from *Meribah-Kadesh*.’

“And if any point is to be selected in Petra, as especially the seat of this primeval sanctuary, it is that . . . commonly known by the name of the ‘Deir,’ or ‘Convent.’ Its present form is of the same modern character as that which deprives all these monuments of any deep interest—a façade, with a vast urn on the summit; the interior, one large hall. But its situation and its accompaniments indicate the great importance, if not sanctity, with which it was invested at some period by the inhabitants of Petra. Removed as it is from the sight not only of the town, but of the numerous sepulchres or excavations with which the cliffs which surround the town are perforated, it must have had some special purpose of its own. The long ascent by which it is approached, mostly along the ridge of a precipitous ravine, is carefully hewn, wherever the rocks admit, into a continuous staircase, of which the steps are in more than one instance marked by the unknown inscriptions in the so-called Sinaitic character. The walls of the interior of the Deir itself, as well as the steps, are sculptured with the usual accompaniments of these inscriptions,—crosses and figures of the wild goat, or ibex. Immediately opposite is a hill, with a large chamber below, partly natural, partly artificial, containing a sculptured niche at the end of it for a statue; and bases of columns lie strewn around. A staircase leads to the roof of the Deir, which is again inscribed with a rude character; and on the rocky platform with which the roof communicates,† is a circle of hewn stones, and again still beyond is a solitary cell hewn in an isolated cliff, and joined to this platform by a narrow isthmus of rock.

“In the absolute dearth of records of Petra, it is impossible to decide the reason of the selection of this lonely spot for a sanctuary, thus visited, as it would appear, by the same pilgrims, who have left their traces so often elsewhere in the Peninsula. Yet its situation inevitably suggests some relation to Mount Hor. From the threshold, indeed, of the Deir, Mount Hor is not visible. But the whole of the upper story, and the roof—to which, as I have said, a staircase ascends as if for the express purpose of commanding a wider view,—both look upon the sacred mount of the High Priest’s tomb, and are seen from thence. It is in fact the only building of Petra included in the view from Mount Hor, through which alone, in its deep seclusion, it was first revealed to the eyes of travellers.

“Is it too much to suppose that this point and Mount Hor were long regarded as the two sacred spots of Petra; that the scene of the death and sepulture of Aaron was designedly fixed in view of this, the innermost sanctuary of the Holy Place of ‘*Kadesh*,’ that this sanctity was retained through the successive changes of Pagan and Christian worship; and that the pilgrims of the Desert mounted these time-worn steps, and traced their inscriptions upon the rock, on their way to the

* * Geschichte, 2nd edit., ii. 257.”

† This last feature I derive from Miss Martineau (*Eastern Life*, 2nd ed., p. 416), who is the only person who has left a record of its existence.”
[Her statement is quoted at p. xviii, *supra*.]

only spot, whence they could see the grave of Aaron?"—*Palestine and Syria*, pp. 93 sqq.

I may remark, in corroboration of the above argument, that, whereas Kadesh is described in the Bible as a "city," there are no ruins at 'Ain El-Weibeh, or near it, so far as I am aware.

While on the subject of Kadesh Barnea, I may mention the discovery by the Rev. J. Rowlands of a fountain and district, south by west of Hebron, named Ain Kades or Kudes (pronounced Kaddâse or Kud-dâse) by the Arabs, and which he identifies with that place. He describes "the rock smitten by Moses," "the lovely stream which still issues forth from under the base of the rock," and "the pretty little cascades which it forms as it descends into the channel of a rain torrent beneath." "The rock," he says, "is a large single mass on a small hill of solid rock, a spur of the mountain to the north of it rising immediately above it; it is the only *visible* naked rock in the whole district. The stream when it reaches the channel turns westward, and after running about 300 or 400 yards, loses itself in the sand. I have not seen such a lovely sight anywhere else in the whole desert." Mr. Rowlands' argument for the identification with Kadesh Barnea is from the correspondence of the modern Arabic with the ancient Hebrew name, the general correspondence in point of locality with the requisitions of the scriptural narrative, &c. He describes it as situated "to the east of the highest part of Jebel Halal, towards its northern extremity, about twelve miles (or four hours and a half by camel) to the east-south-east of Moilahhi," and, he thinks, "something like due south from Khalasa,"—and as falling "in the line of the southern boundary of the promised land," running from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea to the Wady el Arish, or river of Egypt. He speaks of "very grand" mountains to the south, called Jebel Kades, and of a "grand space for encampment" to the south-west, "a large rectangular plain about nine by five, or ten by six miles, and thus opening to the west into the still more extensive plain of Paran." The account of these discoveries is given in a letter to the Rev. George Williams, extracts from which are published in the appendix to the work of the latter gentleman on the 'Holy City.'

May it not be that this Ain Kades, described by Mr. Rowlands, is the Kadesh-en-Mishpat, the well of judgment, which (as mentioned in a note, *supra*, p. xx,) is placed by St. Jerome in the valley of Gerar?

PAGE 239.—Derrwuh.

This is the 'Ain edh Dhirweh' of Dr. Robinson.—*Later Researches*, p. 277.

PAGE 240.—Bethlehem; Cave of the Nativity.

Mr. Stanley remarks with respect to the local tradition fixing the scene of the birth of Our Saviour on this spot, that, "alone of all the existing local traditions of Palestine, this one indisputably reaches beyond the time of Constantine. Already in the second century 'a cave near Bethlehem' was fixed upon as the place where, 'there being no place in the village where he could lodge, Joseph abode, and where accord-

ingly Christ was born and laid in a manger.* And this seems to have been the constant tradition of the place, even amongst those who were not Christians, in the next generation,† and to have been uniformly maintained in the Apocryphal Gospels, which have always exercised so powerful an influence over the popular belief of the humbler classes of the Christian world, both in the East and the West."—For further discussion of the question of identity I must refer to Mr. Stanley's volume, pp. 434 sqq.

PAGE 245.—The palm-tree at Jericho.

This was the solitary relic of the celebrated forest from which Jericho derived its name of the 'City of Palm-trees,' in the days of Joshua. It has now disappeared.—*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 301.

PAGE 255.—Route, hitherto undescribed, from Samaria to Carmel.

Of the villages here enumerated I observe only one or two on Dr. Robinson's last map; and I suspect that no later traveller has described this route.

PAGE 261, AND N. *.—Cana.

I ought to have said that Dr. Robinson fixes the true Cana at Khirbet Cana,—Kefr Kenna is the name of the place at present reputed to be the scene of the miracle. Mr. Stanley considers the claims of the two villages in question to be "almost equally balanced."—*S. and Palestine*, p. 359.

PAGE 262.—Hill of the Beatitudes.

Mr. Stanley considers that the scene of the Sermon on the Mount is rightly fixed on this spot. "The tradition cannot lay claim to any early date; it was in all probability suggested first to the Crusaders by its remarkable situation. But that situation so strikingly coincides with the intimations of the Gospel narrative, as almost to force the inference that in this instance the eye of those who selected the spot was for once rightly guided. It is the only height seen in this direction from the shores of the Lake of Gennesareth. The plain on which it stands is easily accessible from the lake, and from that plain to the summit is but a few minutes' walk. The platform at the top is evidently suitable for the collection of a multitude, and corresponds precisely to the 'level place,'‡ (τόπου πεδινού) to which He would 'come down' as from one of its higher horns to address the people. Its situation is central both to the peasants of the Galilean hills, and the fishermen of the Galilean lake, between which it stands, and would therefore be a natural resort both to 'Jesus, and his disciples'§ when they retired for solitude from the shores of the sea, and also to the crowds who assembled 'from Galilee, from Decapolis, from Jerusalem,

* Justin. Dial. cum Tryph. 78."

† Origen, c. Cels. i. 51."

‡ Luke vi. 17, mistranslated 'plain.' "

§ Matth. iv. 25—v. 1."

from Judea, and from beyond Jordan.' None of the other mountains in the neighbourhood could answer equally well to this description, inasmuch as they are merged into the uniform barrier of hills round the lake; whereas this stands separate—'the mountain,'* which alone could lay claim to a distinct name, with the exception of the one height of Tabor, which is too distant to answer the requirements."—*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 360.—I should have thought, however, that the distance was too great from Capernaum, as I have stated at p. 264, *infra*.

PAGES 266 sqq.—El Hussn, the ancient Gamala, and the 'city of the Gaderenes' of Scripture.

My identification of El Hussn with Gamala has been sanctioned by Dr. Robinson in the map to his recent (I trust not last) volume of *Researches*. And Mr. Stanley, as I have observed in the preceding preface, has accepted my identification of it with the 'city of the Gadarenes,' the scene of the miracle worked upon the demoniac. "Here," he states, "I follow Lord Lindsay's account implicitly. He is the only traveller who has carefully described the Eastern shores."—*S. and Palestine*, p. 372.—I hope it will not be long before a fuller account is supplied by some competent enquirer. My own examination was merely of the strip of land between the mountains and the lake. The mountains themselves, except the hill of El Hussn, have never, I believe, been explored.

PAGE 269.—Oom Keis, "in all probability, Gadara."

This is marked so in Dr. Robinson's map.

PAGE 276.—Jerash.

There seems no doubt now that Jerash is the ancient Gerasa. Dr. Robinson has discovered the site of Pella at Fahl, more to the west.—*Later Researches*, p. 323.

PAGE 291.—Tura and Rumtha.

These sites appear in Mr. Porter's map as Dera and Remtha.

PAGE 291.—The Hauran; its ancient towns and architecture.

Like my predecessors, I assumed these towns to be for the most part of Roman date. That the public edifices, the temples, theatres, &c. are so, with hardly an exception, is disputed by no one; but Mr. Porter has expressed an opinion with respect to the domestic architecture of the Hauran, which awakens the greatest interest. "The architecture," he observes—speaking of the buildings of that class at Kennawat, and generally elsewhere, "is manifestly not borrowed

"* The use of the same word ($\tau\acute{o}$ $\delta\acute{\rho}\omicron\varsigma$) in Matth. xv. 29, throws some doubt on this inference."

from either Greeks or Romans, but is peculiar to this district."—*Five Years in Damascus, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 123.—And, in respect of the more ancient dwelling-houses, he thinks that they were the actual homes of the giant race, the subjects of Og King of Bashan, conquered by the Israelites. "It struck me forcibly," he says, in describing Kureiyeh, the ancient Kerioth, "that many of the houses still standing bear every mark of the most remote antiquity. The few square towers and fragments of buildings, which inscriptions prove to have been erected in the first centuries of the Christian era, are modern in comparison with the massive walls and colossal stone doors of the private dwellings. The simplicity of the plan of these structures, combined with their low roofs, the ponderous blocks of roughly-hewn stones of which they are built, and the great thickness of the walls, seems to point to a period far earlier than the Roman age, and possibly even antecedent to the conquest of this land by the Israelites. We are likewise informed by the sacred historian that in the land of Argob there were threescore great cities with gates and bars. These had apparently been constructed by the Rephaim, the aborigines of this country;* and the houses of Kureiyeh appear to be just such structures as this race of giants would rear up. The huge doors and gates of stone, some of which are nearly *eighteen* inches in thickness, and the ponderous bars, the places for which can still be seen, are in every way characteristic of a period when architecture was in its infancy, when manual labour was of little comparative value, and when strength and security were the great requisites. Time produces but little effect on such buildings as these.† The heavy stone flags of the roofs, resting on the massive walls, render the whole structure as firm as if built of solid masonry; and the black basalt rock of which they are constructed is almost as hard as iron. . . . We have in this place, perhaps, some of the most ancient structures of which the world can boast; and in viewing them the mind is led back to patriarchal times, when the Kings of the East warred with the Rephaims in Ashteroth-Karnaim, and with the Emims in the plain of Kiriathaim.‡ . . . They are the memorials of a race of giants that has now been extinct for more than three thousand years, and of which Og, King of Bashan, was one of the last representatives; and they form, I believe, the only specimens the world can afford of the ordinary private dwellings of remote antiquity."—*Ibid.*, pp. 195 sqq.

I did not visit Kureiyeh, but Mr. Porter describes the ruins of Edh'rei, or Ezra, which he identifies with the ancient Edrei, the capital of Bashan, as exhibiting similar "evidences of remote anti-

* Compare Gen. xiv. 5, with Deut. iii. 8-14, Josh. xiii. 12, and 1 Kings, iv. 18."

† Mr. Porter quotes Burckhardt's description of the ruined town of Kufi, near Hebran, as follows:—"It is built in the usual style of this country, entirely of stone; most of the houses are still perfect. The doors are uniformly of stone; and even the gates of the town, between 9 and 10 feet high, are of a single piece of stone."

‡ Gen. xiv. 5."

quity," such as to justify the identification. *Ibid.*, p. 222.—My remembrance of the ordinary private houses at Ezra is, that they were more rudely and strongly built, and consequently in better repair, than elsewhere. Vide p. 313, *infra*.

My general impression with regard to the innumerable houses that we examined in the Hauran, is, that the stone roofs were supported almost invariably by arches—which militates of course against extreme antiquity. But there may probably be many of more primitive construction to support Mr. Porter's interesting theory.

PAGE 292.—Kelb-Hauran.

It should be Kuleeb-, not Kelb-, Hauran.—*Porter*, vol. ii. p. 134.

PAGE 294.—The Castle of Bozrah.

Mr. Porter thinks, "from traces of very ancient work in the foundations of the ramparts, both externally and internally," that the castle existed before Roman times; that the theatre was erected "within the castle" for the amusement of the Roman garrison,—grounding his opinion upon the necessity for security from sudden attacks of the Arab tribes, and from the consideration that, if of earlier erection, the buildings of the theatre would have been more despoiled than they actually are; that, from "the great extent of the arena, when compared with the smallness of the number of spectators it could accommodate, probably not more than three thousand," it was "designed chiefly for the use of the garrison" as "a circus for the exhibition of athletæ, gladiators, and the various other kinds of Roman games;" "that the theatre was used since the castle assumed its present form;" that "the external walls of the castle have been in part destroyed since the period when theatres were frequented in this land," but "have been built up again on their old foundations and with their old materials;" and that "when the Arabs first seized the city this whole structure must have been pretty nearly in its present form." *Five Years, &c.*, vol. ii. pp. 146 sqq.—I conclude, from Mr. Porter's description, that the buildings and vaulted halls which I have described as within the arena, and erected by the Saracens, were the substructions of the theatre.

PAGE 302.—Adrate, the ancient Edrei.

Mr. Porter has shown that this Adrate, the ancient Edrei, is the modern Ezra, described p. 312, *infra*.

PAGE 306, AND NOTE *.—Prophecies respecting Bozrah.

Mr. Porter considers that both the Bozrahs—the El-Busaireh near Petra, pointed out by Dr. Robinson, and Bostra, now Bozrah, were subjects of prophecy; and that the denunciations in Jeremiah, xlix. 7-22, and Amos, i. 12, as being not applicable "to the extensive and fertile plains of the Hauran, which are nowhere richer or more beautiful than around the ruins of Bozrah," while the Bozrah therein

referred to is specially connected with Edom proper, were directed against the Bozrah near Petra, or El-Busaireh; while the passage in Jeremiah, xlviii. 21-24, denouncing judgment "upon the plain country," and enumerating Bozrah along with Beth-gamul and Kerioth, both towns in the neighbourhood, refers to the northern Bozrah, afterwards the Bostra of the Romans.—*Five Years, &c.*, vol. ii. pp. 159 sqq.

PAGE 306, AND N. †.—The two hundred ruined towns on the Eastern declivity of Gebel Hauran.

Burckhardt reports this from local information, for the region in question has not been yet explored. Mr. Porter's observations, written at Sulkhad, are well worth insertion here:—"With fourteen deserted towns in view on one side, and at least as many more on the other, it was not without feelings of regret and reluctance we turned away. No traveller has hitherto traversed this fertile land or these forsaken cities. Sulkhad has formed the utmost point attained by the very few who have visited the kingdom of Bashan. . . It is much to be desired that some one, with the exactness and learning of a Robinson, combined with the enterprise and enthusiasm of a Burckhardt or a Layard, should undertake the survey of the eastern borders of Bashan and Moab. It would be a tour of great interest, both in a geographical and antiquarian point of view, to go eastward from Damascus to the Tellul, and then south-east to the Safa. From thence a south-western course might be taken to survey the plain and explore the deserted towns along the eastern base of the Jebel Haurân; after which those around Sulkhad could be examined, and the line of the ancient road* followed for about a day and a half or two days; and then, sweeping round to the right, the traveller could traverse the rich plains of Moab, visiting the ruins of the ancient Beth-gamul, and such other cities as still exist. The whole tour might be accomplished in about a month; and during the spring season, when the Bedawîn are spread over the plains, it would not be attended with any great difficulty."—*Five Years, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 188.

PAGE 306, N. †.

Of the towns here enumerated as seen during the ride from Bozrah to Aere and Sueda, the following are given on Mr. Porter's valuable map, in more correct orthography,—Jemurrin, Deir Zubeir, Wetr, Ghussân, Mujeimir, Schweh, Resâs, Raha, Thaly, Mujeidel.

PAGE 306.—Sueda.

Sueda is stated by William of Tyre to have been the city of Bildad, the friend of Job,—and the tradition is still preserved by the inhabitants."—*Porter*, vol. ii. p. 132.

* That is, the great Roman road, the 'Strata,' mentioned at p. 297 *infra*.

PAGE 308.—Ateel.

The date of the temple south of the town is the fourteenth year of Antoninus, A.D. 151, according to an inscription copied by Burckhardt.—*Porter*, vol. ii. p. 120.

PAGE 308.—Kennawat.

This is the ancient Kenath, one of the walled towns of the land of Argob, pertaining to Og the King of Bashan.—*Porter*, vol. ii. p. 133.

PAGE 309.—Kennawat; the tomb of Job.

Mr. Porter mentions that, according to the present tradition of the people of Sueda, Job was "king of the whole province of Bathanyeh," or Bashan.—*Five Years, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 133.

PAGE 311.—The Ledja, or ancient Trachonitis.

Mr. Porter's description of the general appearance of this region is as graphic as it is accurate:—"It is wholly composed of black basalt rock, which appears to have in past ages issued from innumerable pores in the earth in a liquid state, and to have flowed out on every side until the plain was almost covered. Before cooling, its surface was agitated by some fearful tempest or other such agency; and it was afterwards shattered and rent by internal convulsions and vibrations. The cup-like cavities from which the liquid mass was projected are still seen; and likewise the wavy surface a thick liquid generally assumes which cools while flowing. There are in many places deep fissures and yawning gulfs, with rugged broken edges, while in other places are jagged heaps of rock that seem not to have been sufficiently heated to flow, but were forced upwards by a mighty agency, and then rent and shattered to their centre. The rock is filled with little pits and protuberances like air-bubbles; it is as hard as flint, and emits a sharp metallic sound when struck. I did not observe any approach to columnar or crystallized basalt."—*Five Years, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 242.

PAGE 312.—Ezra, the ancient Edrei.

This town is identified by Mr. Porter, apparently correctly, with the ancient Edrei, the capital of Bashan, usually supposed to be the modern Der'a. The Arabic name is pronounced either Edh'ra or Ezr'a. *Five Years, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 226.—"It was on the plain near this city that the great decisive battle was fought between the Israelites and the armies of Og, King of Bashan, in which the latter was slain."—*Ibid.*, p. 223.

The whole of the Ledja, or ancient Trachonitis, is now inaccessible through the fanaticism and insolence of the Moslem population; and in Ezra, in particular, Mr. Porter and his party narrowly escaped with their lives in 1853. *Ibid.*, pp. 217 sqq.—Mr. Porter remarks that the natives of the Ledja have always borne a wild and blood-

thirsty character, as by the testimony of Josephus; and he conjectures that the remnant of the ancient Bashanites took refuge there among its inaccessible defiles when the neighbouring plain fell into the hands of the Israelites.—*Ibid.*, p. 224.

PAGE 315.—Kessoue.

This is the Kesweh of Mr. Porter.

PAGE 317, N. †.—Route to Palmyra.

The villages mentioned here are the following, as enumerated by Mr. Porter in more correct orthography,—Adh'ra, Kuteefeh, Atny, Kuryetein.

PAGE 318.—The Wady Kebeer, or Great Valley, on the route to Palmyra.

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of citing Mr. Porter's animated enumeration of the historical recollections associated with this magnificent valley:—"Dreary and desolate as this great valley seems, it is not without its associations, historic and sacred; and the whole route we were now following is one that has been noted for long centuries. Along it Abraham travelled when journeying to the land of promise, in obedience to the command of his God; and Jacob followed in his footsteps with his wives and children, flocks and herds, men and maid servants. *His* route would necessarily be regulated by the fountains at which he could obtain the necessary supplies of water. The time occupied by the journey (ten days) proves that he could not have passed round by Northern Syria, but must have taken the shortest course to Mount Gilead, where Laban came up with him. For these reasons it is clear he must have passed the copious springs of Palmyra and Kuryetein, and thence pursued his journey through the fertile territory of Damascus. The distance from the banks of the Euphrates at Harrañ could not be accomplished in *less* than ten days by one encumbered as he was, and it would not require a longer time where despatch was used. Laban, however, on his swift dromedaries, could easily perform the same journey in seven days. A truer or more vivid picture of patriarchal life could not be witnessed than the march of an Arab tribe across this dreary region. But in later years, when Palmyra was in its glory, this valley was the great channel through which the wealth of India and of Eastern Asia flowed to Syria, Greece, and Western Europe. Palmyra is now in ruins, and the channel of commerce is well-nigh dry; but the time may yet come when the withering blight of Islam shall be removed from this unhappy empire, and when the desert highway shall be again one of the channels of communication between Eastern Asia and Europe."—*Five Years*, &c., vol. i. pp. 250, 251.

PAGE 319.—Palmyra,

The stone is not marble, but beautiful white limestone.

PAGE 320.—Palmyra ; temple of the Sun.

The great court is even larger than I have stated it, viz. 740 feet square.—*Porter*, vol. i. p. 236.

PAGE 331.—“Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus.”

Mr. Porter considers that the Barrada is the Abana, and the 'Awaj the Pharphar, of ancient Damascus.—*Five Years*, &c., vol. i. p. 276.

PAGES 332, 333.

The villages of Nebe Sheet, &c., here enumerated, are inserted as Neby Shit, Bereitân, and Et-Tayibi, on Dr. Robinson's last map. The Doctor took a route slightly different from mine.

PAGE 335.—Baalbec ; the great Temple.

The second or great court is larger than I have estimated it. It is 440 feet long, by 370 broad.—*Robinson*.

PAGE 338.—Baalbec.

Dr. Robinson thinks that the three great blocks of stone marked the extent of the original platform and colonnade ; and that it was from them that the temple obtained its name of *ὑπὸν τριλίσσον*. The wall to the South is of inferior and more modern masonry, built up against the ancient substruction.—*Later Researches*, p. 512.

“The huge walls of Baalbec,” observes Mr. Stanley, “represent, in all probability, the ancient sanctuary which commanded the route of commercial traffic through these northern defiles, as Petra, at a later period, served in the same purpose in the southern Desert.”—*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 399.

PAGE 346.—Castle of El Hossn.

Dr. Robinson has given a very interesting description of this fortress, and considers it a work of ancient times, far anterior to the Latin conquest.—*Later Researches*, p. 562.

PAGE 347.—Ainnet.

The Ain Ata of Mr. Porter.

PAGE 351.

Hatsheit is the Hadshît, and Belausi the Blûdha (I imagine), of Dr. Robinson.

PAGE 358.

The village Ka Koffere is written Bka' Kefreh by Dr. Robinson.

PAGES 360 sqq.—Route from Akoura, by Minetri, across the mountain, to Zachle.

Minetri is the Munciterah of Mr. Porter's map. Dr. Robinson thinks that this route, which I have described as "quite a different route from Burckhardt's," *was* the same.—*Later Researches*, p. 604. I am however persuaded that I am not in error here. Moreover, I suspect from inspection of Mr. Porter's map, that no other traveller has traversed, or at least described, that portion of it which lies between Minetri and Kuserneba, the place I have mentioned as Zernubbi. The villages Schmuster, Beitshemi, Bednein, Temnein, which I passed successively before reaching Kuserneba, are not in the map, which presents a complete blank throughout the whole intervening space. Of the remaining villages, mentioned by me, nearer to Zachle, Zernubbi is evidently the Kuserneba of Mr. Porter; Habla, Abila; Karak, Kerak; and Malaka, Ma'allakah. The curious remains of the temple which I found at Kuserneba (Zernubby), described at p. 362, are not mentioned by Mr. Porter or by Dr. Robinson.

PAGE 362.

Zachle is the Zahleh, and the stream Berdowni the Berdûny, of Mr. Porter.

PAGE 363.—Medjdel.

The ruined tower here mentioned (as from its appearance at a distance) is a temple, which has been described by Dr. Robinson, *Later Researches*, p. 493, and by Mr. Porter, *Five Years*, &c., vol. i. 12.—"For the chaste simplicity and massive grandeur of its architecture, combined with the exquisite beauty of its situation, this ruin," says Mr. Porter, "is not surpassed in Syria."

Dimes, further down in the page, is Demâs.

PAGE 363, NOTE *.—Tomb of Saladin, at Damascus.

It is now, as Mr. Porter reports, "impossible to obtain access to it."—*Five Years*, &c., vol. i. p. 76. It was much dilapidated when I saw it.

PAGE 367.—Cleopatra's Needle, Alexandria.

The fallen obelisk has now been buried under the embankment, eighty feet high, of the new fortification wall, built by the Pasha.—*Miss Martineau's Eastern Life*, p. 8.

PAGE 396, NOTE *.—The Mappamundi of Fra Mauro.

Perhaps, after all, Thebes is mentioned in this most curious record. Luxor may be represented by 'Mocassor' on the eastern, and Medinet Habou by El Medina on the western bank of the Nile.

PAGE 426.—Journey of Breydenbach across the Desert from Gaza to Mount Sinai, in 1484.

I would add here, that the entire journal of Brother Felix Faber, or Fabri, Breydenbach's companion, was (privately) printed for the first time in 1843, in three volumes octavo, under the title of '*Fratri Felicio Fabri Evagatorium in Terris Sanctis, Arabia, et Egypti peregrinationum*,' under the editorship of Professor Hassler, and at the expense of the Literary Society of Stuttgart. An abstract of this journal had been previously published in German in quarto, *sine loco*, 1556. The names of places mentioned in this German edition are cited by Dr. Robinson, and I have given them in notes at p. 423 *infra*. The Latin narrative, however, gives several which the German abridgment omits, and I therefore repeat the route here, distinguishing the names which only occur in the Latin version by italics:—

9th Sept., 1484. Leave Gaza in the afternoon; pitch at *Gasmaba*.—10th. To Lebhem.—11th. To Chawatha, a ruined site between two hills, with quarries near it.—12th. To Gayan.—13th. Through Wadalar; pitch at Magdabee.—14th. Cross Gebel Helell; pitch at Magareth.—15th. Through Hachseve (German ed. Hachssene); pitch at Minschene (Germ. ed. Minscheve).—16th. Through the region of *Larich*; pitch at a torrent which the guides told him, but in joke only, was named Albaroch (Germ. ed. Alherock).—17th. Mountains, apparently artificial, the highest named Calpis (Germ. ed. Chalep); pitch at Meschmar.—18th. Cross the torrent *Hallicub*, very deep and rugged; pitch at *Elphogaya*. (The note § at p. 423 *infra*, is thus wrong.)—19th. Through the region *Rachhaym* (Germ. ed. Rackcani); pitch at Ramathaym.—20th. Mountains of red and black, shining as with oil, named *Himisclens*; pitch at Schoyle.—21st. Valley or plain where Jethro fed his flocks, named *Macharea*, surrounded by mountains, with a heap of rocks in the centre, forming a little hill. This valley is named in the German edition *Abulharecka*.—22d. Through a narrow pass, to a broad grassy valley, in which, and in the neighbouring valleys, the Israelites dwelt while in the wilderness; ascend for some hours, and then towards the south see the great and beautiful valley, at the extremity of which rises Mount Sinai:—a description which makes me now think that they entered the inner region of Sinai by the pass El Boueb, ascended Wady Selaff, and thence through the Nakb How to the El Raha, as I myself did in 1837; and that they did *not* approach through the Wady Sheikh, as I have supposed at p. 423, *infra*.

To the preceding route I may add that by which the party travelled towards Cairo.—27th Sept. Marched four hours, and pitched at Wachya (Germ. ed. Waychie). Wady Sheikh?—28th. Through the narrow pass before mentioned (El Boueb?); by the valley Machera (Macharea); leave their former route to the right; pitch at Elphat.—29th. To Effkayl (Germ. ed. Effchair).—30th. Through the desert Ramathaim; leave Rackhaym to the right; descend towards the sea; pass through a region full of fruit-trees and wells; pitch at Laccrara.—1st Oct. Fall into the "*regia via*" (which is explained by

Breydenbach as that between Cairo and Tor); pitch at Dorendon (Germ. ed. Horendon; Breydenbach, Oronden), near the fountains of Elim (Wady Gharendel?).—2nd Oct. To Wardachie (Wady Wardan?).—3rd. To Hamada.—4th. To Choes (Suez).—5th. To Maffrach.—6th. To Mataria.—7th. To Cairo.

Father Felix gives a full description of the palace of the Sultans at Mataria, of the baths and fountain, of the fig-tree of the Virgin, from which they plucked ripe figs, and of the garden of balsam, (vide pp. 385 sqq., *infra*). There were fifty balsam-plants then growing there.

I would add that Faber's journal, written day by day, and fresh from the scenes and incidents described, is full of valuable (mixed, of course, with much worthless) information, and is, withal, one of the most amusing I ever read. Never did a happier or merrier party traverse the desert than that to which he belonged, including, besides Breydenbach and Faber, the chroniclers of the pilgrimage, John Count of Solms, Sir John Werner of Cymbern, Sir Henry de Stöffel, Sir Bern de Rechberg of Hohen-Rechberg, Sir John Truchses of Waldburg, Sir Henry de Schomberg, Sir Sigismund de Marspach, and others, canons, priests, and friars, not forgetting the "lutanista et fidulista" Conrad, a servant to one of the nobles of the party. Good sense and right feeling tempered and appeased every gust of ill-humour that arose incidentally from the association of so many travellers; and Father Felix's simplicity and naïveté must have been a constant source of amusement. I have not space for extracts, but the journal closes with a scene I cannot suppress—the description of his unexpected arrival at his convent (that of the Dominicans) at Ulm, after he had been mourned as either dead or a prisoner in Tartary—of his thundering at the gate, endeavouring to drown the voices of his brethren at vespers and attract their attention—of the old dog recognising him through the door, and when it was opened, leaping on his breast with caresses and howls of joy, and then darting away to announce good news to the prior—of the good old prior himself, forsaking his duties in the choir and forgetting his accustomed hobble, bounding, like a youth, to meet him, and clasping him to his heart as if he wished to extinguish a conflagration—of the greeting of his brethren—of their immediate procession to the high altar to offer united thanks for his safe return—of their pleasant chat afterwards—of the 'vestiarius' bringing him new robes, with which he endued himself as if with a marriage garment—of the dispensation of six days which the prior granted the convent, that they might make merry with him that had been lost and was found—of the visits of honour paid him by the magistrates and magnates of the city and its neighbourhood—and, finally, with a change to the minor key, of the shaving of his long and bushy beard, which he had cherished for eleven months, and most unwillingly parted with, "seeing," as he says, "that I appeared unto myself to be more courageous, more mature and manly, more healthy, more ornamental, and more venerable," decked with this appendage than without it—"but which,

seeing I am a friar and a Latin priest, I cheerfully sacrifice for the sake of conformity and rule." "All these things having been thus transacted," he concludes, "I returned to the wonted exercises of my religion, and to my duties of preaching—to the glory and praise of my Lord Jesus Christ, and of the most blessed Virgin Mary, and of the blessed Dominic, our father, for the salvation of my own soul, and the edification of my neighbours."—It is impossible to part with Father Felix without remembering him through life as an agreeable companion and a friend.

PAGE 430.—Adrate, the modern Daara, or Edrei.

I should have said, the modern Edh'rei on Ezra. Vide note to p. 312, *supra*.

PAGE 434.—The village Lubon, and the monument of Hurmul.

Lubon is the modern Lebweh. The word was probably written 'Lubou' in Belon's manuscript. The monument of Hurmul has been recently described by Dr. Robinson, *Last Researches*, p. 540, and by Mr. Porter, *Five Years, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 327.—Mr. Porter considers that "the marks and cuttings found on the lower part of the monument" "are singular, but all manifestly of a comparatively recent date, and . . . never intended to represent words," the work of "wandering shepherds and idle Bedawîn." Mr. Farren, I apprehend, was the first discoverer of this singular monument. Dr. Robinson, mentioning Dr. Thomson's account of it in 1846, observes, with reference to Mr. Farren's claim, that "no date is given" in my 'Letters.' The communication was made to me in 1837 or 1838, and was inserted in the first edition of this work, published in 1838.

CONTENTS.

EGYPT.

LETTER I.

Cadiz—Gibraltar—The Cork Wood—Carteia - - - p. 3

LETTER II.

Voyage to Malta—San Giovanni—Ruins and Catacombs of Alexandria - - - 11

LETTER III.

Voyage to Cairo—Sais—Introduction to the Pasha—Tombs of the Mamaluke Sultans—Cairo at sunset—Bazaars—Courtesy to Franks—Garden of Roda—Old Cairo—Cemetery of the Mamaluke Beys—School at Boulac—Printing-press—Egyptian Christians—Jews—Magicians, Jugglers, &c. - - - 21

LETTER IV.

Visit to the Pyramids—Pyramid of Cheops—Evening with Caviglia—Pyramids of Cephrenes and Mycerinus—Arab traditions respecting the Pyramids—The Sphinx, a talisman—Heliopolis—The Pyramids probably built by the Pali, or Shepherd-Kings of Egypt, afterwards the Philistines, in the time of Abraham 38

LETTER V.

Our Dahabieh—Night-Scenes on the Nile—Pyramids of Saccara Dashour, &c.—The False Pyramid—Minieh—Story of Ebn Khasib—Siout—Tombs of Lycopolis—Stabl Antar—Traditions of the Copts—Ruins of Abydus—Palace of Sesostris—Kenneh - - - 61

CONTENTS.

LETTER VI.

SECT. I.—Thebes—Temples—Sculptures—Tombs—Fulfilment of the Prophecies	78
SECT. II.—Esneh—Edfou—Essouan—Ascent of the Cataracts—Nubia—Wellee Kiashef—Wady Halfa—Descent of the Cataracts—Wreck, and detention at Essouan	103
SECT. III.—Temples of Herment—Dendera—Ombos—Tombs of Benihassan—Memphis—Pyramids of Saccara and Dashour—Cairo	148

EDOM AND THE HOLY LAND.

LETTER I.

Journey to Mount Sinai. Desert of Suez—Mara—Route of the Israelites—Wady Shellal—Wady Mokatteb—Wady Feiran—Ascent to the Sinaite Mountains—Ascent of Mount St. Catherine—Of Gebel Mousa—Of Gebel Minnegia, possibly the real Sinai	159
--	-----

LETTER II.

Departure for Akaba—Abdallah's wound—Return to the Convent—Joined by Dr. MacLennan and Mr. Clarke	198
---	-----

LETTER III.

Route to Akaba—Conference with the Alouins—Wady Araba—Sheikh Hussein's camp—Mount Seir—Petra—Cross the desert to Hebron—Bethlehem—Approach to Jerusalem	203
---	-----

LETTER IV.

SECT. I.—Jerusalem. Excursion to Jericho and the Dead Sea—Journey to Tiberias by Nablous, Samaria, Acre, Nazareth, and Mount Tabor	243
SECT. II.—Journey, east of the Jordan, by El Hussn, Om Keis, Jerash, Ammon, Bostra, and through the Hauran, to Damascus	263
SECT. III.—Visit to Palmyra	315
SECT. IV.—Journey into Mount Lebanon, and return to Damascus	329

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
MAP OF EGYPT	3
MAP OF THE HOLY LAND	157
VIEW OF GEBEL SERBAL	<i>To face Title.</i>
POMPEY'S PILLAR	15
CITADEL OF CAIRO	23
MAHOMMED ALI	24
THE SPHINX, AS LAID BARE BY CAVIGLIA	51
EGYPTIAN TOMB AT SIOUT (LYCOPOLIS)	68
VIEW ABOVE DENDERA	77
LUXOR AND EASTERN THEBES	97
ISLE AND TEMPLE OF PHILÆ	113
TEMPLES OF EBSAMBUL, NUBIA	146
TEMPLE OF DAKKE, NUBIA	148
PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERA	150
BIRKIT-EL-FIL, NEAR THE EASTERN GATE OF CAIRO	159
GEBEL SHEREYK (THE NORTHERN PROLONGATION OF MOUNT SINAI) AND THE PLAIN EL RAHA	185
DESCENT THROUGH THE WADY OUTIE TOWARDS NOUEBE, ON THE GULF OF AKABA	208
MOUNT HOR, WITH THE TOMB OF AARON ON THE SUMMIT	220
THE MOSQUE AT HEBRON	238
BETHLEHEM, THE TOWN AND CONVENT	240

	PAGE
JERUSALEM	244
TOWER OF ZACCHEUS AT JERICHO	246
THE DEAD SEA	247
NABLOUS, THE ANCIENT SICHEM, OR SYCHAR	253
NAZARETH	259
TIBERIAS BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1837	262
TIBERIAS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1837	263
SEA OF GALILEE	264
TRIUMPHAL ARCH, JERASH	274
MOUNTED BEDOUINS	278
PALMYRA, GREAT COLONNADE AND TEMPLE OF THE SUN IN THE DISTANCE	322
DAMASCUS	330
PORTAL OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, BAALBEC	340
CEDARS (THE PATRIARCHS) OF LEBANON	348
CEDAR, OF YOUNGER GROWTH, LEBANON	349
CONVENT OF MAR SERKIS (ST. GEORGE), LEBANON	351
VIEW IN LEBANON, NEAR BEYROUT	364
BEYROUT	365
SHORE OF THE RED SEA, LOOKING TOWARDS AKABA	209 & 417

LETTERS ON EGYPT.

"All were but Babel vanities ! Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth on a Sphinx, and looketh upon Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth drowsy on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, Who builded them ? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not.

"Egypt itself is now become the land of obliviousness, and doteth. Her ancient civility is gone, and her glory hath vanished as a phantasma. Her youthful days are over, and her face hath become wrinkled and tetrick. She poreth not upon the heavens ; Astronomy is dead unto her, and Knowledge maketh other cycles. Canopus is afar off, Memnon resoundeth not to the Sun, and Nilus heareth strange voices. Her monuments are but hieroglyphically sempiternal. Osiris and Anubis, her averruncous deities, have departed, while Orus yet remains, dimly shadowing the principle of vicissitude and the effluxion of things, but receiveth little oblation."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

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LETTERS ON EGYPT.

LETTER I.

Cadiz — Gibraltar — The Cork Wood — Cartain.

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LINDSAY.

Gibraltar, November 10, 1836.

How I longed for you yesterday, dear James, at Cadiz! and here, too, at Gibraltar, happy should I have been this morning to have had your company during the glorious scramble I have had over every ridge of the old Rock! But of Cadiz first:—I thought, as we sailed away yestreen, (a delicious autumnal evening,) I had never seen a lovelier sight,—her long serrated ridge of white buildings sharply defined against a glowing sunset sky—Rota glittering, like a town of King Salem's sprung up from Ocean, at the further extremity of the bay, tipping its horn, as it were, with a diamond crown—the lateen sails scudding around us like gigantic nautiluses, stooping over the green waters like the beautiful sea-birds that were sporting in every direction—it was lovely, very lovely!

We had but four hours allowed us to visit Cadiz; I threw my shyness to the winds, and used my eyes,—stared into every nook and corner, and at every one, man and woman, we met. But you cannot have for-

gotten the scene, though long familiarity with its details may have effaced the remembrance of your first general impressions ; to me it was all “ fresh and fresh, new and new,”—a living, breathing, moving picture, a waking dream rather, for whether I was in or out of the body I can scarce tell, now that I reflect on the vision, so many ideas familiar to my fancy were then presented to my eyes in the first warm glow of reality ; all, too, intensely Spanish:—the long black cloaks of the sleepy hidalgos, long as their names, threadbare, many of them, as the mantle of chivalry their ancestors wore so gracefully—the Moorish faces, conical hats, and sashes of the lower, and, as they seemed to me, far nobler order—the cigarillos, common to all—the fans, mantillas, the black eyes, beautiful feet, and graceful gliding gait of the Señoritas—but what frights the old women are ! And then the painted balconies above, that give such a character to the straight narrow stradas—flowers in most of them, but alas ! the “ fairer flowers,” Eve’s daughters, were few or none visible upon them—and the dazzling whiteness of the houses ; everything, too, as clean as if the Gaditanos were Dutchmen,—it was like a scene of enchantment ; to say nothing of the exquisite delight of being on Spanish ground, and hearing the language of Calderon and Cervantes on every lip that passed me.

I saw but two or three priests, not idly sauntering about, as in the palmy days of Rome, but walking, it seemed to me, with an object,—slowly, however, as if their ponderous shells of hats were too heavy for them, and crest-fallen ; in this respect your Spanish recollections must vary from existing circumstances ; the convents, too, were all shut up, and the bells over the gates looked as if conscious of having tolled their last. We knocked loud and long at one of the conventual buildings, in hopes of seeing some pictures once shown there ;

but no "porter hurried to the gate," the street was silent, only one boy to be seen in it, and he could not tell us who had the keys.

The cathedral, however, is still building—a most superb edifice, of the richest Corinthian architecture, but overloaded in many places, I thought, with ornament; the choir, however, is truly beautiful, all of marble—indeed the whole temple is so, and exquisitely finished. Yet I do not like the Corinthian; the "airy pillar" and the "decent matron grace" of the Ionic are far lovelier, far purer, far holier; the Doric and Ionic remind one of Adam and Eve as they walked in naked innocence, and in all their original brightness, through the bowers of Paradise; but the spirit of the Corinthian is meretricious, too like that of the Laises and Co. of old Corinth herself,—this is fanciful, perhaps, but there is a deep poetry, a hidden melody, in architecture, "frozen music," as it has been called, but it thaws now and then, when the fancy warms, and discourses most eloquently to her ear and eye.

How beautiful, by the way, are Schlegel's criticisms on the Gothic Architecture! Did Anne tell you I have him with me? Shakspeare has been my chief reading since I left Old England; this she will be glad to hear. I have read over again several of his plays, but exquisitely beautiful as they are whenever he is *himself*, the pure poet, I cannot away with his clowns and vile puns, *grossièretés*, and *double entendres*, bad enough even among men, but which he allows even his heroines to hear, ay, and understand, ay, and reply to. But Desdemona is perfect throughout; I was trying her the other evening, as I lay in my cabin, by the severest ordeal, St. Paul's exquisite delineation of Charity, or, as it should be translated, Love; Shakspeare must have had it in his thoughts; it fits her in every point, especially

in her unsuspecting purity, "thinking no evil;" observe her wonder in what manner her husband could think her false, and oh! what a contrast between her mind and Emilia's at the end of the fourth act; and, again, between her and Juliet, the poetical, passionate Juliet; I remember no one simile or metaphor that Desdemona utters, and Juliet's fancy is rich as the orange groves of Mola di Gaeta, and sparkling as the waves that ripple to their feet, but she is "of the earth, earthy," in comparison with the pure azure heaven of Desdemona's mind, which one can gaze up into as into infinite space, unarrested by a cloud, unless of tears and sorrow! How beautiful, though, and how natural is the moonlight scene between Juliet and Romeo! When I think on it, I almost fear I have judged her harshly—and yet, no.

It has just struck twelve; I am sitting with my window open, a brilliant starlight night, the air balmy; I could almost expect a visit from the Diable Boiteux, and should not be sorry to have the houses of Gibraltar unroofed for my inspection,—and this reminds me of one of the things that most interested me at Cadiz—a visit to the terraced roof of M. Campan's house—a kind old French merchant, our fellow-passenger, who entertained our party most hospitably. It was the best possible commentary on many a passage, not only in Spanish, but Eastern romance; with a short rope-ladder one might travel over half the town. The house itself seemed but just finished, yet, in character, was quite Moorish; a court in the centre—balconied galleries opening upon it at each story—mats, &c. &c.—everything calculated to promote coolness.

I kept a sharp look-out for traces of the Moors, and they are very visible. I thought of riding across country to Gibraltar, but was advised to give up the idea; the

country, they said, was uninteresting, (I should have seen manners, however,) and, what decided me, my time here would have been much curtailed; I came on, therefore, by sea, and this morning, about nine, we anchored under the Rock of Gibraltar.

I am glad that I saw Cadiz, a thoroughly Spanish town, before coming to this mongrel neutral ground, intensely interesting though it be. Bedreddin Hassan, awaking at the gate of Damascus, entered an unknown, but still an Eastern city; the contrast to him was nothing to what it was to me, stepping off the quay of Cadiz, surrounded by wild Cadesians, with their Calabrian-like hats, swarthy as their Phœnician ancestors, to be set down among English uniforms, sentries, and all the pomp and circumstance of British soldiery, guards changing, officers riding past, and all speaking English. But nothing of this incongruity offended our eyes as we approached the Rock—Europe and Africa,

“A palace and a prison on each hand,”

of Nature's architecture, or such rather by the God of Nature's decree; the morning was gloomy, a lowering mist hung heavily over the Rock in front of us, and I could almost have fancied we were arriving at the Table Mountain instead of the northern pillar of Hercules. Mount Atlas was but dimly seen in the distance, but a purer light gleamed over Algesiras, as if the rays of chivalry still lingered over the death-scene of “the good Lord James of Douglas;” as the day advanced, the clouds disappeared; and when I gazed around me a few hours afterwards from the Peak of Tarif, a sunny haze was the only resemblance the scene bore to our northern atmosphere.

I need not tell you of the excavations, galleries, St. George's Hall, the blasted watch-tower, &c.; you know

them all—I scrambled over the whole mountain, taking a most intelligent artilleryman as my guide, a fellow-countryman, as I ascertained by the first word he spoke—his sergeant is a Lindsay from Dunse. I feared we should not see the monkeys, but there they were in numbers, apparently on excellent terms with the goats, their only companions on the height.

How beautiful the palmetto is! And how Anne would have enjoyed the descent, through a perfect garden! strange tropical-looking plants, the fantastic prickly pear, and the aloe, hedging the path-way, and her old Italian acquaintances, the fig, almond, orange, and lemon, and the grateful plane-tree—ay, and the Scotch fir, growing luxuriantly (and the richest vines too) on the lower zone of the mountain. We descended by the Mediterranean Steps, as they are called, cut in the precipitous face of the rock, and winding round towards Europa Point; the broad Mediterranean—with those picturesque lateen sails that look as if, at the approach of a storm, they would furl themselves up and sink to the bottom—expanded in front of us, glowing in the waning sun,

“ A leaf of gold
Of Nature’s Book, by Nature’s God unrolled.”

I have just been leaning out of the window listening to a serenade; all below me dark as Erebus, the raven down of night, and all silent save the “lively guitar,” and the deep voice of the caballero mingling in harmony, and swelling richly on the night-air. And when the last note died away, I could just hear the closing strain of another, far, far off, dying into silence like the echo of the “song of the olden time” I had just been listening to. Music such as this might have been lingering on the ear of Melancholy, when Albert Dürer surprised, fell in love with, and immortalized her.

Very pleasant food all this for midnight musing, yet daylight, too, has its attractions, and I then look down on a motley and ever-shifting scene, all nations seeming to meet here as at Venice, though Gibraltar, to be sure, is anything but “enchanted ground,”—the Moor, with his white turban, burnoosh, and trousers; the Jew, with his black skull-cap, beard, and Israelitish face, the index of his pedigree the wide world over—I saw one stalk past this morning with the very air of a Maccabee, his haughty mien, and the scorn throned on his erect brow (or I wronged him) alike contrasting with the humble subdued gait of his brethren, and the holiday attire and light springy step of the Andalusian peasant,—the contrast of a “gay Gordon” to a “black Douglas”—no disparagement, surely, in a comparison with the Wallace of Judea; then comes the mule or donkey-driver, haranguing his beast as he trudges behind it, side by side, oh atrocity! with an English red coat. Here, at least, “motley is the only wear.” And now dear James, *buenas noches*, and God be with you! I will not wish you the misery of living a thousand years. More to-morrow.

To-day, November the 11th, we have had a delightful gallop, Missirie and I, into Andalusia, past La Roque, to the Cork-wood, about ten miles from Gibraltar; the scenery is quite beautiful; the day, at first rainy, cleared up ere we had ridden half a dozen miles, and the afternoon was lovely. From a ruined Moorish tower in the centre of the wood, we enjoyed a most beautiful prospect over the long vale we had passed through, wooded with cork-trees, olives, vines, oranges, lemons, and one noble palm-tree near a convent—a steep range of mountains closing the vista at one end.

the Rock at the other, rising over the waves like some vast Preadamite sea-monster.

Returning, we rode hither and thither, this way and that, in search of the old town of Carteia, supposed to have been the first founded by the Phœnicians after passing the pillars of Hercules. After a long search we found it; the theatre is clearly traceable, scooped out in the side of the hill, looking towards Gibraltar; the background of the scene must have been noble indeed, the Mediterranean rushing between the two continents.

I am more and more pleased with Missirie; he is the most attentive creature possible, good-humoured, observant, and intelligent. I had much conversation with him this morning during our ride; he is really an agreeable companion, having read not a little by fits and starts, and having seen so many countries. He had studied for two years at Odessa, when the Greek revolution broke out, and then joined the patriots. We are on the best terms, and I am sure we shall continue to be so. His facility in acquiring languages seems extraordinary. English he speaks with singular correctness ⁽¹⁾

Saturday, November 12.

I had no idea this letter would go so soon, but a steamer, I have just heard, sails for England in a day or two; and as I have no time to epistolize my mother at length, and she will be anxious to hear all my adventures, I have presumed to direct this letter to her, begging her to read and forward it to its rightful owner. We have a heavenly day, "blue above and blue below," for our departure. By-the-bye, they have an admirable garrison library here; the catalogue is well drawn up, on the plan of that of the Royal Institution by Harris.

I think I should like to spend a month or two here; nowhere, I suppose, could one enjoy at once such a climate and such a library.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

Voyage to Malta—San Giovanni—Ruins and Catacombs of Alexandria.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BALCARRES.

Malta.

WE left Gibraltar, my dear mother, on Saturday afternoon, the 12th, and have had charming weather, and a delightful voyage to Malta. Sunday and Monday we were coasting Spain and Barbary, and admiring the mountain ridges that frown from either shore, awakening memories how interesting! of Juba and the Romans, on the one hand—of the Xarifas and Fatimas, the Zegris and Abencerrages, of poor Boabdil, and of Gonsalvo de Cordova, on the other.

About eight on Monday night we touched at Algiers—thrilling name! The crescent moon was gleaming over it, but not very clear; the crescent is pale, pale all over the East now. We landed a young Dane there, the son of the Danish consul at Tangiers, and one of the Royal Guard of Denmark; he was going to join the French expedition against Constantina, and I really felt sorry when he left us on such a perilous adventure. I found him full of information, and very intelligent, particularly on the subject of Northern antiquities; he sang me several of his Danish songs as we walked the deck.

Still coasting the Barbary mountains—so runs the log-book; pass Bona, old Hippo Regius, dear to the memory as the home of St. Augustine—but during t

night, alas!—Bizerta—the Cani rocks—Porto Farina (Cato's Utica) and Cape Carthage, behind which lie the sites of Dido's palace, Cyprian's garden, where the soldiers seized him—generous, noble-minded Cyprian! Then across the Bay of Tunis, with a beautiful view of the mountains hemming it in to the south; before weathering Cape Bon, pass the vast and lofty island-rock of Zembra, reminding one, when directly north of it, of the volcanic isle of Sabrina. Bid adieu to the Barbary coast, and for a while nothing but the sea-circle for our horizon; presently Gozo in sight—rough rocky hills, but the lights and shadows beautiful—skim past it through the waves on which Telemachus floated, if Gozo *be* the Isle of Calypso, which I don't believe it was—and lo! Malta, with her deep harbours, picturesque tiers of houses, impregnable batteries, and English shipping! How changed—

But I had little time, or, in truth, inclination, at that moment, to think of days bygone, for scarcely had we anchored in the quarantine harbour, when dear William came alongside to greet me; he had secured me rooms in Beverley's Hotel, and we adjourned thither without delay; he is remarkably well, and we look forward with great pleasure to the prosecution of our tour together.

Oh! the rapture of a first visit to San Giovanni! those gorgeous and chivalric tombs of the Grand Masters and the Knights of St. John! I shall not be content now till I see Rhodes, invested with more familiar interest to a clansman of Randolphus de Lindesay, Lord David of the Byres, and Sir Walter,

“ Lord of Sainct John, and Knight of Torphicane,
By sea and land ane vailzeant Capitane,”

as Davie Lindsay calls him.

I visited the armory in the old palace—neither worth seeing; spacious galleries and chambers, but nothing after Venice—the library, too, full of the fat old folios of the seventeenth century. They seem a curious set, these Maltese; their language is most dissonant, a mere jargon of Arabic, but all speak broken English; their national airs, however, are beautiful, especially one, beginning, “Selloom tal harir,” &c., which you will find in my MS. collection of national music; I have not heard it here, nor indeed anything in the way of minstrelsy except “Rule Britannia,” which they have been chanting most uproariously in honour of their new governor, Sir Henry Bouverie.

Before re-embarking, I paid another visit to St. John's, by far the most interesting spot at Malta—for this is not the Melita where St. Paul was wrecked. One—the last survivor, I believe—of the old knights, a countryman too of Bayard and Duguesclin, was pointed out to me—a poor, decrepit, feeble old man—alas! alas!

Alexandria, Nov. 30.

We arrived here last Friday, to wit, November the 25th; the day was lovely, the sea of a delicate light green, the sky exquisitely clear, of a rosy transparent hue, smiling our welcome to the city of Cleopatra, as we sailed into the harbour—then a glorious oriental sunset. There is little or no twilight in these latitudes, and it was quite dusk by the time we reached our inn, riding on donkeys, the general conveyance in this country.

That was indeed a happy evening! A month's cramp in the cabin of a steam-boat exchanged for freedom and terra-firma, and that terra-firma Egypt, still the land of mystery, still a land of beauty!

“’Tis here that the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,—”

and never will palm-trees rustle more melodiously, never will the moon and stars twinkle through their transparent foliage with more loveliness, never shall I enjoy the stillness and repose of an Eastern night with more thrilling pleasure, more thorough enjoyment, than I did that evening, walking in the pretty little garden behind Mrs. Hume’s hotel, or resting in an arbour of trellis-work under a branching vine, meditating on the past and present, and anticipating the future, in which (unless it be the mirage) I see many a hundred miles of Father Nile, many a lengthening vista of temples and colonnades, outstretched before me; Nature and Art beckoning me on, and offering me the fruits of knowledge as the reward of my wanderings. There is nothing, indeed, *new* to discover; but are not Vesuvius and Naples *new* to the eye that has never hailed them before?

We have been riding about ever since our arrival—over ruins, and nothing more. A town, half Turkish, half Frank, turbans and hats seeming equally at home in it; mounds beyond mounds of rubbish stretching away to the south, east, and west of it; whole lines of ancient streets traceable by the wells, recurring every six or seven yards, by which the contiguous houses, long since crumbled away, drew water from the vast cisterns with which the whole city was undermined; wretched hovels clustered here and there in the suburbs, and towering groves of date-trees “scattered at wide intervals” over the cheerless solitude—such is the present aspect of Alexandria. The Desert has done for her what Vesuvius did for Pompeii—buried her so completely, that all we see above the present surface

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Pompey's Pillar.

has been brought to light by excavation; not quite *all* indeed—Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, both misnomers, are still erect, solitary monuments of the flight of time, of the youth and decrepitude of Egypt; for the Needle stood at Heliopolis, the On of Scripture, three thousand years ago, (°) and the shaft of Pompey's Pillar adorned the temple of Serapis and the library of the Ptolemies till it was removed to its present site, and furnished with a capital and base, in honour of Diocletian, whose name Mr. Hamilton was the first to decipher, the whole inscription, long supposed to be entirely lost, having been recovered, letter by letter, by the united acumen of a few wise men of Britain. It is only distinguishable in the strong light of the mid-day sun. (°)

One ruin only, just excavated, and a nondescript, will I trouble you with, inasmuch as mine, too probably, may be the only record of its discovery, for these Turks discover only to destroy. Four or five granite columns are still standing on their pedestals of white marble; the rest have been removed; and a few Corinthian capitals, also of white marble, are lying a short distance off, soon probably to be reduced to lime, and applied to as vile purposes, comparatively, as that to which Hamlet's fancy traced the dust of the royal founder of Alexandria himself. Behind these pillars rises a solid wall of masonry, supported by three arches, on the reverse of which we found vestiges of curious Greek paintings, the colours very vivid, and the subject, it would appear, taken from Homer, the only figure that remained uninjured by the pickaxe being superscribed

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We observed, with surprise, three or four coats of stucco laid one over the other, all painted, and the lowest the best. It was merely through the chance encounter of an Italian monk that we were led, through a labyrinth of narrow lanes and groves of date-trees, to this interesting spot.

In Lucas's time, about one hundred and twenty years ago, a superb piazza was traceable in the middle of the ancient town, ornamented with lofty granite columns, and surrounded, to all appearance, by the principal palaces of the city, with a beautiful fountain in the centre. We saw no traces of it,—in his day the remains were almost entirely covered with the sand.⁽¹⁾

As for the far-famed library, its site can only be conjectured; the first library was attached to the palace of the Ptolemies, and was accidentally consumed when Julius Cæsar was obliged to burn his ships in the harbour, to which it was contiguous. We visited yesterday some recent excavations, which have laid bare the remains of a vast edifice, pronounced by antiquaries (I know not on what authority) to be those of the *second* library; but nothing is certain here—not even the date of the catacombs, or whom they were worked by; some contending they belonged to Alexandria, others, to the insignificant town of Racotis, which existed here before the foundation of Alexandria.⁽²⁾ Of their Greek *origin* there can be no doubt, the architecture being uniformly Doric.

These catacombs are at some distance west of the city, and highly interesting. We explored them with torches, creeping in many places on our hands and knees. Entering from the north, three chambers, running westwards, lead you to a large circular room to the south of the third, with a dome of beautiful proportions, and opening, towards the south, east, and

west, into three small recesses, apparently for sarcophagi.

Over the door-way we found traces of the orb, or globe with wings, that Dr. Clarke mentions, but it has been broken off since his time. We saw the same emblem, however, (which reminded me of Isaiah's address to Ethiopia, ch. xviii, ver. 1,) over both doors of the vestibule, that we had entered, and that we proceeded by, still westwards; the plan of the catacombs seems modelled on this emblem, for the wings are clearly arranged in reference to the central and circular shrine. After exploring several other chambers in the same direction, all strewn with bones, we retraced our steps to the central chamber, and the rest of the party went out, while Captain Lacon (an intelligent officer who had joined our party) and I remained behind to examine more carefully what we had already seen.

The grand entrance clearly opened from the shore, and we wished, if possible, to discover it. Creeping up the sloping wall, or rather bank, as it ought to be called, of the second chamber from the present entrance, we found it was only the corner of an immense hall, supported by square pillars, that stretched away towards the shore, filled up by a long continuous mound of earth, accumulated so close to the roof, that it was impossible to proceed except by crawling on one's breast like a worm. On we crept, however, with two or three of our Arab guides; and the result of a long and painful peregrination in this uncomfortable attitude was, that, following the walls, we fairly traced the three sides of the hall, and discovered what probably was the grand entrance, opposite, as nearly as we could guess, to the circular chamber.

The sea (probably at the time of the great earth-

quake, when fifty thousand Alexandrians perished, and the islet was washed away to which Mark Antony retired to enact Timon of Athens after the wreck of his fortunes) seems to have washed sand and soil into the catacombs, and, after filling as we now behold them, to have finally choked up the entrance, so that it is undiscoverable from the shore. I do not think we have made any new discovery, for the French are said, in one of my guide-books, to have made a complete plan of these extraordinary excavations; but I am glad we made them out so satisfactorily to ourselves. Oh! that they were all cleared out, that one could enter from the shore, traverse that noble hall, and enter the shrine, just as the votaries did of old, two thousand years ago!

So much for this "City of the Dead!" Living Alexandria is equally interesting, though strangely different; turbaned Turks, wild Arabs, Copts, Armenians, Jews—every nation seems to have its representatives here; and the strings of camels towering along, the women gliding about in their long veils, with holes only for the eyes to peep out at—graceful in their carriage—some carrying their children at their sides,* others astride on their shoulders—are objects thoroughly oriental. The Arabs, especially, dressed just like the Ishmaelites and Midianites of old, carry one's imagination yet further back even than the catacombs—far, far into antiquity—to the days of Joseph and the patriarchs.

But it is no use attempting to sketch so varied and shifting a scene; though already it be somewhat familiar to me, my ideas are still all in a whirl. One is really bewildered, too, with the crowd of associations,

* "Thy sons shall come from afar; and thy daughters shall be carried at the side."—*Isaiah*, lx. 4.

ancient and modern, this place teems with, independent of visible objects ;—Alexander the Great, who intended to make it the seat of his empire, and the emporium of the world, which indeed it became under the Ptolemies, as the link between India and the West—the museum, the library, the revival of Greek literature and philosophy under the enlightened successors of Alexander—the version of the Old Testament by the seventy-two interpreters, if we may believe the old legend, though its falsity cannot affect the historical fact that the Law and the Prophets were translated into Greek nearly three centuries before our Saviour's birth, and while those wonderful prophecies of Daniel about the kings of the North and the South, the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ, were actually fulfilling (*)—Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antony, and Shakspeare's play—Mark and his ministry, the school of Clement and Origen, Athanasius, the noble patriarch, and his chequered fortunes during a lifetime devoted to the defence of God's truth against Arius—Amrou and the Saracens—and lastly, after twelve hundred years of silence and decay, Abercrombie, gallant Abercrombie, his Highland hearts around him, the cry of victory in his ear,

“Looking *meekly* to heaven from his deathbed of fame!”

—what varied scenes—what opposite characters—what warring influences of good and evil !

And under whose banner, Oromasdes' or Ahriman's, must I rank Mohammed Ali himself, whose ships, proud as their mother Alexandria may well be of their magnificence, are, like his army, a very curse to the country ? *

* We visited the admiral's ship, a three-decker, on the 28th of November. “I had heard much,” says Mr. Ramsay, in his private Journal, “of these vessels, and was prepared for their magnificence,

But I must conclude. We start, I hope and believe, to-morrow morning, provided we get a boat, but the Pasha has impressed all he could lay his hands on, for the conveyance of his son's harem, and we may have to wait.

Adieu, my dear mother.

P.S.—Dec. 1. Think of our scampering off this morning on jackasses, (instinctively,) on hearing that the harem was about to embark for Cairo! We had about three miles to ride, and when we got near it there was nothing to be seen of the ladies, nor could we approach the carriages (English and four-in-hand) they rode in. We watched them from a distance, and after seeing two or three children handed out, followed by a veiled lady, whom William pronounced to be dreadfully thick-ankled, we turned round and retraced our steps at a gentle trot, and have been laughed at for our wild-goose chase ever since. We were not, however, the only English who joined in it, and were the first to retreat—that is some comfort.

and even for more than I found. The *show* certainly was very fine on the upper, the main, and the lower decks, everything being very spacious, clean, polished, and in order; the breadth of beam, and the total freedom from all (I should imagine even *necessary*) encumbrance, gave her a noble appearance; but one missed a great deal; there was no accommodation for officers—all are down in the cockpit, and thus the whole range of the decks is thrown open from poop to stern in both decks. The officers seemed to be very poorly off, and as this was not a *show* part of the ship, it stood no comparison with the rest. The men not dining, like us, at tables, the lower deck was free from that encumbrance, like the main deck. There was not the finish which characterizes everything in our ships, or the air of aptness and congruity which ought to pervade it. The crew are 1100, but a useless set; every gun requires a marine to stand over the men with a musket, and eight small cannon are planted abaft to command the ship in case of a mutiny, I suppose."

LETTER III.

Voyage to Cairo—Sais—Introduction to the Pasha—Tombs of the Mamaluke Sultans—Cairo at sunset—Bazars—Courtesy to Franks—Garden of Roda—Old Cairo—Cemetery of the Mamaluke Beys—School at Boulac—Printing-press—Egyptian Christians—Jews—Magicians, Jugglers, &c.

December 17, 1836.

HERE, my dear mother, in Grand Cairo, we have been settled for more than a week, delighted with all we have seen, and fully prepared to enjoy ourselves during the remainder of our trip. We reached Cairo from Alexandria on the sixth day, the wind having been contrary during the first two or three of the voyage; we sailed on the Mahmoudieh canal* to Atfi in the course of a night, and there embarked on the Nile in one of the cangias, or boats of the country, which hold two conveniently enough. Missirie and Abdallah, a handsome Kordofani—black as ebony—whom we have engaged as Arab interpreter and aide-de-camp extraordinary,

* “In the greatness and the cruelty of its accomplishment, this canal may vie with the gigantic labours of the Pharaohs. Two hundred and fifty thousand people, men, women, and children, were swept from the villages of the Delta, and heaped like a ridge along the destined banks of that fatal canal. They had only provisions for one month, and implements they had few or none; but the Pasha's command was urgent—the men worked with all the energy of despair, and stabbed into the ground as if it was their enemy; children carried away the soil in little handfuls; nursing mothers laid their infants on the shelterless banks; the scourge kept them to the work, and mingled blood with their milk, if they attempted to nourish their offspring. Famine soon made its appearance, and they say it was a fearful sight, to see that great multitude convulsively working against time. As a dying horse bites the ground in his agony, they tore up that great grave—twenty-five thousand people perished, but the grim contract was completed, and in six weeks the waters of the Nile were led to Alexandria.”—*Warburton's Crescent and the Cross*, tom. i, p. 52. [1847.]

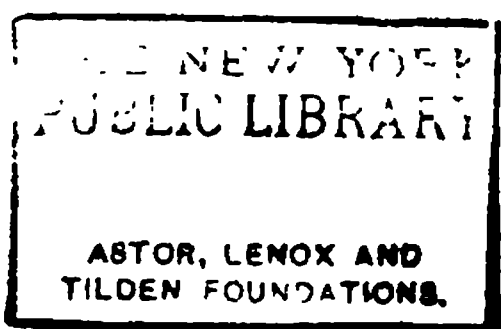
occupied a tent in front of the cabin, and altogether we got on very comfortably.

The only place of interest on the western branch of the Nile is Sa-el-Hagiar, the site of the ancient Sais, from whence the worship of Nith, or Minerva, was carried to Athens by Cecrops and his Egyptian colony, sixteen centuries before the Christian era. There she stood, the idol of Egyptian worship, veiled with her mysterious peplus, carried for ages afterwards, though in ignorance of its mystic meaning, in the sacred processions of Athens, and uttering those thrilling words of wisdom, that text for human vanity to meditate on—“I am all that is, all that hath been, and all that will be; and my veil no mortal hath ever yet upraised!”

Long before arriving at Cairo, we saw the Pyramids towering in the distance like mountains cut down into their present shape; we have not yet visited them; Monday next will, I hope, dawn on our departure for that purpose. Caviglia, the famous Italian, who rivals Belzoni in enterprise and success, breakfasted with us this morning; he is certainly a very extraordinary man; there is an account of his researches in an article of the Quarterly, furnished some years ago by Mr. Salt, very interesting, and well worth your perusal.

But I have had other visitors of no less celebrity—Linant, the French artist, who accompanied Laborde to Petra, and who discovered the ruined capital of Meroe; Gobat, too, the Abyssinian missionary—Mr. Lieder the resident missionary at Cairo, introduced him to me—a tall majestic figure, benevolent countenance, long beard, and in the Turkish dress; I had a long and interesting conversation with him.

We have received the kindest attentions from every one. Colonel Campbell, our Consul-general, has procured us everything we could desire in the way of passports, firmans, &c. He introduced us to the Pasha



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a few evenings ago; as it is now Ramadan, (the Turkish Lent, during which they fast all day and feast all night,) he receives after sunset. We visited the old spider in his den, the citadel, where he ensnared and murdered the Mamelukes. Ascending a broad marble passage on an inclined plane, (the substitute for a staircase,) and traversing a lofty antechamber crowded with attendants, we found ourselves in the presence-chamber, a noble saloon, richly ornamented, but without an article of furniture except a broad divan, or sofa, extending round the three sides of the room, in one corner of which squatted his highness Mohammed Ali. Six wax-candles, ten feet high, stood in a row in the centre of the hall, yet gave but little light. (')

About half an hour's conversation ensued between Colonel Campbell and the Pasha, chiefly statistical, and interesting as showing his singular and intimate knowledge, extending to the minutest details, of everything going on in his dominions.* He does, in fact, every thing himself; he has made a great deal of Egypt,

* "We walked straight into the Divan chamber without being announced, or any ceremony whatever. The renowned Mohammed Ali was squatting in one corner of the room, smoking a most superb pipe, clustered with whole handfuls of diamonds; we all, after bowing, sat down on each side of him. Coffee was brought to each in the small cups like egg-cups, in beautiful filagree stands, universally used in the East; a pipe is never given but to a peer. He sent for his interpreter, and Colonel Campbell sustained the conversation for three quarters of an hour nearly. The Pasha spoke most practically and statistically of all his manufactures and undertakings; entered into all the details of ship-building, and the merits of particular woods; told us of some extraordinary instance of his *lenient rule* in the case of a village which he had pardoned its contributions; informed us he had exported 425,000 quintals of cotton last year, and so on.

"He did not address any of his guests, but I observed his sharp cunning eye fixing itself on every one. The light was not strong enough to remark minutely, but I can agree with former travellers as to the vivid expression of his eye, and, for the rest, under a huge

considered as his private property, but at the expense of the people, who are fewer in number, and those few far more miserable than they were before his time.

And how could it be otherwise? * He “has drained the country of all the working men. He presses them as sailors, soldiers, workmen, &c., and nobody can be sure of his own security for a day. His system appears to be infamous, and the change which has taken place in the general appearance of the country within a few years is said to be extraordinary. Everywhere the land is falling out of cultivation, villages are deserted, houses falling to ruin, and the people disappearing.

“He taxes all the means of industry and of its improvement, and then taxes the product. Irrigation is the great means of cultivation and fertility; he therefore charges fifteen dollars tax upon every Persian wheel; and as the people can find a way of avoiding it by manual labour, raising the water in a very curious way by the pole and bucket, he lays a tax of seven dollars and a half even on that simple contrivance.

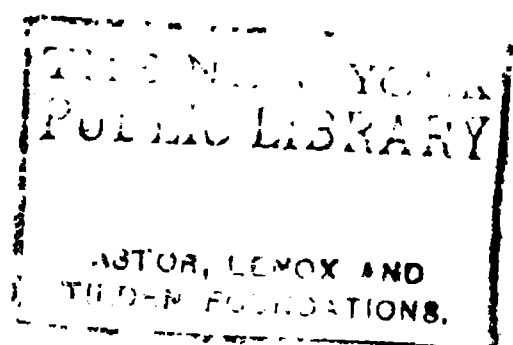
“He then, in the character of universal land-proprietor in his dominions, orders what crop shall be sown, herein consulting his own interest solely, in direct opposition to that of his people. He settles the price of the crop, at which the cultivator is obliged to sell it to him, for he can sell it to no one else; and if he wishes to keep any himself, he is obliged to buy it back

tarboosh and immense white beard and mustachioes, it is absurd to talk of, or to have any clear idea of the expression of his face: but an expression I have read somewhere, ‘his cold heartless laugh,’ came suddenly into my head when I heard him laugh: it sounded hard, cold, and pleasureless, and enough to make any one freeze whose head was at his mercy.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal*.

* The following observations on the present state of Egypt are extracted from Mr. Ramsay's Journal; I have substituted them for my own, which were nearly to the same effect, though shorter and less interesting.



Mahomed Ali.



from government at the new rate which the Pasha has fixed for its sale, of course many per cents dearer than when he bought it. Numberless are his little tricks for saving money; *e. g.* when he has to receive money, it has always to be paid in advance; taxes, particularly, he collects always just before the plague breaks out, so that, though the people die, he has their money; in paying the troops and others, it is *vice versa*,—he pays after date, and gains also upon the deaths.

“We have heard much at home of the reforming enlightened spirit of Mohammed Ali, but what is it founded on? It looks more like a great and sudden blaze before the whole is extinguished and falls into total darkness; and whether this is to happen at his death or before, seems the only question; it seems not far distant. Last year he had no money (and he pushed hard for it) to pay his troops and dependents, and this year he will have no more than he had last.

“He has *forced* the riches of the country prematurely, and to an extent they could not bear, at the same time removing the means of their reproduction, and thus he has procured the present means of prosecuting the really wonderful, and what in other circumstances would have been the useful and beneficial improvements and institutions which we have heard so much of, and which certainly strike a traveller much.

“It is to the unprincipled roguery and ignorance of his European advisers and officials that most of this waste and expense is to be charged. His counsellors consist of all the needy emigrants from France and Italy, who are scouted or in bad odour at home, and who have the assurance to pretend to be what they are not here, where detection is difficult, and where success is their fortune for life. Ideas of the most extravagant kind, such as that of damming up the Nile, and others on which he has thrown away many hundred thousands

of pounds, have been put into his head by these speculating adventurers, who fill their own pockets by it, and thus prey upon the country.

“A man who has received the education of a scribe or clerk, comes out, talks of cotton-growing, and soon rises to the head of the cotton department; another, who has thought of nothing but trade and manufacturing is put into the engineering office; and thus everything is mismanaged. The English are no longer employed in his service; he has found them too hard to deal with, too honourable and straightforward, not supple and promising enough. Mr. Hill is the only one here who understands engineering, and is now dismissed from his service. A steam-engine has been sent out; three years have passed, and its undertaker cannot put it up, though constantly at work. Mr. Hill has offered to do it in a week, but his offer is not allowed to reach the Pasha's ear.”

But enough of this—the prospect is very cheerless.

Mr. Hill, by the way, is our landlord, and a very clever, ingenious, obliging man he is. With English hotels at Alexandria and Cairo, and floating palaces at command for navigating the Nile, what is there to prevent our English ladies and their beaux from wintering at Thebes, as they have hitherto done at Paris and Rome? An hotel in the city of Sesostriis would in that case prove a most profitable speculation.

One word more, however, about Mohammed Ali:—Few in England seem to be aware how vast his dominions really are; nominally the Pasha of Egypt, he is supreme in Nubia, Dongola, Sennaar, to the borders of Abyssinia; the Hedjaz, the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, Palestine and Syria, and Asia Minor south of Mount Taurus, pay him tribute and obey him; and even the desert-dwellers as far as Palmyra stand in awe

and respect him. But it is not mere extent of dominion that gives an abiding niche in the temple of history; he sits on the throne of Zenobia, but who will remember his name a hundred years hence?

So here we are at Cairo, the city of Victory—daughter of the Fatimites and the bride of Saladin—the Tyre of Saracen commerce, and of *The Thousand and One Nights* at that later era when Arab chivalry had burnt out, and the children of Antar had ceased to be gentlemen.* Viewed from any of the neighbouring eminences, she is still Grand Cairo, but the narrowness of the streets, a perfect labyrinth of alleys, and the general air of decay, forbid one's application of the epithet to the interior of the city.† (°) Saladin sleeps at Damascus, and his house survived him but a few brief generations; a race of slaves succeeded them, Circassian slaves, raised successively from bondage to the throne of this “basest of kingdoms,” for two hundred and thirty years previous to 1517, when Selim, the Grand Turk, conquered it. Their cemetery is one of the most interesting sights at Cairo.

* There are three stages, or periods in Arabian history and manners—the heroic, preceding the Hegira—the chivalric, which succeeded it—and the mercantile, of the later Caliphate; the former represented by the romance of Antar, the second by that of Habib, and the last by the *Arabian Nights*. [1847.]

† “In the streets where there are no shops, the buildings are still closer; in fact, the second stories are almost always quite joined; the little projecting windows of the houses opposite fit into each other, and the sky is only at glimpses visible from below. They give one more the idea of private passages in a house, till you are undeceived by meeting people on horseback, and by their interminable extent and labyrinthic properties. Many are not much above a yard wide, few more than six or eight feet. They have the merit of coolness at least.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal*.

Crossing a mile or so of the Desert, you come in sight of a city of tombs and mosques,—the most splendid domes, pillars of the most exquisite Saracenic architecture,* and minarets the lightest and airiest imaginable, rising from the desert, like an oriental Venice, to greet you; I never saw anything more lovely than this City of the Dead—the evening sun shining brightly and cheerfully down its silent avenues. On a nearer approach you find with sorrow that they are already crumbling with decay; the muezzin has long ceased his summons to prayer, and a few miserable Arabs are the only human tenants of their lofty courts and chambers.

After riding through the wide extent of the tombs, we climbed up to the top of the sandhills which separate the lonely sepulchral plain from the city of Cairo. It was a scene for Mirza to dream of—an hour for years to look back upon!—the sun setting behind the Pyramids—the Nile, that once flowed blood, winding between the two deserts that are ever striving to rob him of the rich verdure that edges his channel—Cairo, with her thousand minarets, rising over the thin curling smoke—and the busy hum of men, that denotes how densely peopled she still is, murmuring from below,—and then to turn round and look down on the hollow and silent valley of the dead sultans, already lost to the sun's rays, still and lifeless, except a string of camels winding among the tombs—'twas a strange contrast! The sun sank, sank, sank, and at last disappeared, while we still stood there watching the Pyramids piercing the glowing sky, and listening for the Muezzin;

* "In many of these tombs there are the same light pillared arcades as in the churches of Pisa and its neighbourhood"—the later Lombard architecture.—*Original Journal*. [1847.]

at last a cannon from the citadel announced the sun's total disappearance, and then first one, then every minaret "found a tongue," answering each other in the self-same words, "God is great! There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

The crescent moon brightened over us as the night fell, and, pondering on the past and the present, we rode slowly homewards through the motley crowds with which this strange city is peopled, all eagerly preparing for their evening meal.

We are now tolerably familiar with oriental objects; but the first three or four walks we took through the bazars were like a visit to another world, familiar to the imagination, but passing strange when first realized by the eyes; portly duennas, veiled from head to foot, waddling along, followed by their slaves—harems taking the air on donkey-back, escorted by their black eunuchs, the most consummate puppies in Cairo—Arabs on their dromedaries—richly-drest Bedouin Sheikhs on their prancing steeds—Turks with their long pipes and ataghans—water-carriers, buffaloes, half-naked Santons, (°) or religious fanatics, singing and rocking backwards and forwards—criers perambulating the bazars with objects of curiosity to dispose of—the small shops on either side the street, their owners sitting cross-legged and smoking,—everything reminded us of the Arabian Nights and Haroun Al-Raschid.

In one respect, however, a great and a happy change has taken place; the insults Christians were formerly subject to are now unknown. Whatever be one's opinion of the Pasha's domestic policy, travellers owe him much—for throughout his dominions (in Egypt and Syria at least) they may travel in the Frank dress with perfect safety. What would old Sandys or Lithgow have said, had any one prophesied in their days

that two Britons would, in 1826, walk openly through Cairo, preceded by a native servant clearing the road before them by gentle hints indiscriminately administered to donkeys and Moslems, to get out of the Giaours' way? ⁽¹⁰⁾

The Turks are perfect gentlemen, and never stare—a marvel and a mystery to me, for we must cut uncouth figures in our tight European garments. But we have made up our minds in no case and nowhere to discard our national dress as if we were ashamed of it,—though I think we well may be so.

None, I fear, are likely to be permanent of the few real improvements the Pasha has introduced here. His trees only are likely to survive him; he has planted two hundred thousand olives in the neighbourhood of Cairo, and expects that in a few years they will pay him yearly a dollar per tree. We rode through this plantation a few days ago, and were delighted with it, but far more so with the gardens his son Ibrahim Pasha has planted in the island of Roda, which you reach after traversing the olive grounds. They are managed by two Scotsmen, at least of Scottish descent, and do them great credit. I longed for you and dear Anne; it is indeed a lovely spot; one walk, with borders of myrtle, particularly charmed me, leading, between rows of orange-trees in full bearing, to a fountain surrounded by cypress and *lignumvitæ* trees. Rosemary edges the walks like box in England, and roses bloom in profusion; gorgeous butterflies, “winged flowers,” as some one prettily calls them, were flitting about in every direction, and some strange plant or other, the banana, prickly pear, the beautiful *acacia speciosa*, or the date-tree with its graceful head-gear, constantly reminded us of the East.

Little canals for irrigation are conducted all over the

garden, some of them of hewn stone, others merely dug in the earth, and the water is transferred from one into the other by opening or damming it with the foot, as in Moses' time. The under-gardeners, in their gay oriental dress, were in perfect keeping with the flowery landscape, but they were Greeks, alas! sighing for their own dear isle of Scio!

Mr. Traill, who had the kindness to accompany us all through the garden, showed us several foreign plants he is attempting to naturalize,—the india-rubber tree, the sago palm, and one diminutive oakling—I wish it may answer; it will do his heart good to look at it—

“Sae far frae hame in a strange countrie!” * (“)

On this island of Roda stands the Nilometer, a graduated octagon pillar, on which the rise of the river is marked during the inundation; we visited it, but it is scarcely worth seeing. I believe one cannot depend on the government reports of the rise of the Nile; his highness reports the height he chooses it to be, and if he is in want of money, the inundation is sure to be the right height.

Recrossing to Old Cairo, we proceeded over mounds of rubbish (the ruins of the Egyptian Babylon) to the Optic Convent, and thence to the tombs of the Mameluke Beys, far inferior in point of grandeur to those of the Sultans, but still many of them very elegant, and the *tout ensemble* a most impressive sight. Here—a curious situation for *him* to have selected—Mohammed

* “Mr. Traill showed us a sarcophagus, which he had converted into a prison of state; instead of the bastinado, he put any refractory workman into it, and slued the heavy top round over him, keeping him there sometimes for two or three days. Its effects, he assured me, were wonderful.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal*.

Ali has erected a grand tomb for himself and his family, of coarse workmanship, but it contains spacious halls with lofty domes, and the monuments are already very numerous; all bear inscriptions in letters of gold, and the floors are richly carpeted.

Re-entering Cairo, we remarked an aloe planted over the door of a new house—a custom, I am told, constantly observed here: what can be its origin?

Two or three days ago we visited the college or school Mohammed Ali has founded at Boulac; give him his due,—this is an improvement he deserves much credit for; there are separate rooms for each of the six classes, all airy, and opening on broad spacious galleries. Being Ramadan, the boys were enjoying their holidays, but in one of the rooms I found an “awkward squad” of voluntary “saps,” gathered round a board, on which the tutor was working a sum in Arabic numerals. One or two of the lads were pointed out to me as being very clever, but, in general, the difficulty with the Arabs is to fix their attention. They are a lively, good-humoured people, and with kindness you may get them to do anything they are up to.

We visited the Pasha’s printing establishment, also at Boulac, the same day; the workmen seemed very active and well acquainted with their business. We saw several works in progress, the presswork, paper, &c., neater than the ordinary run of books printed in Germany or Italy—the types are English; they lithograph also.* I shall send home a specimen or two of

* “At Boulac saw the Polytechnic School, formerly Ismael Pasha’s Palace, a splendid establishment. The boys are neatly enough dressed, and, except the tarboosh and slippers, might pass for Europeans. They appeared, some of them that we saw, very quick and intelligent, and I am told that their examination surpasses most such in England in outward show, but it is all head-know-

Egyptian typography, the Arabian Nights for instance. There is at present a quarrel, something like that between the stomach and the members, between the printing-office and the magazine, and, till it is settled, which cannot be till after Ramadan, no books can be purchased.

Perhaps the most useful work the Pasha has published is an Atlas in Arabic, copied from one the missionaries have executed at Malta. It is forbidden to print the Koran, or even to sell it to a Christian; I have procured, however, through the kind mediation of my friend, Mr. Lieder, a most beautiful manuscript (once a vizier's) of that holy volume, richly illuminated with gold and colours in the Arabesque style of our old missals—a style, indeed, imported from the East by Rome, and which, though condemned by the classic taste of Vitruvius, Raphael thought not unworthy of revival.

Missionary exertions throughout the Levant are chiefly directed to the conversion (as it may be called) of the native Christians, as a step to that of the Moslems. This they attempt to effect by schools for the young, and the circulation of the Scriptures in the native dialects among those of more advanced years. Mr. Lieder is the amiable and zealous promoter of the good cause in Egypt, now, as in every age, emphati-

ledge. They apply to algebra and abstruse mathematics. Their benches, slates, &c., were quite European. The printing press we also saw, and were much pleased. They print a paper every week, and we saw several books in hand; the Arabian Nights is just finished; the impressions are, some of them, beautiful. One venerable savant, with spectacle on nose, appeared to be inspecting and deeply immersed in some old chronicle; such an individual is much more striking and characteristic-looking in the handsome Turkish dress he wore, with a reverend beard, than any dapper old European in a snuffy brown coat out at the elbows, and glorying in unbrushed classic dust.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

cally a house of bondage; spiritual darkness, foreshadowed, one might almost think, by the three days' gloom of Moses, broods over the land; the Christians seem to differ little from the heathen; indeed their character is, generally speaking, so bad as materially to impede the progress of the truth among the Mahometans.*

There are many Arab Christians, besides the Copts and Armenians, *all* of whom rank nominally as such. The Copts, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, are by far the cleverest of the modern natives, and the business of the country is, for the most part, in their hands. Boghaz Bey, the Pasha's right-hand man, is an Armenian, but I do not believe there are many of his sleek and comely, honest, plodding countrymen here. The Jews are numerous—the same in appearance and character as elsewhere—scorned alike by Turk and Christian,—

“ Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
When will ye flee away, and be at rest !”

You will easily gather from what I have said, that I think there is no hope for Egypt—at least at present. There is a gleam in the sky, as if the light of civilization were about to rise, but like the false dawn in India, it will fade away, and deeper darkness will succeed. Yet the true dawn will come at last, and brighten into perfect day, and then, and not till then, will Egypt, Christian Egypt, rise from the dust, and resume her seat among the nations.

Do you remember the strange story Miss H—— told us of the Egyptian magician? I have had him twice here,—that is to say, the gentlemen at the inn

* Mr. Lieder is still at his post, and active as ever. [1847.]

and him the first time, and as I was not satisfied with his performance, and he hardly got fair play among us, I had him a second time to myself, wishing to give him a fair trial. I am not yet satisfied; he succeeded in being the first person we called for, but failed egregiously against the others.

The first night we all assembled in the *salle à manger* of the hotel, and the wizard being introduced, we seated him on the divan, furnished him with a pipe, and then proceeded to question him as to his power, &c. He said he was from Algiers, (quære of the family of Lycorax, Caliban's mother?)—and that he belonged to a tribe or caste who are ruled by sheikhs or chiefs, and all themselves servants of Solomon. We asked him whether he worked by Allah or by Satan; he gave me a Scotch answer the first day, "Does not Satan come from Allah?" but the following evening affirmed it was by Allah.

I asked him whether he understood the words he used, which are not Arabic; at least one of my friends here, who speaks the language, could make nothing of them. He said Yes; and, in answer to my further inquiries, repeated thirteen words or names, which, he said, were all a man needed the knowledge of, to obtain the same power as himself;—you must learn them by heart, (he is willing to teach any one "for a consideration,") then for seven days make a fire seven times every day, throw incense on it, and walk round the fire seven times, pronouncing seven times the thirteen names,—then go to sleep, and you will awake with the faculty required. A complicated receipt this!

The magician, meanwhile, was writing several lines in Arabic on a piece of paper, which he afterwards tore into seven pieces, each containing a distich. A boy

having been procured, (for a child only can receive the power of magical vision,) he drew a double-lined square, with strange marks in the angles, on his hand, put some ink on the palm, and bade him look into it and tell us what he saw.

A chafing-dish having now been brought in, the wizard, his beads in his hand, began mumbling prayers or invocations, the same words, I believe, over and over again, at first in a loud voice, then gradually sinking till they were quite inaudible, (like a top falling asleep,) though his lips continued moving apace. From time to time he placed incense and one of the torn scraps of paper on the fire, frequently interrupting his incantation to ask the boy whether he saw anything, to which he as frequently replied in the negative: at last he said, "I saw something flit by quickly;" but nothing more came, and the wizard said we must procure another boy, which we did.

The same ceremonies having been repeated, a man made his appearance, and, at the word of command, began sweeping; then he bade the boy call for seven flags in succession, all of which made their appearance, and, last of all, the Sultan, whom he described as seated on his divan, drinking coffee. "Now," said the magician, "the charm is complete, and you may call for any one you like."

The first person we summoned was the Rev. ———, a mutual friend of William's and mine, and the first person who told him of these magicians; he was described, upon the whole, accurately, but this was the only successful summons; the spirits either would not come, or appeared by proxy, to the sad discomposure of our Arab Glendower, who, it is but fair to state, attributed the failure to its being Ramadan.

I tried him with Daniel Lambert, who, I was in-

formed, was a thin man, and with Miss Biffin, who made her appearance with arms and legs. He has been equally unsuccessful with a party of Americans,—this is odd enough, when one considers how strongly Mr. Salt, Lord Prudhoe, and Major Felix, who subjected him to long and repeated examinations, were impressed with the belief of his supernatural powers.

One thing is unquestionable—that the children *do* see a crowd of objects following each other—and, at the commencement of the incantation, the very same objects, as vivid and distinct as if they looked out of the window at noonday. How is this to be accounted for? I cannot answer the question. (¹³)

We have seen the jugglers; they show great dexterity in sticking daggers into their eyes, necks, hearts, &c., running long bodkins up their noses, sheathing swords in their stomachs, the skin lapping quite over them (indeed their skins seem to hang quite loose on their bodies), and, lastly, applying burning torches to their naked breasts; upon the whole, a disagreeable exhibition, not worth seeing.

The psylli, or serpent-charmers, were not to be found when we sent for them; many believe in their pretensions; my friend Mr. Lieder told me they charmed a poisonous snake out of his house, which he himself had seen the day before, but failed to kill, besides two others which they *might* have introduced. They never pronounce the name of God Allah, but Pullah.

Both psylli and magicians seem to have been known among the Jews; “the deaf adder that shutteth her ears” is proverbial, and “the stone of imagination—that is, certain smooth images, in which, by art magic, pictures and little faces were represented, declaring hidden things and stolen goods,” mentioned by Jeremy

Taylor, on the authority, I suppose, of some rabbinical comment on Leviticus, was evidently kindred sorcery to that practised in Egypt.

Our boat is ready, and to-morrow, December 21st, we start for Upper Egypt. We returned from the Pyramids to-day. I have written Anne an account of our visit, which I inclose to you; read and forward it. Adieu.

LETTER IV.

Visit to the Pyramid of Cheops—Evening with Caviglia—Pyramids of Cephrenes and Mycerinus—Arab traditions respecting the Pyramids—The Sphinx, a talisman—Heliopolis—the Pyramids probably built by the Pali, or Shepherd-Kings of Egypt, afterwards the Philistines, in the time of Abraham.

TO MRS. JAMES LINDSAY. .

Top of Cheops' Pyramid, Dec. 19, 1836.

DID you ever expect, my dear Anne, to receive a letter from the top of the Great Pyramid? Here I am, and William at my side, a burning sun above us, and four half-naked Arabs chattering around us, greatly marvelling, doubtless, at the magical propensities of the English. It is a fatiguing business climbing up, but, once here, all is repaid! Such a view! the desert on one side, stretching away into Libya—waves beyond waves, as far as the eye can reach; the vale of Egypt on the other, green as if Hope had chosen it as her peculiar home, with a thousand little canals traversing it in every direction, left by the retiring Nile, for the inundation has scarcely yet subsided.

Caviglia is working here, and we are now his guests. He has palisadoed off a little citadel for himself, the

chambers consisting of tombs excavated in the rock on which the Pyramids are built. After our descent, he is going to cicerone us through this monument of pride, science, or superstition—who knows which? It was building while Abraham was in Egypt; Joseph and his brethren must have seen the sun set behind it every day they sojourned in Egypt; it must have been the last object Moses and the departing Israelites lost sight of as they quitted the land of bondage; Pythagoras, Herodotus, Alexander, the Caliphs—it has been the goal of nations! lost nations have pilgrimised to its foot, and looked up, as their common ancestors did before them, in awe and humility,—and now, two strangers, from the “ultima Thule” of the ancients, Britain, severed from the whole world by a watery line which *they* considered it impious to transgress, stand here on the summit, and, looking round, see a desert where once the “cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,” the temples and tombs of Memphis, arose in their calm beauty, and Wisdom dwelt among the groves of palm and acacia—solitary now and deserted, except by the wandering Arab and his camel.

Midnight. Caviglia's Tomb.

After dining with Caviglia, dear Anne, to continue my yarn, we started by moonlight for the Pyramid, in company with the Genius Loci, and duly provided with candles for exploration. I must premise that Caviglia, whose extraordinary discoveries you are doubtless well acquainted with, has just been set to work again by Colonel Vyse, Mr. Sloane, and Colonel Campbell, our Consul-general at Cairo. He is at present attempting to make further discoveries in the Great Pyramid, and, as soon as he gets a firman from the Pasha, intends to attack the others.

The shape of this Pyramid has been compared to "four equilateral triangles, on a square basis, mutually inclining towards each other till they meet in a point,"* while "Lincoln's-Inn Fields, the area of which corresponds to its base, wholly filled up with an edifice higher by a third than St. Paul's, may give some idea of its dimensions."†

The entrance is on the northern face of the Pyramid, on the sixteenth step, though you can ride up to it, such immense mounds of fallen stones have accumulated at the base. A long low passage, most beautifully cut and polished, runs downwards, above 260 feet, at an angle of 27 degrees, to a large hall, sixty feet long, directly under the centre of the Pyramid, cut out of the rock, and never, it would appear, finished. This was discovered by Caviglia; the passage, before his time, was supposed to end half way down, (") being blocked up with stones at the point where another passage meets it, running upwards at the same angle of 27, and by which you might mount in a direct line to the grand gallery, and from that to the king's chamber, where stands the sarcophagus, nearly in the centre of the pile, were it not for three or four blocks of granite that have been slid down from above, in order to stop it up.

By climbing through a passage, forced, it is supposed, by the Caliph Mamoun, you wind round these blocks of granite into the passage, so that, with the exception of ten or twelve feet, you do in fact follow the original line of ascent; we descended by it. Close to the opening of this passage on the grand gallery is the mouth of a well, or shaft, about 200 feet deep, by which we

* Greaves, *Pyramidographia*, ap. Churchill's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, vol. ii.

† Conder, *Modern Traveller—Egypt*.

ascended from the neighbourhood of the great lower hall. Two or three persons had descended it before Caviglia's time, but he cleared it out to the full depth that his predecessors had reached, and believing it went still deeper, hearing a hollow sound as he stamped on the bottom, he attempted to excavate there, but was obliged to desist on account of the excessive heat, which neither he nor the Arabs could stand.

Think, then, what his delight must have been, when, in the course of clearing the passage, which, as I mentioned to you, leads directly from the entrance to the great lower hall, smelling a strong scent of sulphur, and remembering he had burnt some in the well to purify the air, he dug in that direction, and found a passage leading right into the bottom of the well, where the ropes, pickaxes, &c. &c., were lying that he had left there in despair, on abandoning the idea of further excavation in that direction as hopeless !

Up this well, as I said, we climbed, holding a rope, and fixing our feet in holes cut in the stone ; the upper part of the ascent was very difficult, and bats in numbers came tumbling down on us ; but at last we landed safely in the grand gallery, a noble nondescript of an apartment, very lofty, narrowing towards the roof, and most beautifully chiselled ; it ends towards the south, in a staircase—if I may so term an inclined plane, with notches cut in the surface for the feet to hold by ; the ascent is perilous, the stone being as polished and slippery as glass ; before ascending, however, we proceeded by another beautifully worked passage, cut directly under the staircase, to a handsome room, called the queen's chamber. Returning to the gallery, we mounted the inclined plane to the king's chamber, directly over the queen's. The passage leading to it was defended by a portcullis, now destroyed, but you see the grooves

it fell into. His majesty's chamber is a noble apartment, cased with enormous slabs of granite, twenty feet high ; nine similar ones (seven large and two half-sized) form the ceiling. (¹⁴)

At the west end stands the sarcophagus, which rings, when struck, like a bell. From the north and south sides, respectively, of this room, branch two small oblong square passages, like air-holes, cut through the granite slabs, and slanting upwards, the first for eighty feet in a zigzag direction, the other for one hundred and twenty.

It is Caviglia's present object to discover whither these lead. Being unable to pierce the granite, he has begun cutting sideways into the limestone, at the point where the granite casing of the chamber ends ; he has reached the northern passage at the point where it is continued through the limestone, and is cutting a large one below it, so that the former runs like a groove in the roof of the latter, and he has only to follow it as a guide, and cut away till he reaches the *dénouement*.—"Now," said Caviglia, "I will show you how I hope to find out where the northern passage leads to."

Returning to the landing-place at the top of the grand staircase, we mounted a rickety ladder to the narrow passage that leads to Davison's chamber, so named after the English consul at Algiers, who discovered it seventy years ago ; it is directly above the king's chamber, the ceiling of the one forming, it would appear, the floor of the other. The ceiling of Davison's chamber consists of eight stones, beautifully worked, and this ceiling, which is so low that you can only sit cross-legged under it, Caviglia believes to be the floor of another large room above it, which he is now trying to discover. To this room he concludes the little passage leads, that branches from the south side of the

king's chamber. He has accordingly dug down into the calcareous stone at the further end of Davison's chamber, in hopes of meeting it; once found, it will probably lead him to the place he is in quest of.

And now, I am sure, if I have been happy enough to inspire you with a tithe of the interest with which I followed every winding of the Pyramid and of our cicerone's mind—itsself a most extraordinary labyrinth—you will be glad to hear that there seems every probability of his soon reaching the little passage. Leaving a servant in the excavation, descending to the king's chamber, and shouting at the hole, the man answered by striking on the stone—distinct strokes—as satisfactory a reply as could be wished for.

Here, of course, our wanderings ceased. We regained the gallery, and from thence descended, as I have already intimated, in a direct line, past the well, through the passage forced by Mamoun, and up the passage of entrance to the open air; and glad were we to breathe it; but our first care was to don our coats and cloaks, as preventives against catching cold; the toil-drops were falling from us like rain, and such hands and faces were never seen, for many a rood had we to creep on our hands and knees, or, like the king of the beggars, who used to haunt the purlieus of the Tower when I was a little boy, legs forward and face forward, punting with one's hands,—an attitude somewhat difficult to describe.*

* "It is a pity no one thinks of looking for any probable entrance to the chamber in which Herodotus says the king is buried, in a sarcophagus isolated from the rest by the water of the Nile, which enters and flows round it. The level of the Nile is 130 feet below the foundation; the angle of descent always used here is known, and, with these two data, it is easy to calculate the level at which any passage to it must begin, and the distance from the Pyramid. It might be fruitless, but would be worth a minute examination all round."—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

After ablutions, &c., we drank tea, delicious tea! in Caviglia's tent; a candle stuck in a bottle enlightened our repast, but dark, mystical, and unearthly was our conversation,—a sequel to the lecture he had given us inside the Pyramid, pointing out an end, a hidden purpose, a secret meaning in every nook, cranny, and passage of the structure—the scene, he told us, of initiation into the ancient Egyptian mysteries.

We had him to breakfast two or three days ago at Cairo, and I had had a long confab with him before that. Living, as he has done, so solitary—I should rather say, in such society as that of the old Pharaohs of Egypt, their pyramids his home, and that strange enigma of a sphinx his fellow-watcher at their feet, he has become, to use his own expression, “*tout-à-fait pyramidale*,” in dress, feature, manner, thought, and language. We are told that in Ceylon there are insects that take the shape and colour of the branch or leaf they feed upon—Caviglia seems to partake of their nature, he is really assimilating to a pyramid. His history is very curious: “As a young man,” he told us this evening, “*je lisais Voltaire, Jean Jacques, Diderot—et je me croyais philosophe* ;” he came to Egypt—the Pyramids, Moses, and the Holy Scriptures converted him, “*et maintenant*,” said he, “*je suis tout Biblique*.” I have seldom met with a man so thoroughly imbued with the Bible; the great truths of the Gospel, man's lost condition by the fall of Adam, Christ's voluntary death to expiate our sins, our inability to save ourselves, and the necessity of our being born again of the Holy Spirit—every one of these doctrines he avowed this evening; he seems to cling to them, and to love our blessed Saviour with the simplicity of a child (¹⁸)—he never names him without reverence; but on these doctrines, this rock, as a foundation, he has reared a

pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism—astrology, magnetism, magic, (his familiar studies,) its corner-stones, while on each face of the airy vision he sees inscribed in letters of light, invisible to all but himself, elucidatory texts of scripture, which he read off to us, with undoubting confidence, in support of his positions.

Every religious truth, in short, unessential to salvation, is in his eyes fraught with mysticism. His memory is as accurate as a Presbyterian minister's—every text he quoted was prefaced by a reference to the chapter and verse where it occurs. He loves the Arabs, and looks forward to their conversion and civilization as the accomplishment of the prophecies that “there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria” in that day when “Israel shall be a third with Egypt and Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land,”—when the Lord shall have “set his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people from Assyria, from Egypt, from Pathros, from Cush,” &c., and shall bless the assembled myriads, saying, “Blessed be Egypt, my people, and Assyria, the work of my hands, and Israel, mine inheritance.”

He quoted these remarkable prophecies, and I had the pleasure of telling him I looked forward to their speedy fulfilment with the same interest as himself.*

* “Caviglia told me that he had pushed his studies in magic, animal magnetism, &c., to an extent which had nearly killed him—to the very verge, he said, of what is forbidden to man to know; and it was only the purity of his intentions which saved him. He told me he could have the power of performing all the magical rites formerly practised, only that by the coming of our Saviour everything of minor degree was included, and it would now be a profanation to attempt such things.

“Now one is very apt to call such a man a monomaniac on this particular point, and I should not know well how to reply to any

I must wish my dear Anne good night. You can have no idea how comfortably we are lodged here. The rock is honeycombed with tombs, but this one has been cleared out, furnished with mats, glass-windows, &c. &c. Caviglia seems really to enjoy himself in his little fortress; the Arabs are very fond of him—he is monarch of all he surveys, knows his fame, and enjoys it—and long may he do so! He is now sixty-six, but still hale, active, and hearty. He hates Cairo, he says, the noise and bustle distract him, and he is quite happy here, with his pyramids, his mysticism, and his Bible.*

one who should do so. He gave us a sort of history of his life; he had come out a perfect infidel to Egypt; he had curiosity about the Pyramids, and on being told that they did not make attempts at discovery, because the devil was there, 'If it's only the devil,' said he, 'I shall not trouble myself about him,' and so descended to the well, and made the discoveries he showed us. By reading, first of all, the works of the Greek philosophers, and then the Bible, he has become, as he said, '*peu à peu Bibliste et Chrétien.*'

"Yet he has strange unearthly ideas, which seem to open up to you, as he says them, whole vistas of unheard-of ground, which close up again as suddenly, so that one can hardly know what his theories are. He says it would be highly dangerous to communicate them, and looks mystical, but evidently does not like to speak on the subject, and otherwise loves a good hearty laugh and joke as much as any one."—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

* A full account of Caviglia's early labours, from information furnished by Mr. Salt, may be found in the nineteenth volume of the Quarterly Review, pp. 395 sqq.—Shortly after my visit to the Pyramids he withdrew from the field and returned to Europe, spending the last few years of his life at Paris, enjoying the warm friendship and sympathy of the late Earl of Elgin and Lady Elgin. He died there, at his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, on Sunday the 7th September, 1845. His Bible was buried with him by his own desire.—Many have wondered at my having spoken in such terms of a believer in magic, astrology, and the other occult sciences; but subsequent intercourse confirmed the favourable impression I originally formed of him in Egypt,—and not only in my own mind but that of many others, my relatives and friends, whose opportunities of

Here we are at Cairo again. This morning, after breakfast, the kind Caviglia took us to Cephrenes' Pyramid, or Belzoni's as the Arabs call it. The passage of entrance descends very rapidly; entering backwards, it is difficult to keep one's footing except by pressing one's back against the roof, and "straddling," like Apollyon, over the whole breadth of the way. After creeping under the portcullis, which Belzoni raised so successfully, and descending the shaft by a ladder which Caviglia has placed there, we reached the chamber of the sarcophagus, beautifully cut out of the rock; the roof is composed of hewn stones, and rises in a pyramidal shape, which shows there must be a chamber above; but how to get at it? The passage, leading to the other room discovered by Belzoni, has been blocked up with stones by the Arabs. Altogether this pyramid is much inferior, both within and without, to that of Cheops, alias Caviglia's.

Standing at the entrance, Caviglia pointed out to us a white hill, about a league and a half distant, where, he says, the base of a pyramid, three hundred feet long, is traceable, surrounded by little pyramids of pulverized granite, probably still more ancient than the pyramids of Djizeh themselves.

The rock has been cut away so as to form a spacious area to the north of Cephrenes' pyramid; we rode through it towards that of Mycerinus—much smaller than its fellows, but of workmanship far superior to that of Cephrenes. The ground is covered with dislodged blocks of the red granite with which it was cased. (16)

cultivating his acquaintance were still more favourable than mine. For myself, I can truly aver, that a simplicity more childlike, a humility more touching, a religious veneration more profound, I never witnessed among men. [1847.]

A pretty story is told of this Pyramid. Pharaoh, it is said, was presiding in his court at Memphis, when an eagle, hovering over his head, dropped into his lap the smallest and prettiest slipper that ever was seen. Inquiry being made whence it came and whose it was, it turned out to be the property of the fair Rhodope of Naucratis, and to have been snatched by the eagle out of her attendant's hands while she was bathing. Rhodope became queen of Egypt, and, on her death, was buried by her disconsolate husband in this Pyramid. Do you remember our poor friend Howison mentioning this legend as possibly the original of Cinderella? (¹⁷)

Nor less fanciful are the Arab traditions as to the origin of these world's wonders! Saurid ebn Salhouk, who ruled in Egypt three hundred years before the flood, saw in a dream the earth convulsed, its inhabitants lying on their faces, the stars falling from heaven, clashing as they fell, and, marvellous to relate! changing into white birds, which, snatching up his unfortunate subjects, hurried them between two vast mountains which closed behind them, and then the remaining stars went out, and there was thick darkness on the earth. Springing up in horror, he summoned the wise men of Egypt, one hundred and thirty priests; (¹⁸) they consulted the stars, and foretold the deluge. "Will it come to our country?" asked the king. "Yea," said they, "and will destroy it." "And there remained a certain number of years for to come, and he commanded in the mean space to build the Pyramids, and a vault to be made, into which the river Nilus entering should run into the countries of the west, and into the land of Al Said; and he filled them with talismans, and with strange things, and with riches and treasures, and the like. He engraved on them all things that were told him by wise men, as also of profound sciences, the

names of alakakirs,* the uses and hurts of them, the science of astrology, and of arithmetic, and of geometry, and of physic. All this may be interpreted by him who knows their character and language.

“After he had given orders for this building, they cut out vast columns and wonderful stones. They fetched massy stones from the Ethiopians, and made with these the foundation of the three great pyramids, fastening them together with lead and iron. They built the gates of them forty cubits under ground, and they made the height of the pyramid one hundred royal cubits. The beginning of this building was in a fortunate horoscope. After he had finished it, he covered it with a coloured satin from the top to the bottom, and he appointed a solemn festival, at which were present all the inhabitants of his kingdom.

“Then he built in the western pyramid thirty treasuries, filled with store of riches and utensils, and with signatures made of precious stones, and with instruments of iron and vessels of earth, and with arms that rust not, and with glass which might be bended and yet not broken, and with strange spells, and with several kinds of alakakirs, single and double, and with deadly poisons.

“He made also in the eastern pyramid divers celestial spheres and stars, and what they severally operate in their aspects, and the perfumes which are used to them, and the books which treat of these matters.

“He also put in the coloured pyramid the commentaries of the priests in chests of black marble, and with every priest a book, in which were the wonders of his profession and of his actions, and of his nature, and what was done in his time, and what is, and what shall be, from the beginning of time to the end of it.

* Magical spells engraven upon precious stones.

"He placed in every pyramid a treasurer. The treasurer of the westerly pyramid was a statue of marble stone standing upright, with a lance, and upon his head a serpent wreathed; he that came near it, and stood still, the serpent bit him on one side, and, wreathing round about his throat and killing him, returned to his place. He made the treasurer of the eastern pyramid an idol of black agate, his eyes open and shining, sitting upon a throne with a lance; when any looked upon him, he heard on one side of him a voice, which took away his senses, so that he fell prostrate upon his face, and ceased not till he died. He made the treasurer of the coloured pyramid a statue of stone, sitting; he which looked towards it, was drawn by the statue till he stuck to it, and could not be separated from it till such time as he died."*

Here, then, in these pyramids—the sepulchres of Saurid, his brother, and his nephew, who were all buried there, were the knowledge and science of the antediluvians preserved, and hence they sprang forth again into life after the deluge. But it was still a grander flight of imagination to attribute their construction, with Baalbec and Istakhar, to Gian ben Gian, the Preadamite monarch of the world!—Well might the Arab poet look up at them, and say, "*Ce sont des edifices que les siècles redoutent, pendant que ceux que nous élevons redoutent les siècles!*"†

Temples or tombs, monuments of tyranny or of priestly wisdom, no theory as to the *meaning* of the pyramids,

"These glorious works of fine intelligence,"

has been broached so beautiful, to my mind, as old

* Greaves' *Pyramidographia*.

† Quoted by Ebn Al Ouardi, *Notices des MSS. de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, tome ii.

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The Sphinx, as laid here by Cavaglia

Sandys's, who, like Milton and the ancients, believing them modelled in imitation of "that formless form-taking substance," fire, conceives them to express the "original of things." "For as a pyramis, beginning at a point, by little and little dilateth into all parts, so nature, proceeding from one individual fountain, (even God the Sovereign Essence,) receiveth diversity of forms, effused into several kinds and multitudes of figures, uniting all in the supreme head, from whence all excellences issue."—A truth that will outlive even the pyramids.

Each of them, according to the Arabs, has its guardian spirit; that of the southern pyramid is often seen hovering round it towards sunset, in the shape of a beautiful girl—but all go mad whom she favours with a smile.⁽¹⁹⁾

The sphinx, too, according to the ancient Arabs, was a talisman fixed there to protect the district from the encroaching sand, that ever-rising, never ebbing tide of the Desert—which had already in the geographer Bakoui's time—the fourteenth century—swallowed up the palace and the city of Pharaoh, and other flourishing towns and villages to the west of Djizeh; one marble column remained, towering over the waste, but no one could reach it. Caviglia cleared away the sand from around the sphinx about twenty years ago, but the winds have nearly covered her again—her back, I should rather say, for she always held her head above water. Her attitude bespeaks the calm repose of conscious strength, her expression of countenance benevolence—the *tout-ensemble*, strange mysterious beauty, awful in its stillness. A monster she is indeed, but not one to tremble at—you stand before her in awe and reverence, as before the wise but benevolent Simurgh; and oh! if one could but give her a tongue, what histories she

would tell, what wisdom reveal to us! (*) A little temple is built between her paws: a lion couches in front of it, looking up at her — both now fathom deep under the sandy deluge.*

There are numbers of tumuli, or barrows, around the three great pyramids, heaving the soil, like graves in a country churchyard; they look mere molehills from the top, but contain spacious halls and chambers.

The sphinx, by-the-bye, Caviglia told us he believed to express, enigmatically, the doctrine of man's regeneration, as explained to Nicodemus by our Saviour, and which he supposes to have been one of the ancient Egyptian (it certainly was one of the Indian) doctrines derived from primitive revelation. That they had much traditional wisdom is unquestionable, and Heliopolis, the On of Genesis, was the shrine where it was preserved,—I know few places of more intense interest; Potipher,† Joseph's father-in-law, was prince and priest there; there dwelt the sages of Egypt, and there Moses, Herodotus, Plato, Eudoxus, successively became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

We visited the site two or three days ago—a range of mounds, enclosing an oblong square, smooth and covered with corn—Selim encamped on it when he came to conquer Cairo—one obelisk, lone survivor, still

* "The expense incurred by these operations (in the Pyramids and around the Sphinx) amounted to about 18,000 piastres, a share of which was contributed by Mr. Salt and two or three other gentlemen, who liberally engaged that the disposal of whatever might be discovered should be left wholly to M. Caviglia; and he, on his part, generously requested that everything might be sent to the British Museum, as a testimony of his attachment to that country, under the protection of whose flag he had for many years navigated the sea." *Quarterly Review*, tom. xix, p. 418.—Caviglia was indeed a British subject, as a native of Malta. [1847.]

Poti-ph'-re, Priest of Re. [1847.]

pointing to the sky. It was erected, we know, by the Pharaoh Osirtesen, in the eighteenth century before Christ, in front of the temple of Vulcan; but where, you ask, is the temple? I see no propyla, no dromos, no shrine—where is the temple? Are those shapeless fragments of granite the sphinxes Strabo mentions? Possibly—Heliopolis was desolate even in his day. You may search, but there is nothing more to be seen; the corn waves in the breeze, and you push your way through it without stumbling; all is smooth, and you are ready to think the genies of Aladdin's lamp must have carried off the temple, and left that single obelisk to tell the tale. Alas, poor Phoenix! wert thou to come to life again, and revisit Heliopolis! (ⁿ)

* I have said that the Pyramids were building while Abraham was in Egypt. I dare say you have been wondering on what grounds I assert this, so much dispute having always existed as to their antiquity. And when I add, that I think there is every reason to believe that they were built by the "Royal Shepherds" of Egypt, who afterwards became the Philistines, you may well call on me for my reasons.

Come, dear Anne, for I know the delight you feel in such adventures—come and let us venture, hand in hand, into this dark chasm, at the mouth of which we stand, the cavern of the past, and, with mummy-torches to guide us, explore its recesses. We shall find facts, isolated facts, like carbuncles, casting a sure light through the gloom—jewels of historical truth, worthy of being set into a necklace which Clio herself need not disdain to wear. Are you ready? Come then The cave grows chillier and chillier, gloomier and gloomier, as we descend; do you hear the roar of

waters? the deluge is still seething up here; the cave extends far beyond that dark and stormy water, but there is no crossing it, no reaching yon distant shore without the Ark of Noah, and that has been buried for ages under the snows of Ararat. Here stop we—— But a truce to this nonsense, and let me to my argument.

Yet do not mistake me; I have no new theory to advance; I aspire only to dovetail into one harmonious piece of *marqueterie* the scattered discoveries of those learned men who have studied the subject, and which, viewed connectedly, lead to the results briefly expressed above. *Ab initio*, then, dear Anne, in other words, *commençons par le commencement*.

Of Ham's three sons, Canaan, the youngest, (the only one on whom the curse was pronounced,) was ancestor of the ten tribes whom Abraham found in occupation of the Promised Land, bearing the national patronymic of Canaanites—how awfully depraved in their morals, I need not remind you. Their iniquities, however, had not come to the full till four hundred years after Abraham, when the Israelites were the hammer in the hand of God for crushing them.

A giant race, distinct from the Canaanites, "a people great, and strong, and tall," occupied many parts of the country between the Nile and the Euphrates in Abraham's day; their punishment, probably as being earlier depraved, took place between his time and that of Moses; the Anakim, who dwelt at Hebron in the hill-country of Judah—the Emim, who possessed the country east of the Dead Sea, afterwards Moab—the Zamzummim, who dwelt in what was afterwards called Ammon, &c., being so utterly "destroyed by the Lord," through the agency of the children of Lot, and others, who occupied their country, that in the time of Joshua,

“only Og, the king of Bashan, remained of the remnant of the giants.”

Besides these nations, the Chorim or Horites, who occupied Mount Seir, were destroyed to make room for the children of Esau, or the Edomites; and the Avim for “the Philistines, the remnant of the country of Caphtor”—“who came out of Caphtor”—“whom,” God emphatically tells us, “I brought from Caphtor.”

Caphtor is the same word as Egypt, or Copt, applied in Scripture to Lower, as Pathros is to Upper Egypt, or the Thebaid.

It is clear, therefore, from the word of truth, that God, our Author and Disposer, “who hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation”—brought the Philistines, after some great revolution which reduced them to the mere remnant of a once powerful nation, out of Lower Egypt into the land of Canaan.

While Canaan was peopled by the descendants of the younger, Egypt was so by those of the elder son of Ham, the Misraim. From her great natural advantages, she soon rose to civilization, and flourished till a nomadic race, surnamed the Uk-sos, or Royal Shepherds, (by some, says Manetho, supposed of Arabian origin,) poured down upon the country, subdued the natives, and held the sceptre for two hundred and sixty years, till the natives roused themselves, and, after a long and bloody contest, compelled them to take refuge at Abaris, probably Pelusium, a stronghold on the eastern branch of the Nile, which the first shepherd king had fortified as “the bulwark of Egypt” against the Assyrians, then the dominant power in Asia. After a tedious siege, the Egyptians, in despair of getting rid of them otherwise, allowed them to depart, with their

families and cattle, in quest of another settlement, which they did, in the direction of Syria.

It must have been during this usurpation that Abraham visited Egypt, for the revolution by which they were expelled had evidently taken place shortly before Joseph's time, when "every shepherd was" such "an abomination to the Egyptians," that the pasturing Israelites were assigned the district of Goshen, "the best of the land," rich unoccupied pasture ground, for their residence, that they might dwell there with their flocks and herds apart from the natives; by which providential separation they were preserved as a distinct people. Jacob passed through Goshen, and Joseph met him there, on his road from Canaan to Egypt; the Israelites did not cross the Nile when they quitted Egypt; Goshen, therefore, lay to the east, probably along the eastern bank of the Pelusiac branch of the river. Why was "the best of the land" unoccupied, but because the shepherd owners had just been expelled?

Now, when we read in the Bible that the Philistines came out of Lower Egypt, and were settled in the land of Canaan before the arrival of the Israelites, from whose triumphant exodus (though Manetho ignorantly, and Josephus wilfully, confound them) theirs differed in being so calamitous an expulsion that "a remnant" only survived, though that remnant was numerous enough to subdue the Avim, and occupy their country; and when, naturally inquiring what light Egyptian history throws on the subject, we find this story of the expulsion of the shepherd kings, in the direction of Canaan, at a period anterior to the arrival of Joseph; is it possible to doubt the identity of the royal shepherds and the Philistines? — that warlike people, those "foreigners" of the Septuagint, speaking a language distinct from that of the Jews, who, occupying the sea-

coast, between the Nile and Ekron, gave it their own name, Palestina, confined by the prophet Isaiah to their pentapolis, but afterwards extended to the whole land of Israel, Palestine—a word, mark you, not Hebrew, but Sanscrit, and still implying, in that language, “the shepherd’s land!”

If this needed confirmation, we should find it in the testimony borne by the Hindoo records, that a branch of the great Pali, or shepherd race of India, whose sway extended from their far-famed capital, Pali-bothra, to Siam on the east, and the Indus on the west, the intermediate country bearing the same name Palisthan, or Palestine, afterwards imposed on the land of Canaan—conquered Egypt, and oppressed the Egyptians, in the same manner as the Egyptian records tell us the royal shepherds did. Nor is it less remarkable that while Abaris, or Avaris, the stronghold of the Auritæ or royal shepherds, in the land of Goshen, derives its name from *Abhir*, ⁽²⁾ the Sanscrit word for a shepherd—*Goshena*, or *Goshayana*, in the same language, implies “the abode of shepherds,” and *gosha* is explained in Sanscrit dictionaries by the phrase *Abhiropalki*, “a town or village of Abhiras or Pallis.” ⁽³⁾

And who, then, (to revert to the point from which I set out,) who can the *shepherd Philitis*,* who fed his flocks near Memphis, whose name the popular tradition of the Egyptians, in Herodotus’s time, gave to the pyramids, built by his *contemporaries* Chæops and Cephrenes, the tyrants who shut up their temples, and forbade the sacrifices, and whose names the people held in such abhorrence that they would not pronounce

* *Bhilata* or *palita*, “a shepherd,” in Sanscrit. It is remarkable that one of the ancient Pali tribes in India was called Rajpalli, or Royal Shepherds.—See Colonel Tod’s *Annals of Rajasthan*, vol. i, p. 119.

them—who and what can he be, but a personification of the shepherd dynasty—the Palis of the Hindoo records, who, after erecting the pyramids, those imperishable monuments of their glory, after the models they remembered in their native Assyria, reappear in later years, and when fallen from their high estate, as the Philistines, “the remnant of the country of Caph-tor,” ever at enmity with the people of God, and now, like every nation that oppressed them, vanished from our eyes?

I have argued it clumsily, but do you not now agree with me that the pyramids were built by the shepherd kings of Egypt, the ancestors of the Philistines, in the time of Abraham?

And will you not sympathize with me, dear Anne, when I add, that the name of Pali, that once rang as the slogan of victory from the Irawaddy to the Po,—which blazed on the banner that, ages before Rome was thought of, waved as free to the wind on Mount Palatine as on the hills of Meroe and the towers of Palibothra, (what a pyramid of empire!) is now a reproach, a curse, and a hissing, to the wretches on whose outcast heads that crown of glory has descended—Pali, Pelasgi, Palatines all extinct—its sole inheritors; dwelling on the hills where erst Palibothra rose—girt round by the Rajpoots, who supplanted their power and called their country by another name—and still worshipping Mahadeva, their ancestral god, who, in the twilight of Egyptian history, led their kinsmen to the conquest of Meroe and the Nile,—robbers, thieves, outcasts, of all the degraded tribes of India, there are none more miserable, one only more despised, than the Bheels, the Palis of Malwah!

Bear with me a few minutes longer. Is it too much to argue from the fact that both nations were punished

only, not exterminated, by a just and discerning God—that, fearfully as both had gone astray, neither the royal shepherds at the period of their expulsion from Egypt, nor the Egyptians at the time of the exode of the Israelites, had reached that acme of depravity, which, at corresponding seasons in the history of the chosen people, caused the earth to swallow up the cities of the plain—to vomit forth the tribes of the Canaanites?

And were, then, the Anakim, the Emim, the Zamzummin, the Horim, the Avim, equally depraved? Else, why were they thus exterminated?

“The Zamzummins, a people great, and many, and tall as the Anakims; but the Lord destroyed them before them; and” the Ammonites “succeeded them, and dwelt in their stead;

“As he did to the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, when he destroyed the Horims from before them; and they succeeded them, and dwelt in their stead, even unto this day;

“And the Avims, which dwelt in Hazerim, even unto Azzah, the Caphtorims, which came out of Caphtor, destroyed them, and dwelt in their stead.”

—— Oh! who can sum up, who can form a conception of the misery, moral, physical, temporal, and eternal, brought into this world by sin, and laid all upon our Saviour, when the life and death of three nations extirpated for their vices—we know nothing more of them—are summed up in three verses—a mere parenthesis in the Bible such as this!

One word more. I forget whether or not you are a convert to the longer system of chronology, so ably advocated by our friend Dr. Hales, by which we get six hundred additional years before, and seven hundred after the Deluge—years most welcome to the historical

antiquary, who feels himself wofully cramped in his investigations by the common Bible chronology, which makes Noah alive at the time of the great apostasy at Babel, and Shem contemporary with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob !* May we not derive another argument for this system from the consideration, that if God bore with the vices of the Canaanites four hundred years before he considered it a righteous thing to destroy them, the Avim, Emim, Zamzummim, Horim, &c., must surely have existed as nations at a period earlier than the received chronology assigns to the Deluge? If not, the Avim and Horim, to take these two as examples, must each have become a nation, have forsaken the patriarchal worship, sunk into all manner of depravity, and been destroyed from the face of the earth, within six hundred years after the Deluge—judging by analogy, a manifest impossibility.

Adieu, dear Anne; we start to-morrow for Upper Egypt.

* See the *New Analysis of Chronology*, (vol. i, pp. 272—289, second edition,) a work, the title of which, says Mr. Hartwell Horne, “very inadequately describes its multifarious contents. Not only is it the most elaborate system of Chronology extant in our language, but there is scarcely a difficult text in the sacred writings which is not illustrated The ‘*New Analysis*’ ought to have a place in the library of every biblical student.”

LETTER V.

Our Dahabieh—Night-Scenes on the Nile—Pyramids of Saccara, Dashour, &c.—The False Pyramid—Minieh—Story of Ebn Khasib—Siout—Tombs of Lycopolis—Stabl Antar—Traditions of the Copts—Ruins of Abydos—Palace of Sesostris—Kenneh.

December 28, 1836.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have just been admiring our little bark from the banks of the Nile, as she glided slowly along, her wings spread, wooing the breeze, and a blue sky above us,

“So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven!”

You must understand the epithet *little* as one of endearment, according to Burke's theory of the Beautiful; in truth, she is of ample dimensions,—come, let me describe her to you, premising that we left Siout last night, and are now in Upper Egypt, the land of Thebes—a rapturous reality sometimes difficult to convince ourselves of. Two crocodiles have welcomed us already; we have only just entered their territory. No hippopotami are to be seen north of the cataracts; to supply the deficiency, we have named our boat “the Hippopotamus,” an epithet by no means inappropriate to a river-riding bark like ours.

She is of the *dahabieh* class, the middle size of those employed on the Nile. Our first care, after securing her, was to have her sunk, to destroy the rats and vermin, then to have her painted and repaired; she is now quite clean, and I hope will continue so a good while. The inner and smaller cabin is just large enough for me; the larger is furnished with a Turkish divan on one side, and William's bed on the other,

with a table between and a mat below; the windows are Venetian blinds, and open or shut at pleasure, with chintz curtains drawing across them; on the panels we have suspended three pair of pistols, our large telescope, straw hats, looking-glass, &c. &c. A sword, with which we equip our dragoman, Abdallah, when we go on shore in state, and William's gun and rifle, occupy the corner. Shelves are put up in both cabins; in mine I have marshalled our little library, which looks charmingly there.

In front of the cabin a large tent is pitched, of double canvas, open at the mast end, furling upwards at the sides during the day, and closing in at night, when Missirie, Abdallah, and Hadji Achmet (an Arab *help*) sleep on its cushioned divans. In this tent we breakfast and dine; we live here, in fact, during the daytime, and after dinner (at sunset) adjourn to the cabin to drink a cup of delicious Mocha coffee; we then read till tea-time, and afterwards till about midnight—and then to Bedfordshire.

Beyond the tent, and facing the mast, is the kitchen, a little edifice of wood and brickwork, where Missirie presides as *cuisinier*, and a first-rate *artiste* he is. Beyond the mast are the quarters of the crew, and a small cannon.

The crew consists of ten men, besides the reis or captain; they are active, willing, good-humoured fellows, and have harmonious voices, a great lounge, (to speak *Etonicé*,) as the Arab boatmen are a noisy set, constantly singing to their work, and always in chorus; one of them leads, and the rest join in, generally line by line, alternately, neither uttering more than five or six words at a time. The chorus of each song is always the same, but the Coryphæus, or leader, seems to sing

ad libitum, words and air both, often deviating into a wild yell.

A curious scene was going on around us three or four evenings ago. We are now in Ramadan, the Mahometan Lent, always rigorously kept by the Arabs, who taste nothing from sunrise to sunset. The sun had gone down behind the bank of the river, but, as they might not eat till the legal hour of sunset, there they sat, poor fellows! each with an onion in his hand, their eyes fixed on Missirie's watch, by which he was to let them know when they might conscientiously set to. That evening was a very merry one; squatted in a circle, they sang unceasingly for two hours or more—strange wild chants, keeping time by clapping their hands, a custom handed down to them from the ancient Egyptians, and to the accompaniment of a rude tambour or drum. Each song ended with two extraordinary yells, not inharmonious, in which all joined, the voices dropping, as if from exhaustion, at the close. Between each song was heard the distant chorus of a crew toiling on the other side of the river, and the whistling drone of a reed-pipe from a boat full of Bedouins from the west, pilgrims to Mecca, keeping company with us; sitting silent and motionless, their features almost invisible—their dark eyes gleaming from under their massive white drapery—never saw I figures more savagely picturesque! The reises, meanwhile, being in the complimentary mood, guns and pistols were going off every moment, each followed up by the yell of all the crews, succeeded, at least on board our vessel, by another song—and so on. The rolling echo of the guns from the rocks across the river added to the effect of this strange night-scene on the Nile. I do enjoy these wild old airs.

We have had favourable breezes for the most part hitherto, and have gone night and day, the crew relieving each other; the breeze generally fails at sunset, after which they punt the boat, or tow it along the shore. We constantly run aground, and then they dash over into the water, fearless of the crocodiles, and push away, hands and shoulders, to the usual chant of "Haylee sa! haylee sa!" till they clear her. William gets a walk and a little shooting every day, and I often accompany him as his gamekeeper. The banks, as we skim past them, are sometimes absolutely covered with wild geese—fire a gun, and they rise in myriads, as *clangingly* as Homer heard them settle on the banks of the reedy Cayster.

And what delicious weather! the morning and evening clear and transparent as the dew; but no pencil could paint, no tongue describe, the rich glow of the western sky at sunset, or the pink zone that girdles the horizon as the night falls,—pink at first, but changing from shade to shade, like the cheek of Iris, till the last, a delicate green, like chrysophraz, darkens into night. And night, how lovely! the moon riding triumphantly along, not *let into* the sky, as in the north, but visibly round and detached—you can see far beyond her,—with all her starry train around her, "the poetry of heaven!" But richer sunsets and still lovelier nights are before us.

We are pressing on for Thebes, and have consequently left several interesting objects unvisited till our return, when we shall be better judges of their merit. We started under peculiarly gratifying auspices, fairly distancing a boat that put off in pursuit of us from the custom-house; had they boarded us, a teskeray, which we had received that morning from M. Piozin, the vice-consul, would have cleared us.

Never, dear mother, knew I what luxury was till now! I have realized Horace's idea of complete repose in lying at length under a green arbutus (at least as shady a tree) beside his own bright fountain at Lucretia; but what is that to reclining under a tent, on a Turkish divan, in an Arab boat, ascending the Nile—a never ending diorama of loveliness! villages, dovecots, mosques, santons' tombs, hermits' cells, temples, pyramids, avenues of the thorny acacia, (from which the country derives one of its old Sanscrit names,) and, loveliest of all, groves after groves of date-trees,

“ bending

Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep, descending,
Warns them to their silken beds,”—

all slumbrous—all gliding past like the scenery of a dream—without effort—peacefully—silently; and yet, as when watching the stars at midnight, you feel all the while as if the sweetest music were murmuring in your ear.*

The Pyramids of Djizeh, of Abousir, of Saccara—that of Dashour, the False Pyramid, as it is called, rising in degrees, as we are told the tower of Babel did,—all these have flitted past, and minareted Minieh, the largest town on the Nile between Cairo and Siout,—a pretty legend is attached to this place by one of the old Arabian travellers, and I must tell it as we sail by:—

Ages ago, in the days of the Abbassides, to whom Egypt bowed the knee from the middle of the eighth to that of the ninth century, one of the Caliphs, even the

* On one occasion we were witness to a very curious instance of double refraction—the river we were ascending was reproduced in the horizon at right angles to ourselves—date-trees, mosques, villages, &c., all in motion, and as if crossing our course. [1847]

great Haroun Al-raschid himself, was wroth with the Egyptians, and, desirous at once to punish, and make them an example to others, he picked out the lowest of his slaves, one Ebn Khasib, the bath-warmer of the palace, and sent him governor to Egypt, in the confidence that the insolence, rapacity, and cruelty of such a ruler would amply express his resentment. Never was a man more mistaken than the Caliph; never was Egypt happier than under the mild rule of Ebn Khasib. His fame spread far and wide; many even of the Caliph's immediate courtiers, and one, especially, of his nearest kinsmen, visited and were entertained by him; in short, Ebn Khasib was a second Chebib.

On the return of his kinsman to Bagdad, the Caliph, who had remarked and wondered at his absence, inquired where he had been? "To Egypt," replied the prince, and proceeded to extol the humanity, justice, benevolence, and generosity of the governor, and display the presents he had received from him. The Caliph, enraged at the failure of his scheme, sent instant and peremptory orders for his degradation, that his house should be razed to the ground, his goods confiscated, his eyes put out, and that he should be cast forth, naked and a beggar, into the streets of Bagdad.

To hear, of course, was to obey; a few weeks, and behold Ebn Khasib, friendless, hungry, destitute, groping his way through the streets, or sitting near the gate of the seraglio, forgotten by his old fellow-slaves, unheeded by the nobles who had eaten his bread and salt in Egypt, and whose silken garments touched as they swept past him; the summer birds flee with the summer flowers!

He was accosted one morning by a poet:—"Ebn Khasib," said he, "I was on the point of starting for

Egypt with a poem in your praise; your arrival here in Bagdad saves me the trouble of that long journey, and, if you will listen, I shall have great pleasure in repeating it."

"Poor and blind, naked and miserable," replied Ebn Khasib, "what have I to give thee? Go, my friend, seek a richer patron; my star has set."

"Only listen to me," replied the child of song, "and as for recompence, God only do for you as you have done for others!"

Ebn Khasib listened, and his heart was touched; they were the first words of sympathy that had consoled him in his misfortunes. He cut open a seam of his robe, and took out a ruby—it was the only valuable that he had been able to secrete on the wreck of his fortunes. "Accept this gem," said Ebn Khasib—the poet expostulated—Ebn Khasib insisted—and the poet accordingly carried it to the jewellers' bazar.

"Such a stone," cried the syndik of the jewellers, "can only belong to the Caliph," and before the Caliph they brought him. He told his little story; the Caliph's eye glistened, he sent for Ebn Khasib, owned he had done wrong, loaded him with presents, and sent him back to Egypt, proprietor of Minieh, the spot he was fondest of in all the valley of the Nile—that Nile, to whose bounty the poet's fancy had likened his own; the place is still called after him, "Minieh Ebn Khasib," and his posterity flourished there for I cannot say how many generations, but they were extinct when my authority, Ebn Batuta, visited the spot in the fourteenth century.*

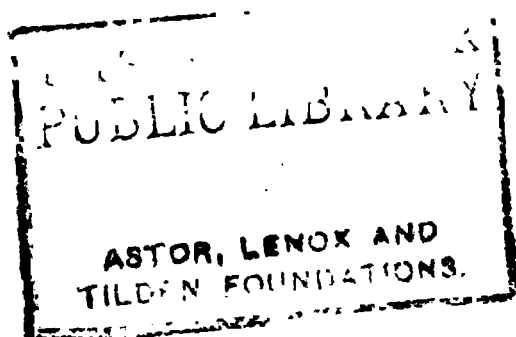
"As pretty a story as that of Queen Rhodope and her slipper!" But this is *true*, dear children! And

* "Travels" &c., translated by Dr. Lee, 4to, 1829, p. 14.

what a commentary on the prophecy,—“Egypt shall be a base kingdom—the basest of kingdoms!” Surely looking merely to the cause of Ebn Khasib’s promotion, her subjection to the warrior Mamelukes was not so degrading. (²⁴)

Siout, on the west bank of the river, was the first place we stopped at—to visit the catacombs and tombs of ancient Lycopolis, excavated in the mountain that overhangs that city, the modern capital of Upper Egypt. For many hours before arriving at Manfalout, (²⁵) the vast rocks that edge in the Nile to the east are perforated with hundreds of grottoes, some natural, others cut by the hand of man, and often at a great height above the water—the retreats of the Christian hermits who treated S. Athanasius so kindly during his repeated exiles from Alexandria. We often sailed close under them, and with the glass I could see far within the dusky portals, uncrossed now for many centuries. The tombs of Lycopolis (so called from the old Egyptian wolf-worship) were in later times appropriated by a similar swarm to that which hived north of Manfalout:—“They sunk,” says Gibbon, “under the painful weight of crosses and chains, and their emaciated limbs were confined by collars, bracelets, gauntlets, and greaves of massy and rigid iron; they often usurped the den of some wild beast whom they affected to resemble; they buried themselves in some gloomy cavern which art or nature had scooped out of the rock, and the marble quarries of Thebais are still inscribed with the monuments of their penance.” This he says generally of the Anchorets, but the description is peculiarly appropriate to those of Lycopolis, who ejected the mummies of wolves to make living mummies of themselves! Some of the grottoes, however—those, probably, appropriated to the wealthier human mum-

Egyptian Tomb at Siout Lycopolis



mies, are of noble proportions; they are excavated, one above another, in the receding face of the rocks. We visited, I believe, all the larger, and explored with torches some of the smaller catacombs to which they lead; many of them end abruptly, others seem to be continued far into the bowels of the mountain. Everywhere the ground sounds hollow under the feet, and one must walk with caution, the floors being full of nummy-pits and depressions where the earth has fallen in.

The first excavation we reached is called "Stabl Antar," after the far-famed lover of Ibla." A lofty archway leads you into a hall of noble proportions, once most elaborately ornamented with hieroglyphics on the walls, and the richest tracery on the ceiling, flowers and diamond-shaped devices, of different patterns and colours, succeeding each other in parallel rows; they are now much defaced, and, from the description that Norden, a Danish traveller of last century, gives of them, must have suffered much during the last hundred years. Great pains seem to have been taken with this chamber; we found in none of the others such elaborate ornament or such beautiful proportions.

Leading the way up the hill, our guides following us, we found, above the Stabl Antar, a range of smaller excavations, and, above them again, a third tier, more extensive, but of rougher workmanship, than the first; a very large hall, once ornamented with hieroglyphics, and supported by square pillars, (left standing when the grotto was hewn out of the rock,) forming a cross with an inner chamber, narrower but longer, leading to further catacombs and passages. Regaining the face of the mountain, which looks N.E., and turning to the left, we came to another very large hall on the same tier, originally entered by a vestibule between two square

pillars, both now gone ; of two others, which correspond with them at the farther end, the one to the right only remains. On the right, entering the vestibule, is a large tablet of hieroglyphics, beautifully sculptured, especially the birds, and coloured blue ; to the left, on entering the hall, are the remains of sculptures running along the wall, three rows of warriors marching in procession, with large shields, covering nearly the whole body, and long spears or billhooks. The lower row is almost gone. Above them, and below (as it were supporting) the ceiling, runs an elegant frieze of ornaments shaped like daggers. Bones and fragments of mummies are lying here and there, wherever the riflers of the mummy-pits have thrown them—disgusting objects.

Proceeding to the left, we came to another large and loftier hall, much fallen in ; many other chambers at different heights of the mountain have suffered the same fate. After visiting two or three other ranges of excavations one above another, we reached the summit of the mountain, and enjoyed a lovely view of the valley of the Nile—itself a river of verdure meandering through the desert—diversified with date-groves, the dark-foliaged fig-sycamore, and avenues of the yellow-blossoming Egyptian acacia, alternating with fields of the richest produce, every shade of green, striped with canals and water-courses, the white minarets, towering over the capital of Upper Egypt, rendering a town of mud houses the most picturesque object in the landscape. (28)

Interesting too, very interesting, is Siout, as the residence of our Saviour and his Virgin mother after the flight into Egypt, if we may lend the ear of credulity to the tradition of the Copts, who consider the place holy, and often come here to die. (29) An ancient sycamore

at Mataria, near the plain of Heliopolis, which sheltered the holy fugitives during the heat of noon, and opened spontaneously to conceal them from the pursuers, (so runs the legend,) and a grotto in Old Cairo where they subsequently found refuge, both of which we visited, share with Siout in the veneration of the Copts. Looking down on Siout, it is pleasing to remember and believe the tradition; and the fact of there being no monkish edifice either there or at Heliopolis lends a degree of credibility to both legends, which one cannot concede to many of the so-called "loca sancta" of Palestine.

The traditions, however, of early Christianity point out Hermopolis as the residence of the Holy Family till they removed to the balsam-grove of Mataria,^(*) adding, that when the heaven-born child "was, either by design or providence, carried into a temple, all the statues of the idol-gods fell down, like Dagon at the presence of the ark, and suffered their timely and just dissolution and dishonour, according to the prophecy of Isaiah: 'Behold the Lord shall come into Egypt, and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at his presence.'"^{*} Hermopolis has now resumed her pristine name, Asmunein; her beautiful portico burnt for lime, no one now halts to notice her; we passed her by some days ago. But this is a digression.

The modern cemetery of Siout, a beautiful object, lies on the slope of the hill we stood on; north of the town stands the palace of the Pasha, and to the east, beyond the Nile, the horizon is bounded by the Gebel Mokattam, or eastern mountains, answering to the western or Libyan chain, on a ridge of which we were

* Jeremy Taylor's Life of Christ.

standing; sometimes approaching, sometimes receding from the river, they hem in the valley of Egypt, from Cairo to the cataracts.

After examining sundry other smaller tombs, from several of which low slanting passages, like those of the Pyramids, now choked up, seem to run deep into the mountain, we descended through a stony valley (not a blade of vegetation) perforated on both sides by similar excavations, (they are really countless—there must be thousands of them,) and turning to the left again, arrived, to my great delight, (for, after reaching the first excavation, the lazy Arabs left me to lead the way and explore for myself,) at a portal far more magnificent than any we had previously seen,—not arched (remember, everything here is cut out of the living rock) but flat-roofed, the sides inclining towards each other with the old Egyptian courtesy, and beautifully sculptured,—a tablet of hieroglyphics is inscribed on either side of the entrance, but in the hall it led us into we found none. This hall, though inferior in beauty to that of Antar, appeared larger and loftier than any we had yet seen; if the hills of rubbish heaped up in it were cleared away, it would be very nearly a perfect square. We observed vestiges of four square pillars, stained, as in all these larger excavations, in imitation of granite; the Egyptians excelled in these deceptions. Arched entrances are cut in every side, and, to judge by one we entered on the right, lead to low chambers of considerable extent. We lighted our torches, and, creeping along, found our way to the opening of another smaller passage, about six feet from the ground. We climbed up it, and found ourselves in the first large cavern we had reached above Antar's, a very agreeable surprise. Our descent to the plain was soon effected, and a plea-

sant walk of about half an hour brought us to our boat—our palace rather.*

January 3, 1837.

A happy new year to my dear father and mother, and all dear to me! For some days past we have made but little or no progress, but this morning we are skimming along merrily; we shall perhaps reach Kenneh to-day—to-morrow certainly, if the breeze lasts. These days, however, have been days of great enjoyment. (*)

Yesterday we rode on donkeys from Girgeh to Arabat Madfoun, the ancient Abydus, sending on our boat to wait for us at Bellini. Next to Thebes, Abydus was once the chief city of the Thebaid, but had fallen from her high estate as long ago as the Greek geographer Strabo's time, about the commencement of the Christian era. The day was lovely, and a pleasant ride of three hours and a half, through corn and bean fields, all alive with buffaloes, camels, goats, and children perfectly naked and as brown as bricks—alternating with groves of majestic date-trees, each grove generally

* Dec. 29. (Two days after we visited Siout.) "I noticed this morning on, or rather in, the bank on the east side, a heap of immense masonried stones, and discerned hieroglyphics on one or two with my telescope, but there was nothing to lead one to suppose there was anything further to tempt a traveller to land. I asked what was the name of the village? 'Gow el Kebir,' they said. So these were the last remnants (which will be swept away next summer) of the temple which, a few years ago, was said to be 'perhaps the most picturesque on the banks of the Nile.' It was singularly appropriate to find that the extensive plain on which it stood (formed by a deep bay in the Mokattem range) is that on which the combat between Osiris and Typhon, the principles of good and evil, and which has been interpreted by many learned men to imply the contest between the Nile and the cultivated land, is fabled to have taken place."—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal*

sheltering an Arab village, took us to the town and burial-place of Osiris, where the spouse of Isis was adored in his holiest character, and where Rameses the Second, the Grecian Sesostris, built himself a palace which it was our chief object to visit.*

Threading a noble grove of date-trees, and passing the modern village, we found ourselves on the site of the ancient Abydus, mounds beyond mounds of ruins,

* " Jan. 2. Our route from Girgeh lay through the rich vale of the Nile, studded with frequent villages under groves of dates and palms,—threading our way through fields of young wheat just preparing to sprout into the ear, rich clover on which the cattle, camels, and horses were grazing, tethered in lines to certain ranges, so that the field gradually disappeared, and was again producing another crop where they had first commenced it,—extensive fields of beans also, and the stubble of large sugar plantations. The large groups of the nearly naked, half-black, savage-looking beings reminded one of the drawings of the natives of the South Sea Islands. The young camels were gamboling about, and here and there an old and stiff one, instead of supporting its character for staid and solemn stateliness, might be seen, free from the control of pack-saddle or halter, capering before his astonished comrades, flying before the wind at full gallop, or playing such antics as the ungainly form Nature has assigned him might admit of."—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

" — The total herd receiving first from one
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act and utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
These, and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind Nature graces every scene,
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the *benevolent*, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
A far superior happiness to theirs—
The comfort of a reasonable joy."

covered with the drifted sand of the desert,—nothing visible above the soil; think, then, of our astonishment and delight at coming suddenly on a lovely little lake, nestled in a hollow of the sandhills that form a sort of amphitheatre around it, girdled with graceful date-trees, and the doum, or Theban palm, with its fantastic head-gear, like a gay coquette by the side of a lovely single-hearted woman—of such the date-tree were a fit emblem. I cannot express to you the pleasure the discovery of this little loch gave me, and which will be as vivid years hence in recollection as when first it gleamed before me, “a vision of delight.”

Antiquaries have been burrowing here, as elsewhere, and have found, 'tis said, treasures; but, oddly enough, they seem to have left the palace untouched. It is almost covered with sand, so that a step or two lands you on the flat roof, which is in perfect preservation, built of enormous stones, some of them above twenty feet long. The interior also is choked with sand nearly to the capitals of the columns, and it is very fatiguing to explore it. It was near sunset, consequently we had not time for a thorough examination, but, creeping from one apartment into another, we clearly traced the extent of the grand hall, a noble apartment, supported by pillars, and beautifully sculptured in every direction, roof, walls, pillars, with hieroglyphics:—two-thirds, at least, of it are buried in the sand. Every wall, every column, in Egyptian architecture, was painted; the colours often remain as brilliant as if they had only been laid on yesterday.

While William had found his way down into the hall, I descended to the extremity of the ruins, where I found two or three other chambers, all of them vaulted, that is to say, the span of the arch cut out of the single stones, of immense thickness, that form the roof; all but one

are choked up with sand; that one, after rejoining William, and visiting the hall with him, we proceeded to examine. Here we found the most beautiful bas-reliefs we have yet seen, more exquisitely delicate and highly finished than I could have imagined,—as fresh, too, as if finished yesterday, and yet more than three thousand years old, for Rameses succeeded to the throne of Egypt above one thousand three hundred years before our Saviour. The sculptures describing his eastern conquests are the most interesting historical documents yet discovered in Egypt,—those we shall see at Thebes; these at Abydus are, I dare say, equally curious, though chiefly mythological. One of them, representing the sacred boat, we uncovered—it was lovely indeed. Above us, sculptured in the roof, we recognised a genealogical tablet, which we conclude to be that of the ancestors of Sesostris, discovered here some years ago by Mr. Banks—a precious document for ancient Egyptian history.*

Here, too, in the very sanctum of Sesostris—blissful moment!—I bought a papyrus—for about eighteen-pence English! It is in very tolerable preservation, but very fragile, and no wonder, for it must be at least two thousand years old.

* “It was formed of the ovals of hieroglyphics, which always imply some name, in a regular list, separated by stars. It was evidently a genealogical chart, and must be the one spoken of, but it is odd to call a vaulted roof a *tablet*. At the end we entered, the stones were ornamented with hieroglyphics in alto relievo, very protuberant and marked; on one side, the characters were those of the ordinary style, but on the other there was a specimen of a very superior style, which we deeply regretted our time did not permit us to clear away a little more. The ground was milk-white stone, and continued in the same-coloured stucco, over part of the darker stones forming the roof; the drawings were executed with a delicacy, vigour, and beauty we had not yet seen, and in that particular manner which, it struck me, must be peculiar to sacred subjects. The

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The sun had gone down before we quitted Abydus—three hours' walk to Bellini (²⁰)—no matter; it was a beautiful starlight night,—the path, however, was difficult to keep, being only perceptible at a distance, like the *blind road* over a heath in Scotland, and we soon lost our way; inquiring at a village, a man, after offering us hospitality for the night, volunteered to put us into the right road—not for *bagshish*, but for love; he walked some distance with us, smoking his pipe, and we parted with friendly signs, though in silence—one of those little incidents that lend such a charm to daily life. One exchanges much courtesy of this sort here, talking by signs, a smile winding up each sentiment, like the little fillip in talking with one's fingers. After reaching the river, we had some difficulty in finding the boat, till the cannon and pistols of those on board replying to our e-pistol-ary interrogations from the shore, we soon rejoined them.

Kenneh, January 4, 1837.

We intended visiting Dendera to-day, but having a fair wind, have written to Isis, “postponing that pleasure,” &c. &c., till our return. We have just been drinking coffee and smoking our pipes with a jolly old cock of an Arab, his Britannic Majesty's consular

subject was not at first sight apparent, but I conjectured the various groups and objects above the sand to be all united, and form, perhaps, a boat or vessel, which, on having it a little cleared away, we found to be the case,—but I had no time to draw it, and it is impossible to describe the extraordinary forms. We are generally inclined to attach an idea of sameness and rigidity to these hieroglyphical figures, and the poor specimens we have at home favour the idea; but in regard to those we saw here, nothing could be more incorrect. Every figure was varied, and quite of a different character from the others.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal*.

agent here, who wanted us to dine with him, and accept his escort to Dendera—an honour which we had some difficulty in evading. On rising to depart, he mounted us on two superb donkeys, and sent a dwarf to escort us to the boat.

I have no time for more,—we are ready to start. We are both well—God bless my dear mother!

LETTER VI.

SECT. I.—Thebes. Temples—Sculptures—Tombs—Fulfilment of the Prophecies.

SECT. II.—Esneh—Edfou—Essouan—Ascent of the Cataracts—Nubia—Wellee Kiashef—Wady Halfa—Descent of the Cataracts—Wreck, and detention at Essouan.

SECT. III.—Temples of Herment, Dendera, Ombos—Tombs of Benihassan—Memphis—Pyramids of Saccara and Dashour—Cairo.

SECTION. I.

February 3, 1837. — Returning down the Nile.

FAR have we wandered, and much have we seen, dearest mother, during the last month and a half. We arrived at Thebes, glorious Thebes! the day after I despatched my letter from Kenneh, and fired our cannon in triumph; we always do so on reaching any place which forms an epoch in our voyage; it astonishes the natives. We saluted a Turkish Kiashef, or governor, the other evening, as he left our boat, after dining and chatting with us for three hours; the poor man tottered with astonishment,—he took it in very good part, however—more of him anon.

Colonel Vyse, whose boat was moored alongside

of ours, paid us a visit the evening we arrived at Thebes. He advised our taking advantage of the favourable wind, and proceeding direct to Nubia before it changed. It was impossible absolutely to turn our backs on Thebes without one glance at her, yet the advice was too just to be disregarded, and we therefore took a hurried look only at the ruins, merely to familiarize ourselves with their plan; on our return we examined them minutely. But I will say now all that I think will interest you on the subject.

For a glance at the principal objects, two days suffice; the first we devoted to the western or Lybian suburb—for the Nile divides the city of Ammon into two portions, of which the eastern is the most considerable. Mounting, therefore, a couple of Arab steeds, we started for the ruins, Ali Massaoud, the guardiano, leading the way, with a long spear on his shoulder.

We soon came in sight of

“Memnon’s statue, which at sunrise played,”

and his companion, and in about half an hour dismounted at Gournou, to visit the temple of Ammon, the Theban Jupiter, begun by Osirei, and finished, with the palace contiguous to it, by his illustrious son, Rameses the Second. It is small comparatively, but very interesting,—the columns of the portico, lotus-stalks bound together, being evidently the prototype of the Doric. The eastern court was the hall of assembly of ancient Thebes. A royal palace was attached to most of the great temples; the priests were equally well lodged in the lateral apartments.

Do you remember the discovery struck out some years ago by Dr. Young, and perfected by Champollion, of a hieroglyphical alphabet, by which they

were enabled to read the names of all the kings who have recorded themselves on the ancient monuments of Egypt? It is to this discovery that we now owe the exact knowledge when, and by whom, every temple was built and tomb excavated. This alphabet gives us no insight into the wisdom concealed under the abstruser hieroglyphics, yet we owe to it many gleams of history, not the least interesting of which is the confirmation of all that ancient historians have told us—so long discredited—of the glory of Sesostris!

Memnon's statue is indeed a marvel,—between fifty and sixty feet high, and originally of one block of stone, he fell asunder before our Saviour's time, but was rebuilt soon afterwards; his companion is still entire, though the features are much defaced. The name of Memnon is a misnomer;* they represent Amunoph the Third, who flourished about a century before Sesostris. Hadrian and his ill-fated queen Sabina stood and gazed up at them just where we did, and, among the numerous inscriptions that prove Memnon's identity, we read, with no small interest, the names of the Roman ladies who accompanied their imperial mistress, and heard (as an inscription which I could *not* find testifies) the "unseen melody" salute the ill-assorted pair *twice*, the morning they were there. And there they will sit, probably, to the end of time; looking down, in the same silent austere majesty, on pilgrims from lands unheard of when they were born—peoples even yet uninscribed in the muster-roll of nations. These statues marked the termination of

* Corrupted from Mi-ammon, "the beloved of Ammon," the favourite title of Rameses the Great, confounded by the Greeks with the Memnon of Homer, and applied by them indifferently to all the Pharaohs so surnamed. See an interesting note, p. 9, of Wilkinson's "Topography of Thebes."

a noble avenue, which led to the temple and palace of Amunoph, now levelled to the ground; two or three colossi, which once ornamented this grand approach, lie across it on their faces, half buried under the soil accumulated by successive inundations.

The Memnonium, as the palace and temple of Sesostris are now misnamed, is indeed a noble ruin. The enormous granite statue of the monarch, overthrown by Cambyzes, lies on its face, prone as Dagon fell, the upper half split into two or three vast fragments, the lower shivered to atoms; the workmanship is exquisite. He sat a little in advance of the temple, his hands on his knees, resting after his conquests. Judge of his stature by the breadth of his shoulders, twenty-two feet! Not *quite* such a giant, either, as Gog Magog Mac Finn Mac Coull, whose mouth was eleven miles wide, his teeth ten miles square:

“He wad upon his taes upstand,
And take the stars doun with his hand,
And set them in a gold garland
To deck his wifis hair.”

Near the colossus lie the neck and shoulders of another statue of Rameses, better known as that of “young Memnon,” whose head Belzoni removed to England.

I cannot express to you how delighted William and I have been with the historical sculptures that the temples of the age of Sesostris are adorned with. The battle-scenes on the Memnonium have reminded every traveller of Homer, and it is not unlikely, if he *did* visit Egypt, that he may have studied them, though in his sacred character of bard he must have witnessed many a noble *melée*—for blind, born-blind at least, he could not have been; Schlegel has convinced me of this, Anne’s favourite critic and mine, since she introduced me to him. The sculptures, however, Homeric as they

are, remind me as much, or more, of the glowing war-imagery of the Prophets; lend them the eyes, the ear of your imagination, and you have “the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots; the shield of the mighty men is made red, the valiant men are dyed scarlet, the chariots rage in the streets—they jostle one against another in the broad ways; the horseman lifteth up the flame of the sword and the lightning of the spear, and there is a multitude of the slain, and a great number of carcasses, and there is none end of their corpses—they stumble upon their corpses.” The “horse and his rider”—the chariots of Pharaoh—all are pictured here, such as Moses beheld them.*

But, after all, is not this resemblance of Homer and the Prophets to these sculptures and to each other very simply to be accounted for, by the similar state of society that prevailed in the respective countries during the heroic ages? “Antar” is in many passages as Homeric as the *Iliad*—for the same reason. We are apt to think of none but the heroic age of Homer, yet the world has never been without an heroic age, acting on one of her hundred national stages. What the age of Antar was to the Saracens, of Camillus to the Romans, of Achilles to the Greeks, of Joshua to the Jews, of Rustum to the Persians—that of Sesostris was to the Egyptians.

The magnificent hall of the Memnonium (you enter it between gigantic statues twenty feet high, their arms folded, tranquil and sublime in the consciousness, it

* Mr. Ramsay's observations on the sculptures and paintings of Thebes, and of Egypt generally—scattered through his Journal—will be found collected together at the close of the first part or section of this letter; they will thus be read somewhat in the order in which he would probably have arranged them himself.

would seem, of benevolence and power) opens into a smaller chamber, to me by far the most interesting as the repository once of the books of Thoth—the earliest library on record.* The ceiling is astronomical, and very interesting, as the date of Sesostris's reign is determined by it to B. C. 1322, the year from which the grand Canicular cycle of 1461 years, hieroglyphically veiled under the story of the Phoenix, began. On the northern wall of this library, Sesostris is represented seated under the Tree of Life, which overshadows him, while Ammon-re and Thoth, or Mercury, write his name on the leaves*—one of the many curious patriarchal memories preserved among the Egyptians.

From the Memnonium we rode to the ruins at Medinet Habou—Medina Tabu, as it ought to be written—that is to say, the city Tabu—Thebes; for Tapo, the Sanscrit, and Tape, the Coptic name, could only be accommodated to the Arab pronounciation by the substitution of *b* for *p*.† We visited the smaller temple first; the area, gateway, and propylon you enter by, and the second area and propylon—additions of yesterday, the former by the Ptolemies and Cæsars, the latter by Tirhaka, king of Ethiopia, the rival of Sennacherib—introduce you to the original edifice, built by a nameless predecessor of the second and third Thothmes, who completed it rather more than one thousand five hundred years before our Saviour. The small sixteen-sided pillars in the oldest part of the building bear a still nearer resemblance to the Doric than those we observed at Gournou.

* “ Her leaf hath withered on the Tree of Life.”

Thalaba.—B. x, 26. And see note.

† Tapovana, or Tabenna, is the name always given to Upper Egypt in the sacred books of the Hindoos.—*Vide* Wilford on Egypt and the Nile, Asiatic Researches, vol. iii.

The palace of Rameses the Third stands contiguous to the smaller, and to the south of the larger, temple. You ascend to it between two pavilions—porters' lodges probably—built in advance of the lofty towers; but there are no menials now to hinder your intrusion into the most private apartments of the Pharaoh. In the sculptures of one of the upper rooms, the floor of which has fallen in, you see him, seated with his wife and daughters around him—'tis like seeing their ghosts!

Beyond the palace, traversing a spacious area, two enormous pyramidal propyla (towers of entrance, that is to say—and I ought to have said it before—truncated and connected by a curtain pierced with a doorway) introduce you into the great court of the temple eclipsing all you have seen of previous grandeur. Do not expect architectural plans or descriptions from me—I have neither time nor patience for them—I will only say, that all I had anticipated of Egyptian magnificence fell short of the reality, and that it was here, surveying those Osiride pillars, that splendid corridor, with its massy circular columns, those walls lined, within and without, with historical sculptures of the deepest interest, the monarch's wars with the Eastern nations bordering on the Euphrates—study for months, years rather! it was here, I say, here, where almost every peculiarity of Egyptian architecture is assembled in perfection, that I first learnt to appreciate the spirit of that extraordinary people, and to feel that, poetless as they were, they *had* a national genius, and had stamped it on the works of their hands, lasting as the Iliad. Willing slaves to the vilest superstition, bondsmen to form and circumstance, adepts in every mechanical art that can add luxury or comfort to human existence—yet triumphing abroad over the very Scythians, captives from every quarter of the globe

figuring in those long oblatinal processions to the sacred shrines in which they delighted, after returning to their native Nile—that grave, austere, gloomy architecture, sublime in outline and heavily elaborate in ornament, what a transcript was it of their character! And where could Clio write their history so appropriately as on the walls of their temples?—And never were pages more graphic. The gathering, the march, the *nélée*—the Pharaoh's prowess, standing erect, as he always does, in his car—no charioteer—the reins attached to his waist—the arrow drawn to his ear—his horses all fire, springing into the air like Pegasuses,—and then the agony of the dying, transfixed by his darts, the relaxed limbs of the slain—Homer's truth itself; and, lastly, the triumphant return, the welcome home, and the offerings of thanksgiving to Amunre—the fire, the discrimination with which these ideas are bodied forth, they must be seen to judge of it.

Here, on our first visit, we met Colonel Vyse, and accompanied him to a place called Qoornet Murraee, to see the tomb of the elder brother of Amunoph the Third—the melodious Memnon. The entrance is a mere hole in the side of the hill; we crept in on all fours,—though inferior in size and beauty to the tombs we afterwards visited, the paintings lend it the highest interest, representing the chiefs of Cush, or Ethiopia, bringing gold rings, (the money of those times,) skins, a cameleopard, &c., in tribute to Pharaoh. In an upper compartment, the sable queen of Ethiopia throned on her chariot, with the *chattah*, or umbrella of state, and a train of attendants carrying presents, pays a visit to the monarch of Egypt,—so attended must the Cushite queen of Sheba have approached King Solomon, and thus will “the kings of Tarshish and the Isles bring presents,” “the kings of Sheba and Seba offer gifts”—

"the gold of Sheba," to "the King's son," the "greater than Solomon," at Jerusalem. (³¹)

After visiting another old temple called Deir el Bah-ree, at the very foot of the western mountains, which tower up majestically above it, we retraced our steps, and, climbing over the hills, descended into the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings by a narrow and precipitous ravine—not the regular approach, but far more impressive. The valley is desolation itself, long and winding, shut in by lofty rocks—not a trace of vegetation,—fit scene for the funeral processions of mighty Pharaohs—fit indeed for the last home of the extinct dynasties of a vanished nation! They are temples rather than tombs, broad passages and gorgeous chambers opening one into another, till you find yourself in the lofty hall of the sarcophagus, terminating each. Some of them run three or four hundred feet into the heart of the mountain, a gradual slope figuring the descent into Amenti, the Egyptian Hades, or world unseen. The most beautiful are those of the Pharaohs who reigned from Rameses the First, grandfather of Sesostris, to Rameses the Fifth, in whose reign Troy was taken, B. C. 1184, inclusive. A regular series of portraits of the Pharaohs might be taken from these tombs; the likenesses are always exactly preserved.*

The spoilers have been at work in Belzoni's tomb: it makes the heart ache and the cheek burn to see such wanton outrage; one whole pillar (to say nothing of partial robberies, figures cut in two for the sake of a limb or an ornament) has been stript of its sculptures, and stands a melancholy wreck, naked and dazzlingly

* Portraits of the Pharaohs, taken from these and similar remains, have been engraved in the great work of Professor Rossellini. [1847.]

white, amidst its companions, the chips all around it—
tongues of reproach, that curse the hand that maimed it!

But, in spite of all this sacrilege, wonderful, indeed, and brilliant is this tomb; the great hall, where the sarcophagus once stood, is rich beyond conception in hieroglyphics, sculptures, and general ornament; but the unfinished chamber beyond it, where you see the simple and beautiful outlines drawn for the sculptor to work upon, and corrected by the master's hand, is, to a lover of the arts, by far the most interesting of the series. The whole is so fresh, and the drawing so beautiful, that you almost expect the return of the artist, and feel that it would be a shame to go without complimenting him on his performance. He was embalmed three thousand years ago—for this was the tomb of Osirei, the father of Sesostris!

In Bruce's tomb—poor calumniated Bruce!—(I felt more pleasure in visiting it for his sake than for the real owner's, Rameses the Third)—we saw the paintings of harps, copied and published by him, from which it has sometimes been called the "Harper's tomb," but shall not be so by me; the harps are of the most elegant construction, and one of the performers seems to be damping the strings, just like a modern player. They are respectively of eleven strings and thirteen—or fourteen, I could not ascertain which. I have counted the harp-strings in almost every tomb; there seems to have been no fixed number. I have seen also the five-stringed lyre, like that which Apollo played on among the Muses, the guitar, (exactly like the modern instrument, and held in the same manner,) a sort of mandoline, the double flute, &c. They kept time by clapping hands; Herodotus mentions this, and our Arab-Egyptian sailors still practise it when singing in the evenings.

There are many other paintings in the side-chambers of Bruce's tomb, of great interest, as illustrative of the manners and domestic life of the Egyptians; in one you have the whole process of sowing and reaping, in another the mysteries of Egyptian cookery; a third is a painted armory; in a fourth you see every description of Egyptian furniture, to the full as elegant as that of Greece—arm-chairs like our own, and of the most inviting appearance, ottomans precisely like ours, steps for ascending to bed—at least exactly resembling those used in England for that purpose, and sofas, with crescents for the leg and neck to rest upon—luxurious appendages which Cowper had never heard of when he wrote the Task.*

The tomb of Rameses the Fifth is peculiarly interesting, and Champollion has described it as a guide to the rest, the subjects represented in it being found in most of the other tombs, but not so detailed. The roof of the passage leading to the principal chamber is most richly painted, red and black, in the style of the Etruscan vases. The ceiling of the chamber of the sarcophagus is quite beautiful, and delightfully mystical, describing the procession of the Sun through the hours of the day and night—emblematical of the life and death, or *post mortem* pilgrimage of the terrestrial luminary, Ph're, the Sun, or Pharaoh, of Egypt. The symbolical paintings are enclosed by the double body of Nith, the goddess of the firmament, prolonged, like the folds of a serpent, round the ceiling and through the middle of it, separating the day from the night. In the east, Nith becomes the mother of the Sun, an infant, who is carefully placed in the bark, in which he descends the celestial river

* Coloured engravings of all these will be found in Rossellini's work on Egypt. [1847.]

with a large *cortège* of deities. Each hour of the day is marked by a globe—of the night by a star. They begin rounding at the seventh hour, and a pilot comes to steer them through the remaining hours of light, the river growing shallower and shallower, till, at the twelfth, the scene changes, and veering round in the great western lake into which the river empties itself, they commence their return eastward, through the hours of the night, towed by ropes up a branch of the celestial river, which terminates, like the main stream, in the western lake. The Sun is attended only by the pilot and one other deity during this nocturnal voyage.

I am not sure that this description is precisely correct, for the vault of this hall of mystery was too obscure for me to see as distinctly as I could have wished. Tablets of hieroglyphics are interspersed with the symbolical paintings, describing, says Champollion, the celestial influences of each successive hour on the several parts of the human body. In a recess at the end of the hall, Tethys, the wife of Oceanus, stretches out her arms to receive the descending bark of the Sun. In similar paintings in other tombs, she is represented rising from the celestial Nile, the Oceanus of Homer. This mysterious imagery gives one an insight into the origin of the ancient Greek idea (first hinted at by Homer), that the Ocean was a river encircling the Earth, into which the Sun descended in the west, and sailed round to his starting-place in the east every night.

But the information we can gather from these paintings, as to the religious opinions of the Egyptians, is still more interesting. The doctrines of a future state, of judgment after death, and of rewards and punishments, are invariable subjects of representation; in one instance, a condemned soul is carried away in the shape of a sow, and the word *gluttony* is written over it to ex

plain his crime; this is probably emblematical only, but it looks like the ancient Oriental doctrine of transmigration, which Pythagoras is supposed to have picked up in Egypt. The punishments of the bad are frequently depicted, and the rewards of the good, who swim and sport like fish in the celestial Nile—"the river of the waters of life."

But, amidst these gleams of traditional truth, "every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, are portrayed upon the wall round about," in these dark chambers of imagery, just as Ezekiel beheld them in the temple at Jerusalem. Serpents of the most extraordinary forms are seen in every direction—short, thick, and hooded, or long and tapering—the latter often carried in long mystical procession, human heads surmounting their own, or female heads growing, as it were, on their backs, between each bearer. Belzoni's tomb is rich in serpents; I saw there a beautiful winged snake, with three heads and four human legs; others had a head at each extremity, crowned with the corn-measure and mitre, the body, curving downwards, supported by four human legs, two looking each way; others with four or five legs respectively. On each side of the descent to the sepulchral chamber of Rameses V. is a most magnificent snake with vulture's wings. How Holden, Faber, and those other excellent men who have written so ably and convincingly in proof of the literal fall in Paradise through the wiles of the serpent, arguing, among other proofs, from the universality of serpent-worship, would have been interested with a sight of them! Every step I took reminded me of some incident in Indian or Grecian mythology, and convinced me more and more that every system, eastern or western, is intimately connected in its origin—primi-

tive revelation and patriarchal tradition, more or less corrupted. One subject, frequently repeated in these tombs, forcibly struck me—the eventual conquest of the great serpent, Apophis, by the gods, who transfix him with daggers, and bind him, head and foot, with ropes; it was impossible not to think of the prophecies.

What a commentary are these tombs on that most sublime passage of Isaiah, in which Hades, the world unseen, personified, is represented as stirring up the mighty dead, all the kings of the nations, from the thrones on which “they lie in glory, each in his own sepulchre,” to behold the corpse of Belshazzar, cast forth at the mouth of their long home, unburied, trodden under foot, and dishonoured:—

“Art thou also become weak as we? art thou made like unto us?”

“Is thy pride brought down to the grave, and the sound of thy viols? Is the worm spread under thee, and doth the earth-worm cover thee?”

“How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!—art cut down to the earth, thou that subduedst the nations!”

“Yet thou hast said in thine heart, ‘I will ascend into heaven, above the stars of God I will exalt my throne; I will sit on the Mount of Congregation on the sides of the North; (23) I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High!’”

“But thou shalt be brought down to the grave, to the sides of the pit!”

“They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee and consider thee—‘Is this the man that made the earth tremble, that did shake kingdoms?”

“‘That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof? that opened not the house of his prisoners?’”

“All the kings of the nations, all of them, lie down, in glory, each in his own sepulchre :

“But thou art cast out of the grave, like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword,—that go down to the stones of the pit,—as a carcass trodden under foot !”

In front of the tomb of Amunoph's brother I saw a mummy that once possibly was his, and wore a crown, rifled of its cerements, black and bent double, peering like a creature of life, over the brow of the hill, as if it watched my motions ; an Arab pushed it with his foot—it fell on its side, and the back broke,—and there it lay, “a carcass trodden under foot,” soon to be re-dissolved into the elements that human art had so many ages defrauded of their prey. “Was this the man that made the earth tremble, that shook kingdoms ?” A Pharaoh probably, I could have fancied him Belshazzar ; at all events, the miserable epitome at my feet had been a man three thousand years before me. Hamlet might have moralized there for hours, but we have a brighter hope—

“Why should this worthless tenement endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
Oh ! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !”*

How often, rambling over the ruins of Thebes, has that noble poem sung itself to me !

But why should the kings' tombs engross all my praise ? Gorgeous as they are, and interesting for the study of ancient mythology, those of the private The-

* From the Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's exhibition by Delta, D. M. Moir, Esq.

bans are yet more so for the history of manners and daily life among the old Egyptians. Every light and shadow, indeed, of human life, is portrayed in them, from the laughter of the feast to the tears of the funeral—ointments poured on the head at the one, dust heaped on it at the other. You see on one side the arrival of the guest in his chariot, white horses and a train of running footmen betokening his consequence; the other guests, already assembled and seated, the men apart from the women, wait for their dinner, and beguile the intervening moments with smelling the lotus-flower, and listening to the music of the dancing-girls. The master of the house and his wife, richly dressed, and lovingly seated side by side, preside at the entertainment. But the picture would be incomplete without side-views of the shambles and the kitchen, and a beggar at the gate, receiving a bull's head and a draught of water from one of the menials. Facing this, on the opposite wall, the mourning-women, with wailing cries and dishevelled hair, precede the coffin that bears the hospitable Egyptian to his long home; the wife or the sister walks beside it, silent in her sorrow; a scribe takes account of the dead man's riches, his cattle, his horses, his household chattels: Death—and then the Judgment:—the deceased is ushered into Amenti; Horus and Aroeres weigh his merits against the ostrich-feather, the symbol of Truth;* Thoth, the god of letters, presents a scroll, the record of his thoughts, words, and works, to the Judge Osiris, into whose presence he is at length admitted on the favourable result of the scrutiny. Sad presumption for man thus to usurp his Creator's prerogative of reading and judging the heart!

* "The good actions are weighed in the grand balance against a feather—a fine idea."—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal*.

And amidst all these varied scenes, as if to show how narrowly joy may be partitioned off from sorrow, how the merry-hearted and the broken-hearted may unconsciously pillow within an inch of each other, and how the world jogs on in daily routine, indifferent to the feelings of either—the occupations of every-day life are pictured in their minutest details around you—scenes of industry, scenes of frolic, parties pledging each other's healths, young folks dancing to the music of the harp, husbandmen in the fields, artificers of every trade at their work, (many of them with tools precisely like those now in use,) carpenters, smiths, glass-blowers, shoemakers, wheelwrights, statuaries, idol-makers—I saw a god under the graver's hand, and thought of Isaiah's noble apostrophe, which Sir Frederick Pollock, you may remember, read so beautifully that delightful evening he spent at Haigh last summer. The illustration was perfect.

But of all the Egyptian tombs, scarcely any interested me so much as one I visited at Eilethya above Thebes. Life on the one wall—Death was pictured on the other; to the left, rural occupations, ploughing, sowing, reaping, and gathering into barns—the vigour of the year and of human life; the owner and his wife, lovingly embracing each other, entertain their friends with the fruits of their labour; servants are in attendance, young men and maidens—the heyday of youth and riches; to the right he stands erect, but stiff and lifeless—the embalmers extract his brain with a long crooked instrument,* preparatory to filling the skull with aromatics and spices; that work over, the coffin is borne in solemn procession; a figure, muffled up and shapeless—his wife (she was embracing his

* See Herodotus, book ii, chapter 86.

ness five minutes ago)—is drawn on a sledge in front of it; the sacred boat of the dead, two obelisks, and two trees like cypresses—Horace's lines came across me, as I gazed on them, with an indescribable feeling of melancholy,—

“*Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisæ cupressus,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur!*”

“Thy lands, thy home, the wife of thy bosom—all must be relinquished; nor of these trees that thou cultivatest wilt any, save the hateful cypress, accompany their short-lived lord!”

In another tomb at Eilethyiæ you see the father dandling his child, and the lady's pet monkey tied to her chair.* In the tomb of one of the royal scribes at

* “3rd Feb. We went to see the grottoes of Eilethyiæ, which lie on the east bank, about a mile and a half inland. On the way, we came upon the walls of the ancient town, which are of crude brick, about thirty feet high and twenty thick, and in a very perfect state, the square openings for the gates in the middle of each side of the square being quite preserved; they enclose an area a mile long, and three quarters of a mile broad. The interior is flat and bare, except to the west, where a range of high mounds evidently conceals what remains of the ancient town. What its antiquity may be, I do not know. The grottoes are behind it. They are chiefly tombs, of tolerable size, dug out of the mountain-face, and extending some distance in. They are in general in a ruined state. The pits for the mummies are very apparent in some, and they have evidently been all ransacked and *sacked* by previous travellers and speculators. About six or eight of them contain designs on the walls, in a tolerably perfect state, of which three are highly interesting. They contain drawings, very well done, of the whole life of the individuals of whom they treat. One gentleman, who was a proprietor of boats on the river, then governor of the government shipping, and, lastly, an officer in different wars under Thothmes, has a very curious tomb; and next to him lay a priest of the goddess presiding here. The history begins from childhood. The principal figures are the person and his wife, seated together on a chair, under which is a

Thebes, the young princess of Egypt, Amunoph the Third's daughter, whose tutor he had been, sits on his knees, as little Minnie might on mine, and playfully puts the lotus flower to his nose. It is nonsense limiting our sympathies by time and space—

“ A heart has throbbed beneath the leathern breast,
And tears adown the dusky cheek have rolled”—

pet monkey ; they appear to be on loving terms, and are entertaining a party of friends, who sit opposite a large collection of dainties ; pages pour water on their hands, present them with lotus-leaves, &c. Behind are all the preparations,—the butchers are killing and cutting up the oxen (very well executed)—the process of cooking goes on—the guests come over the river in boats. In another part the proprietor comes in his car to superintend all his rural affairs ; ploughing, sowing, reaping, thrashing, stowing, and weighing the corn, and selling it for money in rings, and everything connected with agriculture, are minutely represented. The songs of the different occupations are written above, and Champollion has read them, he says. Drove of oxen, donkeys, sheep, &c., very spiritedly done, are brought up to scribes, who register them. The similarity, and, in many instances, identity of things in common use with those used now in this country is very striking. The filtering water-jars, and their wooden stands, are the very same ; the plough is the same, and the head-dress also. In one place boats are represented, some sailing, others being rowed, and others getting mended, or being charged or emptied. Our sailors were in raptures with them, and found out their own likenesses in the crew. The sail used was a very strange one. Again, they are drawing large nets for wild-geese, which are no sooner caught than plucked, dressed, and served up. The funeral is a very conspicuous part. In some the process of embalming is shown very clearly. The body was placed on a bier, resting on a sledge, to which a long cord was attached, the end of which was fastened to a cow, and all the mourners had a hold of it. In some the preparations and sport of hunting are represented. These tombs are of the period of the eighteenth dynasty—about 3300 years ago ; the colours are as fresh as ever, and, except where the people who, probably, live in them at times, or strangers have broken them down, they are not in the least the worse for their longevity. The precision with which the dates of all these places is determined is quite clear ; they have the dates inscribed, even to the day and month, in general.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

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Luxor and Eastern Thebes.

and children *have* "climbed the knees and kissed the face" of every mummy that we trample on, scarcely regarding it as the sacred relic of humanity it really is. Human nature was the same then as now; she has oscillated between smiles and tears ever since Adam's fall—and philosophers may say what they please, but will defy the most callous of them to visit these tombs, and deny that man may sympathize with man, his elder by half the world's age.

The largest of all these Theban tombs is the least interesting, except from its immense extent, ramifying over more than an acre of ground—exceeding that of any of the royal sepulchres. A priest, named Petamunp, excavated it for himself, and probably his family, quite recently—in the seventh century B. C. It is blackened with smoke and dirt; the bats flew past in swarms, as we intruded on their dusky domains; the descent to the lower range of excavations was like the mouth of Hades itself—I never plunged into a place so dreary.

So much for Western Thebes. You may well imagine it took us some days to examine all the places I have described. We visited the temples the first day of our first visit, and some of the principal tombs, and a day of delight it was. Colonel Vyse sailed for Cairo the moment we reached Gournou, where the boats were moored; we saluted him with our cannon, and then crossed to the other side of the river.

The next morning we visited the temples of Luxor and Carnac. The former is a most magnificent pile, architecturally considered, but otherwise the least interesting of the four great temples of Thebes. You originally entered between four gigantic statues of Rameses the Great, and two superb obelisks, of which one only remains—the French have carried off his

brother, and every lover of antiquity must regret their separation. The obelisks, statues, and pyramidal towers were additions by Rameses to the original edifice, founded by Amunoph the Third.

From the propylæa and obelisks of this temple, an avenue, guarded by sphinxes, facing each other, extended northwards to the great temple of Jupiter Ammon at Carnac, meeting it at right angles, the latter extending from west to east. The road we followed lay nearer the river, and led us through a comparatively small temple of Isis, which would have detained us longer in a less attractive neighbourhood, into the great court of Jupiter Ammon's temple, the noblest ruin at Thebes. A stupendous colonnade, of which one pillar only remains erect, once extended across this court, connecting the western propylon or gate of entrance built by Sesostris, with that at its eastern extremity, leading to the grand Hall of Osirei and the sanctuary. We ascended the former;—the avenue of sphinxes, through which the god returned, in solemn procession, to his shrine at Carnac, after his annual visit to the Libyan suburb, ascends to it from the river—the same avenue traversed age after age by the conqueror, the poet, the historian, the lawgiver, the philosopher—Sesostris, Cambyzes, Homer, Herodotus, Thales, Anaxagoras, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato—and now the melancholy song of an Arab boy was the only sound that broke the silence; but that poor boy was the representative of an older and a nobler race than the Pharaohs.

Long did we gaze on the scene around and below us—utter, awful desolation! Truly, indeed, has No been “rent asunder!” The towers of the second or eastern propylon are mere heaps of stones, “poured down”—as prophecy and modern travellers describe the founda-

ions of Samaria—into the court on one side, and the great hall on the other,—giant columns have been swept away like reeds before the mighty avalanche, and one hardly misses them. And that hall, who could describe it? Its dimensions, 170 feet by 829,—the height of the central avenue of columns 66 feet, exclusive of their pedestals,—the total number of columns that supported its roof 134,—these particulars may give you some idea of its extent; but of its grandeur and beauty—none. Every column is sculptured, and all have been richly painted. The exterior walls, too, are a sculptured history of the wars of Osirei and Rameses.* How often I longed for James and Anne,

* Of the historical sculptures, "I was most pleased with those on the Northern wall of the Great Hall,—they detail the wars of Osirei with the Rot-n-no, or Lydians, in the first year of his reign, and his offerings to Annume on returning from conquest; on his return he passes through various countries, one of which, Kanana (Canaan) offers opposition,—they are routed, however. Another compartment details a war with the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon (Limanon); the fugitives hide themselves among trees, which we may suppose to be cedars, and express their humiliation by throwing dust on their heads. Osirei is always represented alone in his chariot,—on one of the figures representing him so, the paint is still visible, his flesh red, his hair, or wig, blue—it came off on applying my wet finger to it—having been exposed to the weather for three thousand years. The sculptures on the West wall describe the wars of Rameses—the most interesting group in this quarter is that representing the prisoners brought by Shishak from Jerusalem on the right of the portal by which you enter the Great Court from the temple of Isis."
—*Orig. Journal.*

The words Rot-n-no and Ludin or Ludim, I may observe, are the same, R and L, D and T, being interchangeable letters. Rosellini, in his text, reads Ludin. The name seems to have extended over the whole of the country west of the Euphrates. Our first historical knowledge of Lydia is at a much later period.—Are not the Shairetana of Wilkinson the Carians? Kh and Sh are interchangeable, and this would account, *inter alia*, for their wearing crests,—see the "Manners and Customs," &c., vol. i, p. 336. [1847.]

while examining these noble designs! Except those I shall presently mention at Beit Wellee, I have seen nothing in Egypt that would interest them so much. In one corner, of especial interest, are represented the Jews captured by Shishak, and their king Rehoboam with the hieroglyphic inscription "Jehouda Melek," "the king of the Jews." This is the only reference to the Israelites found in Egyptian sculpture; many have wondered at finding no allusions to their residence in Egypt, but I think without cause; for, except the pyramids, the tombs in their vicinity, those of Beni Hassan and a few other remains of but little interest, I do not believe that any monuments exist coeval with Moses and the Exodus.*

Two large boats ornament one of the outer walls of the great hall; these sacred arks are sculptured in every temple—reminiscences, evidently, like the Argo of the Greeks, the Argha of the Hindoos, &c., of Noah's. It is very curious that Baris, the old Egyptian word for them, is mentioned by Nicholas Damascenus, a contemporary of Augustus's time, as the name of the mountain on which the patriarch's bark rested.

Passing two or three propyla and two lovely obelisks each mourning a prostrate brother,—(the larger—it is sweet to think of it—dedicated by Amense to the memory of her father Thothmes I. 3400 years ago, yet the hieroglyphics are as sharp as if cut yesterday,)—two small granite pillars, ornamented with lotus-stalks

* According to Dr. Hales' rectified Chronology, the Exodus took place B. C. 1648, the birth of Moses, B. C. 1728, and the settlement of Jacob and his family in Goshen, B. C. 1863.—May I be permitted to suggest that, in calculating the reigns of the very early Egyptian kings, allowance should be made for the greater longevity of those times; and that the restitution of the seven hundred years abstracted in the common Bible Chronology from the generations of the post-diluvian patriarchs, will amply justify such an extension.

and blossom, the remains of the ancient portal, introduce you to the sanctuary—not the original edifice, for that was destroyed by Cambyzes, but the restoration by Philip Aridæus, brother of Alexander the Great. Beyond it are the remains of the small polygonal columns erected by the Pharaoh Osirtesen, the oldest in this temple, indeed in all Thebes. It is curious to trace at a glance the progress of Egyptian architecture from these diminutive columns to the stupendous pillars of Osieri. Many other halls and buildings, almost buried under the accumulated soil, extend as far as an unfinished propylon, commenced by the Ptolemies, which closes the eastern appendages to the temple.

Returning to the great obelisk, and seating myself in the broken shaft of its prostrate companion, I spent some most interesting moments in musing over the scene of ruins scattered around me, so visibly smitten by the hand of God in fulfilment of the prophecies that describe No-Ammon as the scene of desolation I then beheld her. The hand of the true Jove Ammon, Ael-munah, the God of Truth, has indeed “executed judgment on all the gods of Egypt,” but especially on his spurious representative, the idol of this most stupendous of earthly temples; silence reigns in its courts; the “multitude of No” has been cut off; Pathros is “desolate;” the land of Ham is still “the basest of kingdoms,”—so sure is the word of prophecy, so visible its accomplishment!

But, oh! that obelisk is lovely!—yet ten times dearer to me than ever mere loveliness could make it; temples and palaces have been crumbling into dust, dynasties and nations vanishing around it, yet there it stands, pointing to heaven in its meek beauty, the record of a daughter’s love—love strong as death—stronger, for it

has triumphed. Time, surely, read the inscription, and could not find it in his heart to strike.

Or might not one fancy, rather, that when earth cried out to heaven for vengeance on Thebes, and the Lord came down, as he had threatened, to "rend No asunder," he planted a guard of angels round this monument of filial piety, to shield it in the storm—to protect it against the indiscriminating zeal of the ministers he had commissioned to destroy?

And is not the same record of filial love written by the Spirit on the heart of every Christian, and when "the Lord our Righteousness" comes down in his glory to take vengeance on his enemies, and on "all the people that forget God"—spiritual Babel and spiritual Egypt—will he not then encircle with his angels the faithful few on whose hearts he reads that blessed inscription, and, amid the crash of empires, and the wreck of all that this world esteems most excellent and glorious, strengthen their hearts, and stablish their feet, and cheer them with the smile of his love?

Meditation "might think down hours to moments" among the ruins of Carnac.

We returned to Luxor through the four propylæa successively built across the avenue that connects the two temples, lined with sphinxes, massive and mutilated, yet singularly beautiful in design and execution; the face of one that we discovered in a cross avenue near the lake is very lovely,—a little girl's, evidently—the cheek as soft and rounded as dear little Mayflower's. We started that same evening. For this fyttædien!*(*)

* Remarks by Mr. Ramsay on the Theban Sculptures. *Battle-pieces at Carnac*.—"There is extreme spirit and boldness in the execution, and the story is told most distinctly and plainly. Though modern artists might have more correct ideas of perspective and true proportions, yet I doubt if any of them, following these rules,

SECTION II.

I will be brief, my dear mother, in my description of the temples of Esneh and Edfou, which we visited en route for Essouan; the names of both are Egyptian, and have survived the comparatively modern Greek appellations of Latapolis and Apollinopolis Magna.

and so clearly represent in the same space the subjects contained in these. The liberty used by the sculptor, of giving you ground-plans, or elevations, or both, as it suits his purpose, is undoubtedly contrary to all just rules of drawing; but one's eye soon accustoms itself and ceases to be offended, while the story is told with much greater facility and correctness."

Sculptures at Medinet Habou. "It is difficult to analyze one's feelings with regard to these drawings; except in the hieroglyphical representations of animals, (which are perfect,) nothing is critically correct; you confess that the drawing of everything is most faulty, yet yet the soul and fire, the animation and expression in the figures, is most wonderful! A lion wounded, for example, strikes you as the most admirably expressive and living thing ever drawn; but look again, and though the idea of a lion in agony and rage has been most forcibly represented to your mind, yet there is not a single line of the lion critically correct."

"In a neighbouring tomb to the first we saw at Qoornet Murrassa, a group of oxen is splendidly drawn. I don't think I ever saw finer execution; the rules of perspective are quite observed; the gambols of the calves in every possible position, and the free touch and taste of the whole, are admirable. Near them are a few which have been painted, for show, I suppose—not less beautifully done. It is thus in almost all of the tombs; here and there, amidst the common work of routine of professed painters, a master hand has been called in to dash off a few groups. In one it was particularly evident—two groups were unfinished in the middle of a series of the usual representations of a funeral—they were merely sketched in with red paint, but with a vigour and correctness of proportion which would have done honour to Raphael."

"The grand Entrance-Hall is the place which stamps Carnac as the first architectural remain in the world. Ammon had indeed a magnificent temple for his worship. The varied style of the columns is interesting; some are as old as Joseph's time. On the

Of the former, dedicated to Kneph by the early Cæsars, the beautiful portico only remains; fresh from Thebes, we little expected to view it with the admiration it excited. The features are so grand, and the general effect so sublime, that one almost forgets the modern mud walls which divide it into two unequal parts, and intercept the light so much that we looked in vain for

last propylon towards Luxor are the torsos of two lovely statues perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet high; they are much mutilated and have no heads, but what remains of their sculpture and contour is beautifully graceful, and yet in the Egyptian style, arms close to the sides, and left foot advanced. The priests seem to have employed real master geniuses, but to have confined them to certain fixed forms at least in the human figure; for where they are freed from these shackles, as in the animals in the phonetic hieroglyphics, nothing can surpass the execution of the drawing, as well as the finishing. Hundreds of sphinxes, statues, and figures of all sorts, are lying about this grand approach. One sphinx, in particular, made a great impression on me; they say all sphinxes are male, but the features of a really sweet, pretty girl, could not be mistaken; and though her nose, part of her mouth, and chin were gone, yet one hardly missed them, what remained was so pretty and elegant. One pitied the poor thing being tacked to such an uncouth body as that of a sphinx, and obliged to sit in line with a hundred uninteresting fellows for ever, as it were fascinated down by the wand of some ancient magician."

"Off Luxor. We have revisited the temple here, and walked as far as Carnac, which is certainly the most stupendous thing conceivable. Everything else sinks into perfect insignificance in the comparison. But we could only give a hurried glance before the sun set. We revisited the crowds of sphinxes and broken statues on the grand southern approach.—There is a great deal that is uncouth and unskilful, the effect of which is only to be estimated by their situation as parts of a grand whole, and the constrained stiffness of which must be explained and excused by the despotic influence of form and custom in religious matters, studiously inculcated and preserved by the priests; but there are among them forms of eternal beauty, such as remain henceforth part and parcel of one's mind—pure and clear as truth—no mystery, no mere symbol of mystical priestcraft, but a bright embodying of the soul of genius, which speaks from mind to mind at the interval of three thousand years."

the zodiacs sculptured on the ceiling between the walls and the last row of pillars at each extremity. Nothing could offend the critical eye, were the capitals more uniform; they are variations of the lotus-leaf, and all individually beautiful; the sculptures and hieroglyphics reveal the *decadence* of Egyptian architecture, but, on the other hand, the columns are of juster proportions and more regular distribution than any we have yet seen.*

The temple of Edfou (delightful was our walk to it.

* "The pillars, twenty-four in number, are magnificent. They are straighter and more classical-looking than any we have yet seen, somehow or other reminding one of the Pantheon at Rome, one hardly knows why; for, except the absence of the usual enormous swell of the pillars, they retain all the characteristics of the Egyptian style, and are, to my mind, the most beautiful we have yet seen, as well from their regularity and beautiful proportions, as from the majestic elegance of the capitals, so different from anything Grecian! But nothing could be finer; though these pillars be ponderous, they are by no means heavy; there is nothing which offends the eye, all is in character and keeping. The fact of being reminded of the Pantheon, however inexplicable, makes me feel certain that the same mind which gave birth to the one style had influence in the formation of the other. People derive Grecian architecture from the Egyptian, and there is no doubt they drew much of their science and wisdom from this country; but that the Egyptian is the coarse rough attempt of beginners at an art afterwards improved and brought to perfection in Greece, is too much to say; for two different lines have been pursued, and superlative excellence has been reached in both, as this portico at Esneh proves. If we look solely to Egypt for the origin of Grecian architecture, we may easily talk of cutting down and paring away, and thus this style of Esneh, of the largest pillars at Carnac, Luxor, &c., will merge into the Corinthian, and the other style used here into the Doric; but it appears to me absurd to slice off, for the sake of argument or supporting a theory, the most essential and peculiar features of a particular style. Why, one might pare every upright thing in the world down to the Doric, as it is the simplest of all—may we not for this very reason suppose that it is the earliest, or, at least, original?"—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

through fields of the beautiful castor-oil plant, of cotton, Indian corn rustling in the breeze, and groves of date-trees,) is quite perfect—not a stone displaced, and an Arab village is built on the roof. And no wonder—it was built only yesterday. Antiquity, in our enlarged ideas, ends with the reign of Rameses the Fifth, the contemporary of Hector and Achilles. We had a hearty laugh the other day at the expression “stupendous antiquity” being applied to a pitiful infancy of nine hundred years. The propylæa, dromos, or court, portico, and cella, are richly ornamented with sculptures and hieroglyphics; but it is the general effect, the distribution, the proportions of this temple, its perfect state of preservation, and the grandeur of its outline, that render it so interesting; the details are of inferior execution. The court is choked with Arab huts, and from the top of the propylon you have a curious view of the town beneath, like an enormous honeycomb, mud cells, for the most part roofless, with a single minaret towering above them—our Reis had gone there to pray.*

* “Edfou, Jan. 9. The fields were looking very beautiful; the system of irrigation is carried on to an immense extent here, it is everything; at every short distance, one sees the water raised from the Nile by men, who hand it up in buckets one to another, into little tanks, till it reaches the top, when it runs down the channels formed for it. There is one great channel which branches off into smaller ones, and these again into smaller, till at last it enters the small fields or plots, generally about ten feet square, where it spreads and remains, each little plot being enclosed by raised banks, on which the channels run; when one plot is watered, the entrance for the water is closed with a lump of earth, and the water passes on to the next; when the whole of one division has received its share, the connexion with the grand passage is stopped, and so on. The squares are all very neatly and carefully kept, and, in fact, in this irrigation consists the whole system of husbandry. A plough, I suppose, is never used; all the land requires is a rough breaking up with a hoe

We saw some ostriches near Esneh, others since—they are numerous in the Eastern desert; crocodiles, too, in abundance—William fires at them sometimes; the young ones flounce into the water in an awful fright, the old ones look astonished at our impudence, and then sink down with more regard to their dignity, but still it is a very clumsy operation. Of the other “venomous creatures bred in this river, as scorpions, water-snakes, grievous misshapen worms, and other monstrous things, which,” according to old Lithgow, “often annoy the inhabitants and those who traffic on the water,” I can give you no account.

The colour of the natives waxed darker and darker as we approached the tropic; the peasants, who were

for wheat—for clover not even that. Indian corn is now ripe, and its harvest is going on. It is sown before the rise of the Nile, and is ripe soon after its fall; and it is thus calculated that it must have been the corn which was *not* smitten in the plagues of Egypt by the hail, as it was just sprouting above ground when the other corn, which is sown on the waters retiring, was ripe and fit for the harvest. The same system seems to be pursued now as in the early and palmy days of this country. The drawings on the walls of some of the tombs display all the processes of husbandry and other daily occupations—and allusions in the Bible might have been made as to what happens at the present day, so much the same has everything remained. It is called ‘the country which thou wateredst with thy foot,’ and it is so now—the people use their naked feet for stopping their water-channels, when required. A very beautiful plant, which we saw a good deal of to-day in the fields, is the castor-oil tree—I never saw such a diversity of appearances on one plant at the same time; two totally different flowers on the same stalk, one red, the other white, berries, buds, and fruit something like horse-chestnuts, but more delicate—the young leaves also were of a deep purple, the old ones bright green.”—“2 Feb. Edfou. Since we were here last, the appearance of the country is very much altered. The forests of Indian corn are cut down, and the stubble is a poor substitute, especially when the sun is so hot as to-day; the wheat has grown to eight inches or a foot, in three weeks; the cotton plants have withered, and the irrigation has altered its character.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

plying the *shadoof*, or pole-and-bucket water-engine, where we landed at Edfou, were nearly black, and naked above and below the waist—the children quite so.

The vale of Egypt appears to end in a cul-de-sac as you approach Essouan, old Syene, its southern boundary since the days of the prophets, and, indeed, from time immemorial; for though many of the Pharaohs extended their sway over Ethiopia, the two countries remained always politically, as they are geographically, distinct. We reached Essouan, one of the most beautiful spots in Egypt, on the 10th of January, mooring on the eastern bank near the enormous granite rocks on which the ancient Syene stood; a Saracenic succeeded to the Egyptian town, but was visited so severely by the plague, four hundred years ago, that the survivors deserted it; the ruins at a distance strikingly resemble an old European town of the middle ages. (³⁴)

Opposite Essouan is “the Isle of Flowers,” ancient Elephantine, the dwelling, according to Herodotus, of the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters, whom Cambyses sent as his ambassadors to the Ethiopians—those “blameless Ethiopians” eulogized by Homer, whose country, according to the father of song, the gods visited annually, and who appear to be the Yadavas or Yatus of Hindoo story, a primitive and sacred race, which, emigrating from the east in the infancy of time, established themselves, under their monarch, Yatupa, on the mountains of Yatupeya—the Ethiopia and Ethiops of the Greeks, who, designating these as the Western, refer to their brethren who remained near the Indus, as the Eastern Ethiopians, describing the whole nation as “a two-fold people, who lie extended in a long tract from the rising to the setting sun”—Cushites, I conceive, all of them, and whose original settlement must surely have been Khusistan, Susiana, or Cush, between the Tigris

and Persia. But I shall weary you.—Elephantine! this was really mythic land! We crossed to the lovely island, and, walking to the rocky southern extremity, saw the Nile, no longer pent in as below Syene, but expanded a bright broad lake before us, studded with islets of granite, polished and glittering in the sun. Hence to the northern extremity, through fields of the richest verdure, irrigated by innumerable little canals, about a foot wide, of banked earth, supplied by Persian wheels with the precious water of the Nile—and groves of date-trees, that draw their nutriment seemingly from the very sand of the desert, whispering in reply to them. These little canals (opened or shut by the foot) connect my associations with the Egypt of Scripture, “where thou sowedst thy grain, and wateredst it with thy foot,” as God described it to the Israelites in contrast to Palestine, “the land of hills and valleys, drinking water of the rain of heaven,” more vividly than all the temples and pyramids. They are often alluded to in Scripture, particularly in that most beautiful proverb of Solomon, true indeed of every man, “the heart of the king is like the canals of waters in the hand of Jehovah; whithersoever it pleaseth him, he inclineth it.” Here, as elsewhere, from ignorance of Eastern scenery and manners, our translators, admirable as their version is for all practical purposes, have failed in expressing the minute poetical beauty of the original imagery. These little aqueducts are more refreshing to the eye than it is possible to conceive in your frigid zone.

The temples that, till of late years, adorned Elephantine, have all been levelled with the ground; two or three square pillars, some vestiges of what is called the Nilometer, and a solitary statue seated among the ruins, are the only remains. But old remembrances and the

perennial verdure of nature are still enough to render it a little paradise for the imagination. Here was the limit of Herodotus's Egyptian travels; the geographer Eratosthenes (I honour his memory) probably often sauntered along the shore; I have too little love for Juvenal to feel much interest in the remembrance that he was banished to Syene—his spirit was little akin to such a scene as this.

Now for the cataracts. Next morning, (the 11th,) soon after breakfast, the reis, or pilot of the cataracts, made his appearance, and, after pipes and coffee, announced that, till the wind sprang up, it was useless starting. Æolus had compassion on us, and sent a breeze so favourable that within half an hour we were under sail, a prayer having previously been offered up by the reis and crew for our safe passage.

Bidding adieu to Elephantine, the breeze carried us gently along between the black granite islets mentioned above, of the most singular forms, many of them sculptured with hieroglyphics—their polished edges glittering in the sun; a scene strangely beautiful, almost too wild for beauty. A hawk, nature's sculpture in the living rock, springing up propitiously on the left from the brow of the eastern crags, seemed to invite us to the sacred isle of Philæ, and augur a prosperous ascent of the intermediate cataracts. The wind freshened, and, ere long, the lovely isle of Shehayl stole into sight and flitted past like a dream, its palm-trees waving in the breeze, and children sporting under them, naked as on the day they were born; an Isle of the Blest it seemed—one of those happy islands where poets tell us the shades of heroes of old wander, under whispering groves, in sweet converse, placid and at rest after the turmoils of life—aptly figured by the black rocks that, hemming in the noble river, gave so awful a character to the surrounding scenery. And yet this little isle had

once still more exalted inhabitants; Sati and Anuki, the Juno and Vesta of Egyptian mythology, and Kneph, the spirit of the universe, delighted in its bowers, and honoured it with their protection; and hieroglyphical tablets, anterior to the birth of Cecrops, attest its early sanctity. The whole valley, indeed, of the Nile, between Elephantine and Philæ, was "holy ground" to the Egyptians and Ethiopians.

The scenery now exchanges its character of mingled beauty and terror for that of unmingled grandeur; not that the rocks are particularly lofty, but Salvator never dreamed of such strange unnatural combinations—sometimes shooting into craggy pinnacles, often piled one on another, regularly and methodically, as if in mockery of human architecture, or wildly and confusedly heaped like the fall of a volcano shower—all gloom—relieved only by the yellow sands that lie drifted, like snow-wreaths, on the face of the western shore—if that can be called relief which carries the imagination beyond the narrow bounds of visible desolation to the illimitable waste of the desert, where even Fancy's wing must sink exhausted. The sun, glowing in a cloudless sky, reminded us of our approach to the tropics, while Father Nile, flowing swifter and swifter as we drew near each successive rapid, dashing and foaming over the islets, and often there most turbulent where we were to force our passage, seemed to bar all further progress towards his undiscoverable source. But his opposition, like that of the visionary waters of fairy legends, vanished before the steady breeze of resolution; he offered a more formidable barrier in ancient times, if we may believe the fictions of the poets.

The Arabs, who met us by appointment at the first rapid, were of little use; the breeze carried us up steadily and beautifully, and we sailed on again for a while in smooth water; but the river recovered its

velocity as we approached the second and more formidable rapid, winding our way between the little glittering islets, constantly expecting to fall foul of them, but escaping always by an inch or two, thanks to the counter-eddies, shifting our broad lateen sail every moment, as we changed our position in regard to the wind—the white-bearded reis, meanwhile, conspicuous from afar in his brilliant robes of red and blue, with variegated turban and cane of office, gesticulating and shouting from the rocks—the sons of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, yelling the languages of Europe, Asia, and Africa around us—our last detachment of Arabs and Nubians watching us from the opposite shore, or, clinging to a log of wood, flinging themselves fearlessly into the very jaws of the cataracts, swept down like lightning, soon to reappear at our vessel's side, like mahogany and ebony statues, with a request for "bagshish," a present, viz. in guerdon of their intrepidity,—altogether it was a strange, a savage scene, worth coming all the way from England to witness.

Here, at the second rapid, the Nile appears completely closed in by the rocks; it was at first sight difficult to conceive the possibility of threading our way between, or penetrating beyond them. After one fruitless attempt, we succeeded in crossing to the opposite rocks, where the natives attaching a large and strong rope of twisted palm-fibres, we commenced our ascent, with the chorused song of "Haylee sa!" "God help!" By dint of pulling and poling, in which we all lent a hand, we got up famously—to our wonder, looking back—for the rapid we had surmounted is by far the most difficult of ascent, owing to the narrowness of the channel where alone it is practicable. Then we had smooth sailing for a while, the reis, in his ample robes, heading our cortège on the eastern shore, at least seventy or eighty

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Isle and Temple of Pitlo.

men and boys, efficient and inefficient, following in his ear, laughing and skipping, pelting each other with and, and flourishing their long dirks, half in earnest, half in play, till we arrived at the third and principal rapid, where the Nile, collecting all his waters, rushes down in one broad sheet, smooth as a mirror, and fleet as an arrow; but we mounted it with little difficulty, there being no rocks to defile through; pull, pull, pull, steady and unrelaxing, and the cataracts were past. We detached the rope, unfurled the sail, (it had been useless since our arrival at the second rapid,) and glided gently over the calm waters till, the rocks opening, the sacred island of Philæ and its noble temple stood forth to greet us, like the castle of some ancient Dive among the rocks of Ginnistan. High on the eastern bank stands a beautiful columnar edifice, supposed by some to have been once shown as the tomb of Osiris, but styled, in the traditions of the country, the Bed of Pharaoh; there we moored, and, quitting the boat, proceeded to explore one of the most interesting spots in the whole valley of the Nile.

Isis, her husband Osiris, and their son Horus, were the triad worshipped at Philæ. The sacred isle is only three or four hundred yards in length, but it was covered with shrines and colonnades; fringed with a few date-trees, the interior is now a mass of ruins; Nubian huts have succeeded Ethiopian temples, and both are deserted.

The Temple of Isis is the principal ruin. An irregular colonnade, of which the western range, built up perpendicularly from the river, is covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures, while the eastern seems never to have been completed—irregular, inasmuch as symmetry, a charm to which the Egyptians seem to have been little sensible, was here necessarily sacrificed to

the limited space the architect had to work upon leads from the southern along the western bank to the propylon, or pyramidal towers of entrance, similar to those at Edfou, but on a smaller scale, and covered with colossal sculptures of the moon-crowned Isis, the hawk-headed deity, and a gigantic warrior about to inflict the fatal stroke on thirty wretches, whom he holds by the hair of their head, back to back, reminding one at first of the many-headed, many-handed monsters of Indian mythology. These figures are repeated, as well as the smaller row of deities above them, on the second propylon, which you reach through an irregular driveway or court, surrounded by columns covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics; not only are all the capitals different, but those on the left are surmounted by square tablets with masks of Isis—the same sweet and mournful expression that characterizes all her portraits—perhaps suggested by the beautiful planet with which she was identified. The second propylon ushers you into by far the finest part of the temple—a noble and truly beautiful portico, supported on three sides by lofty columns, sculptured with hieroglyphics, and painted azure and yellow. The walls, ceiling, &c., are all beautifully ornamented, the winged orb forming the principal device; this is sculptured over the entrance of almost every temple in Egypt and Nubia—how like our idea of “the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing on his wings!”

We explored all the cells with torches, but looked in vain for the sculptured hawk that travellers mention. I was particularly anxious to find it. Dr. Richardson supposes it was venerated at Philæ before Osiris, Isis, and Horus supplanted its worship. If so, I cannot but suspect that the true God was worshipped here before the rise, as He undoubtedly was after the

all, of paganism, when the temples of Philæ, Edfou, Thebes, and many others, were dedicated to the lavious.

"The God," says the patriarchal Zoroaster, in his noble enumeration of the Almighty's attributes, "is represented as) having a hawk's head; He is the Best, Incorruptible, Eternal, Unmade, Indivisible, most unlike everything, the Author of all good, the Wisest of the wise," &c. "Here," observes Dr. Hales, "we have perhaps the first instance on record of symbolical representation blended with pure spiritual description, and in this respect it is highly curious, as furnishing, perhaps, the earliest specimen of those animal hieroglyphics attributed to the Deity so copiously in Egypt, still to be found on their ancient monuments, and which, when the recondite or mystical meaning came to be lost, in process of time produced all that multifarious polytheism, which corrupted the primitive theology of the Egyptians, Indians, Greeks, and Romans."

Egypt was first peopled from Ethiopia; to the Ethiopians—who considered themselves, says the Greek historian Diodorus Siculus, the most ancient of mankind—the Egyptians looked as the parents of their religion; and Philæ was held equally sacred by both nations. Here, then, probably, was the seat of the primeval Egyptian worship, established by Misr and his successors, the children of Ham—a race, with the exception of the Canaanites, neither blessed nor cursed by their patriarch Noah—who are mentioned without approbation in the earliest scriptural records, but who, doubtless, retained for some generations the knowledge, and maintained the worship, of the true God in Egypt and Ethiopia, as their kinsmen of the line of Canaan did at Salem in Syria. Originally, I

conceive, familiarized to Egyptian as well as Persian imagination by the symbol of the hawk's head, the omnivision of the Deity was probably thus represented by the Egyptians in hieroglyphical sculpture ; and its spiritual meaning being, in lapse of time, forgotten, in this case, as in so many others, "the creature came to be worshipped more than the Creator, who is above all, God blessed for ever." Philæ, then, losing its real sanctity as the Salem of the Land of Cush and Ham, retained, I conceive, its celebrity as the seat of idolatry; the hawk continuing the chief object of worship, till that of Osiris, Isis, and Horus supplanted and, in part, became blended with it; the *name* of the Almighty, in fact, supplanting his *attribute*: for *Osiris*, as Dr. Hales elsewhere observes, is evidently a corruption of *Iahoh Sihor*, or *Jehovah the Black*, the "black-clouded Jove" of Homer. Nor is the character of Osiris, as the good principle and judge of the dead, unlike that of the Deity; his identification, moreover, with Bacchus, the giver of the vine, (Iswara in India,) is another proof of his identity in name with the giver of all good things "and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness"—for Iacchus, the Greek form of the name of Bacchus, is simply the guttural pronunciation of Iahoh, with the Greek termination; and the mystic fan of Bacchus, represented in the Eleusinian mysteries of Ceres, (Isis,)—introduced originally, says Herodotus, from Egypt, strikingly resembles that in the hand of the Son of Man, with which he is to purge his threshing-floor.

Here are theories for you, dear mother!—"guesses at truth" rather; I would not have troubled you with them, only they will tend to explain a little poem which I enclose you, begun while we were passing the

cataracts, and finished afterwards in Nubia.* I should premise, however, that I have no authority for making St. Thomas visit Ethiopia on his way to India.

One guess more—was not the eagle of Zeus, the Roman Ju-pater, or Father Jove—the same emblem,

* THE ASCENT OF THE CATARACTS.

The sky is clear, not a cloud in heaven,
And blithely swells the sail,
While myriad islet rocks between
We skim before the gale—
Like a black swan each on a still lake's breast,
Peacefully cradled in noontide rest.

The Cataract's roar!—around their chief,
Each to the God of Ishmael bending,
The turbaned crew approve his prayer,
Their lives to Allah's will commending;
A prayer of much simplicity—
And we too, Lord! we trust in Thee!

Syene's rocks are far behind,
And thy green banks, sweet Isle of Flowers!
And thine, Shehayl! whose children's laugh
Rings merrily through the date-tree bowers,
That erst, mysterious rites concealing,
O'ershadowed silent Pharaohs kneeling.

And yearly to the triple shrine—
For Kneph's and Sati's equal smile
With Anuki's was courted there—
Dark-visaged queens from Meroe's Isle,
And kings from farthest Hadramaut,
Bright gems and Indian incense brought.

The Nile! the Nile! I hear the gathering roar—
(No vision now—no dream of ancient years!)
Throned on his rocks, amid the watery war,
The King of Floods, old Homer's Nile appears!
With gentle smile, majestically sweet,
Curbing the billowy steeds that vex them at his feet.

borrowed from the same Egyptian or Persian sources.
 How unlike *its* eye, closing, as Pindar beautifully
 describes it, under the lulling influence of the lyre, to
 His who never slumbers or sleeps!

Interesting as is the temple of Isis, and noble art

Not so when, bursting from the matron breast
 Of central Afric, veiled from eye profane,
 Ten thousand fertile streams, with foamy crest,
 Rush down to waft their monarch to the main;
 Then to those billowy steeds he gives the rein,
 And, leaning on his ear with simple grace,
 Speeds, like the light, o'er Egypt's thirsty plain;
 The Hours, the Seasons, laugh before his face,
 Fresh as the new-born sun, rejoicing in his race.

Thus, when the Sun of Righteousness, his wings
 Of healing spread, shall rise upon our woe,
 The River of Life, from heavenly Zion's springs,
 Like Nile o'er Egypt, o'er the earth shall flow:—
 Desert no more, Zahara's sands shall glow
 With purple flowers—where'er the floods extend,
 Knowledge shall bloom, and Love enthroned below
 Dwell in all hearts; and every bough shall hand
 With sacramental pledge of blessings without end!

Then, Philæ!—(lo! the Rapids past,
 Like wrath supplanted by a smile,
 'Tween opening rocks and waters clear
 That murmur music to the ear,
 Steals into view the lovely Isle)—
 Then, Philæ! then shall hymns once more
 Resound along thy templed shore!

Shrine of old Faith, though long defiled!
 To God and man thou still art dear,
 For Cushite kings of earliest time
 And blameless creed have worshipp'd here,
 Ere blinded man the all-seeing Eye
 Degraded to idolatry.

the general effect, the sculptures and hieroglyphics are of a very inferior style. The lovely nondescript edifice by the river-side pleased me much more; the eye willingly turns from the heavy grandeur and rude sculpture of the larger, to repose on the airy grace and

Christ's agony! a second blight
That morn pale Egypt overspread;
The hoary Pyramids, steeped in night,
Trembled upon their rocky bed,
Foreboding judgments from on high
Fiercer than those that shook their infancy. (29)

Isis that morn, moon-crested dame,
Sweet Philæ's bowers forsook for ever;
Her shrine thenceforth was dumb, kings came
To ask, but answer gat they never!
The priests, too, fled—their time was o'er,
And votaries sought her Isle no more.

Years dawn'd and died till, bound for Ind,
With holy eye and snowy beard,
With scrip, and staff, and girdled robe,
One antean owe a sire appeared;
More to be loved seemed he than feared,—
The children rested from their play,
And craved his blessing as he went his way.

Well might they ask it! he was one
That He who little children loved
Had breathed his Holy Spirit upon;
And, by that Spirit inly moved,
He then sought out an humble pair
That dwelt in lonely virtue there.

The night in holy converse past,
The stranger went his way the morrow,—
Long, long remembered, uneffaced,
His words of mingled cheer and sorrow!
For meek and mournful was his mien,
As one that of himself had much mistrustful been.

unadorned simplicity of the smaller ruin. There is not a hieroglyphic on it, nor any sculpture except the winged globe over the portal by which it was entered from the temple; open above and laterally, and seen from below, it is beautiful indeed. No roof was ever

Me lists not to recount the tale
 How, through that pair by truth enlighten'd,
 To hundreds, o'er each Nubian vale,
 The sun of Gospel gladness brighten'd,
 And Philæ heard once more delighted
 Hymns to the God to whom her youth was plighted.

But Persecution, even here,
 Sought out and slew them; writ in heaven,
 Their names, unread in human story,
 Shine like the morning stars in glory;
 In robes of whiteness, freely given,
 Palms in their hands, the victor band
 Before the Lamb, their Saviour, stand.

Uncouth inscriptions, rudely traced,
 A sculptured cross—mute things alone
 Reveal where erst Acceptance graced
 The prayers through which their prize was won;
 And Philæ, with a mother's moan,
 Unmindful of their happier lot,
 Weeps o'er her children that are not!

Rise, sweet one, rise! and dry thy tears;
 A brighter day is dawning o'er
 A world for twice three thousand years
 Trodden down of man, and drenched in gore;
 Thy children thou shalt see once more,
 Shalt hear their voices blend united
 In hymns like those in which thy youth delighted!

Soon, O soon! may the day-star rise
 O'er Egypt's vale and Asshur's bowers,
 To warn the nations, unseal their eyes,
 And guide their feet to Salem's towers,
 When every hand shall an offering bear,
 And every heart be a House of Prayer!

added or intended, and the intercolumniations are built up only a little more than a third of the height; the capitals of the columns are leaves of the date-tree. Several courses of stone, intervening between the columns and the cornice, add to the singular effect, without diminishing from the beauty of this dear little temple—as our sweet Minnie would call it. This cannot surely be the tomb of Osiris—the Egyptian lowered his voice, and sunk his eye,

“And pointed upwards as to God in heaven,”

when he swore the tremendous oath, “By Him that sleeps in Philæ!” Neither edifice is older than the day of the Ptolemies. (*)

The sullen roar of the cataracts was our music for the night.

This rocky range above Syene I take to be the Hemacuta or Golden Mountains of the Hindus, (*) who, considering the course of the Nile, after issuing from the Lake of the Gods under the *Southern* Meru, exactly analogous to that of the Ganges, after issuing from Lake Mansarowar under the *Northern*—assert that each bursts through three ranges of mountains, named alike in both countries Himalaya, Nishada, and Hemacuta, before reaching its last unfettered flow towards the ocean. Each river is held equally sacred, as well as the points of junction of each with its tributaries. Few Indian pilgrims, however, in these degenerate days, visit Egypt.

The next morning, January the 12th, we started on our voyage into the Land of Cush, gliding smoothly along between rocky hills that confine the fertilizing influence of the Nile to a very narrow strip of cultivable ground, often encroached upon by the sands of

the desert, which lie in broad sheets on the western bank. The scattered clumps, however, of date and doum trees (Theban palms) lend a pleasing variety to scenery, otherwise of the gloomiest character. Once this country was rich and beautiful and populous, till Surya, the Regent of the Sun, being seized one morning with a most unseasonable fit of devotion, descended on it to say his prayers; the waters dried up immediately, the mountains took fire, and the inhabitants were roasted to death. Brahma and Vishnu descended to expostulate with, and, indeed, console, the unlucky Surya—for he was as concerned as they were at the unfortunate issue of his zeal, and promised, with deep contrition, to amend the mischief. "It is I," replied Vishnu, "who must repair it, and when I shall revisit this country, in the character of Crishna, to destroy the demon Sanch'asura, the land shall cool, and be replenished with plants and animals. The race of Palis shall then settle here, with the Cutlancesas, the Yavanas, the Barbaras, and other mixed tribes." All this has come to pass—Crishna has been incarnated—the demon Sanch'asura destroyed—the Palis have arrived and departed,—the Yavanas, or Iacones, are forgotten even in Greece, the "ultima Thule" of their wanderings—but Vishnu's promise has been only partially performed, and the effects of Surya's descent are still visible in the blackened and scorched aspect of the hills of Nubia.

We now enter the region of the Berber language, but the children were as familiar with the magical word *bagshish*, as ours in England are with the kindred phrase *Christmas box*—which Bishop Heber thinks may have been derived from it.

We visited a temple at Dabod—the first within the tropic, and another at Kalabshe; those between the

Cataracts were for the most part built by the Ptolemies and Cæsars ; many of them have been left unfinished ; they can boast, generally speaking, of but few sculptures, and those of a very inferior execution. The age of Augustus in Egypt was that of the *decadence* of the arts ; long, indeed, before the Ptolemies, they had fallen from their high estate under Osirei, Sesostris, and their immediate successors ; there were Homers then in the land, who celebrated the wars of those heroic princes on imperishable stone ; but you see few historical sculptures later than Rameses the Fifth ; the national spirit had died out—religion had sunk into a mere *caput mortuum*—and the descendants of the artists who sculptured the Memnonium had degenerated into mere mythological copyists, constantly reiterating a Pantheon of deities, whose every attitude was prescribed by law—it is only wonderful that they copied so well, but the life is wanting. The likenesses of the Pharaohs, as I have observed already, whether painted in the tombs or sculptured on the temples, were always exactly preserved—but once taken, they seem never to have sat a second time for their portraits. The same likeness is constantly reiterated ; you cannot trace the gradual change—step by step—year by year—from the full cheek and bent brow of youth to the sunk and care-worn lineaments of age—which lends so touching an interest to the series of a Greek king's medals. It would be interesting to compare the Egyptian with the medallie portraits of the Ptolemies and Cæsars, and ascertain whether any pains were then taken to preserve the resemblance.*

* Professor Rossellini has found, by comparison with existing monuments, medals, &c., that the portraits of the Ptolemies are correct, those of the Roman emperors imaginary.—*Monumenti dell'Egitto, &c., Mon. Storici*, tom. ii, pp. 461 sqq. [1847.]

The most spirited sculptures we have seen in the valley of the Nile are those in the small rock-temple of Beit-Wellee, half an hour's walk from Kalabshe—founded by Sesostris to commemorate his victories over the Cushites or Ethiopians, and the Shorii, an eastern nation, according to Mr. Wilkinson,* (I quote his words,) “apparently of Arabia Petræa, who, having been previously reduced by the Egyptian monarchs and made tributary to them, rebelled and were reconquered by Osirei and the Second Rameses.” Open and exposed for three thousand years to the air of heaven and the hand of man, these sculptures are still as sharp and fresh almost as when the artist exhibited them, in his pride, to Rameses.

To the right, entering the open area excavated in front of the temple, you have the conquest of the Shorii,—to the left, the submission of the Cushites; everything bespeaks the desperate resistance of the former, the tame cowardice of the latter. On the right wall, Rameses, alike victorious on foot and in his war-chariot, attacks the Shorii, slays their chief in single combat, and drives them to the fortifications of their town; his son, the heir of Egypt, storms the walls, and presents his prisoners bound to his father, who, in the last compartment of this sculptured history, is represented seated on his throne reposing after his toils, the favourite lion that accompanied him in battle crouching at his feet. On the left wall, the Prince of Cush, his hand raised in supplication, his son and daughter at his side, is introduced by the Prince of Egypt to the mighty Rameses, throned in state; rings of gold, bags of precious stones, elephants' teeth, apes, (but no peacocks)—the wealth of Ethiopia, are borne after him,

* Now Sir Gardner Wilkinson. [1847.]

offerings to the conqueror; the lion, the giraffe, the bull, the gazelle, the ostrich, figure in the procession. The contempt of the Egyptians for their unwarlike neighbours may be traced here, as elsewhere, in the caricatured features of one of the tribute-bearers, whose countenance bears a ludicrous resemblance to that of the monkey that precedes him in the procession.

And yet they did not yield absolutely without a blow. There is one scene of most touching interest. The Cushites have been defeated—they hurry confusedly to the woods for refuge, stumbling over the dying and the dead, but one of them has outstripped the fleetest, in hopes of saving his friend's wife from the pursuers—he knew not that that friend was already at his own door—but alas! faint and bleeding, wearily dragging on, his arms thrown round two of his comrades' necks, who grasp his wrists to strengthen him. He overtakes them at the moment when his friend's *sister* and his children recognise him—*she* stands aghast; one boy holds up his hands in horror,—another covers his face with one hand, and runs to clasp his father's knee with the other,—the third runs to tell his mother, who, unconscious of what awaits her, is preparing her husband's meal. But the tumult approaches—the flying Cushites, the chariot-wheels of Pharaoh and the Egyptians—fly! oh fly!—they see only, they hear only, the wounded man!—a minute—and wife and husband, brother and sister, children and friend, will all be overwhelmed by the mighty torrent,—a monkey has climbed to the top of a tree for refuge—there is yet time—but what are they to do with the wounded man? 'Tis too late now—they come, they come, rushing, crushing through the forest—and now let us drop the curtain.

The sculptures of the interior temple are highly interesting, and evidently allusive to the scenes of

conquest sculptured without. A Shorian and an Ethiopian, the representatives, I presume, of their respective nations, lie at the feet of Rameses; with one hand he grasps their hair, the uplifted battle-axe gleams in the other. Forced on his knees, but those knees clenched together, the muscles rigid, the joints unyielding, the brave Arab meets with unquailing eye the glance of his conqueror, and raises his left arm firmly to ward off the blow which the Ethiopian tamely submits to,—the contrast is that of courage with cowardice—personified in the relaxed limbs, uplifted but shrinking hands, and averted face [of the negro; the lips of both are moving, but you need not fancy to supply words—every limb, every gesture speaks.*

The following morning we visited the gloomy and awful temple of Guerf Hassan, ancient Talmis, completely excavated in the sandstone rock, and singularly resembling, travellers say, the Cave of Elephanta in

* “On each side of the portal is a group of a far more singular description, evidently allegorical. A tall female, elegantly attired, in the one instance with a veil thrown over her head, in the other with a head-dress of feathers, like that of the American savages, identifying her with the Goddess Anaki, or Vesta, who in similar array is seated with the contemplar deities, Nef and Amunre, within two corresponding niches in the cella, offers her breast to Rameses with one hand, gracefully throwing her other arm round his neck, while he draws sustenance from her bosom. Which of the European Vestas does Anaki correspond to? the Goddess of Fire, or her of Earth, worshipped by her children under so many various names as the common mother of mankind, but always with grateful reference to her productive fertility?—If the latter, these groups may possibly be emblematical of the riches drawn by Rameses from the conquered countries. The land of Canaan was described by the abundance of its milk and honey,—like this, too, the imagery of Isaiah, ‘Thou shalt suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings,’ prophetic of the future national prosperity of Jerusalem. And compare chapter lxvi, vs. 11, 12.”—*Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

India—I hope, my dear mother, I shall some day be qualified to judge of the resemblance! But for the name of Rameses graven on every wall and every pillar throughout the temple, one would be inclined to assign it to the earliest period of Egyptian, or, more strictly speaking, Ethiopian architecture; it is almost impossible not to believe it more ancient than any other monument in Egypt except the Pyramids; there is not a trace of the taste and beauty of Rameses' time. A ruined portico (square columns, faced with colossal statues) leads to the first and largest of the excavated chambers, a noble hall, supported by six enormous square columns, faced, like those of the portico, with statues of Osiris, above eighteen feet high, cut in full relief,—mild, chubby, undignified countenances, the arms crossed, holding the scourge of power and the crosier of peace, (*) the legs naked and shapeless, more like pillars than human stumps; the attitude of the lower part of the body reminded me of the Esquimaux, and their pendent sashes of Highland sporrans, the head of some animal projecting in the usual place, with seven tassels below it. Statues of Pthah, or Vulcan, to whom this temple is dedicated, of Athor the lion-headed, (Venus,) and of Anuki, (Vesta,) are sculptured in recesses behind the columns on each side of the hall. Beyond it are the cella, supported by two large columns, and the adytum, or innermost shrine, at the further end of which, on a high platform, sit four most mysterious-looking colossal figures,—a large hewn stone on the floor in front of them, perhaps an altar. In the small lateral apartments are benched recesses, probably for embalming. All the chambers are sculptured, but they are so black with smoke and dirt, and the rock has in many places proved so faithless to its trust, that we could make

nothing of them. Negro and Nubian boys ciceroned us with burning ropes through this extraordinary excavation. Mithras' cave itself could scarcely have been gloomier than the Rock-temple of Guerf Hassan!

The Persians, those Iconoclasts of antiquity, piqued themselves on their spiritual worship of the Deity, and certainly they never sank into such gross polytheism as the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; yet their reverence for fire, while it proves that *both* nations drew their religion from one primeval source, was no less idolatrous than that of the Egyptians for Phthah, the Vulcan of Egypt, and all the rest of their "divine menagerie," as William calls it.

The sacred fire of the Persians, like that of the Jews, was originally emblematical only of Mithras, the hidden god, but when the "spiritual meaning of the visible sign" had been forgotten, they worshipped it as a deity; and if they regarded it, as we know they did the element in general, as a *living creature*, Cambyses (unless, indeed, like his father, Cyrus, he acknowledged "the Lord for his God") had no excuse for sheathing his sword in the bull Apis.

Again:—In all ages the Egyptians revered Phthah as their earliest king, assigning no duration to his reign—in other words, ascribing dominion to him from all eternity, till his resignation of the sceptre to his son Helius, the orb of day, whose reign they limit to 30,000 years.

Surely we see the God of Light enshrined, the fire by which he will try all things gleaming, in the adyta of both caves, both creeds, at first sight so unconnected, in their actual encounter so hostile!

And whom can the pigmy Pataici—the diminutive images placed by the Phœnicians on the prows of their galleys, and to which Herodotus likens the statue of

Idol at Memphis—whom can they have represented, and whence can they have derived their name but from Phthah? whatever was his origin, Egyptian or Chaldean, still the primeval, eternal Phthah; Vulcan of Rome, Hephaistos of Greece, Phthah of Egypt, Athras of Persia—with reverence be it added, Jehovah of Heaven!—the God of Light, dwelling in thick darkness as his pavilion, his cloudy cave—who, in the olden time, “looked unto the host of the Egyptians through a pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians”—by fire, and wind, and water, his ministering elements, “executing judgment on all the idols of Egypt,” while he “led forth the people whom he had redeemed” from an apostate land that, no longer recognising him as a spirit, no longer worshipped him in spirit and in truth.

Approaching Korosko, we sailed through a strange country, black volcanic-looking mountains on either side of the river, and in many places a few yards only of cultivation intervening between it and the desert. We anchored for the night at Korosko. Imagine our dismay when Wellee Kiashef, the Turkish governor of the country between the cataracts, resting there for the moment on one of his progresses through his little viceroyalty, sent to offer us a visit! It could not be helped, so we entertained him—an intelligent and very inquisitive man, most anxious for information; he said it was his great delight to make acquaintance with, and gain knowledge from Englishmen, whenever he could meet with them. The first compliments were scarcely paid, when he produced a little Arabic treatise on geography, printed by the missionaries at Malta, and asked how many men formed the standing force of Russia? We expected to be regularly catechised on the resources of every state in Europe, but his subsequent questions

were chiefly geographical; he had evidently made the most of his little book—his sole library, he told us—and had treasured the information he had picked up from travellers. I gave him four or five Arabic books, one on astronomy, the others chiefly religions, that I had found lying at Alexandria along with some books bought there, and included them in my bargain, on the chance of finding some opportunity of giving them away.

All his geographical ideas, except those derived from his text-book, were very vague. He discriminated the Abyssinian branch of the Nile from the western river, the more considerable of the two, by calling it emphatically Bahr el Nil, or the Blue River; I believe it was always painted blue in the sculptures—the word is Sanscrit too, and applied in the sacred books to the western Nile, though the usual name for it is Cali or Krishna—the Black, which corresponds in meaning with the Hebrew name Sihor; and yet, oddly enough, the river is neither black nor blue, but of a muddy colour. The Kiashef, in reply to our question where the sources were said they were not very distant, but that the barbarous tribes and fierce animals, with which the intermediate country abounds, rendered them difficult of approach. One of these tribes, he told us, is a nation of dogs with women wives!—the old tradition, then, of the Cynoccephali, or dog-headed men, is still current here. The same belief prevailed in Tartary in the time of Zinghis Khan, and Mr. Buckingham was asked at Assalt, east of the Jordan, whether he had ever been to the Belled el Kelb, where the men had dog's heads. The Nile, added the Kiashef, parts into three rivers—the Egyptian stream, another that reaches the sea near Algiers, and the third near Spain.

Naming our acquaintance Omar Effendi, (a young

ark sent by Mohammed Ali to study in England, but now returned and settled at Cairo,) he said he was from the same village, and seemed interested in hearing we had been at college with him.

Taking his departure, he sent us a couple of turkeys, and a sort of firman or order to furnish us everything we might need between the cataracts. Nothing could be kinder than his offers of procuring us men, camels, and assistance of every sort, wheresoever we might be disposed to go. It was interesting, but painful, to see a man, evidently of talent, born and bred in intellectual darkness, and aware of his deficiencies, struggling and stretching at every ray of light. He entered at once into his inquiries, never doubting our willingness to afford him what aid we could; the conversation seldom flagged a moment, and in his eagerness, the pipe was often neglected. On paying us another visit on our return, to which I alluded at the commencement of this long epistle,) he told us very feelingly that, since he had become acquainted with Europeans about three years ago, he had disrelished the society of other Turks; all their conversation ran on women or dress, never on subjects of real interest. "Now," said he, "I like to know how the sun shines, how the world was created, who inhabit it, &c., and because I do so, and seek the society of those who can instruct me, my countrymen call me proud, and I am quite alone among them;"—"solo, solo, solo!" as Abdallah translated it: it went to my heart—poor fellow! he must indeed be lonely, and so must every one be who outstrips his fellows, while they are still as unenlightened as the Turks, even by the very insignificant distance that Wellee Kiashef has got before them.

We reached Wady Halfa, the limit of our Ethiopian voyage, on the 19th, passing Ebsambul, the magni-

ficent rock-temple opened by Belzoni, without landing—our large boat could ascend no higher. I ought to have told you that, to our delight, we found we could take her beyond Essouan; we thought we should have been obliged to hire a small one there, and anticipated bugs, cock-roaches, spiders—all sorts of miseries.

Friday, the 20th January, we started for the second and principal cataracts of the Nile, a few miles only beyond Wady Halfa, in a small boat manned with Nubian sailors, or Berbers, as they are called in their native tongue; and Barbaradesa is the name given to all the district in the Hindoo records. They are a very handsome race, far superior to the Arabs—at least of Egypt, almost black, but with a polished skin, quite unlike the dirty hue of the negro,—the eye rests far more complacently on their naked limbs than on those of the whiter caste; they are tall, for the most part, and beautifully proportioned, sinewy and slender—the heel on a line with the back of the leg, a noble expression of countenance, and fine phrenological foreheads; their honesty is proverbial. Cultivation, I think, might do wonders with them.* So much for the race in general; the individ-

* *Mr. Ramsay's Observations on the races of Nubia.* "The people here (Philæ) are of the Berber race, or Nubians, a very fine nation. No people have ever struck me so much; they are almost invariably handsome and elegant in their form and features, with an expression of high intelligence and mind I never saw in other people of their rank. Talking phrenologically, their heads are *perfect*, and I cannot help thinking their capabilities for civilization very great. They seem to have a great deal of ready wit and humour, to judge by their constant repartees and roars of laughter; and their songs are beautiful."—*Letter of Mr. Ramsay, Feb. 18.*

"Jan. 12, Kalabshi. The natives are the most savage uncivilized human beings one could wish to see. They grow darker at each village, but have by no means the attributes of genuine Nubians; their hue is more like that of a very dirty collier in England, or a sweep, than the pure, shining, polished skin of the true breed. The

nals on this occasion—naked except the waist, and all of fun and merriment, punted and rowed us up the river, as far as the boat could ascend, and then, landing on the western bank, we proceeded on foot, alternately over sand and rock, to Abousir, a lofty cliff that overhangs the rapids, conspicuous from afar, and covered, as we found, with the names of former travellers.

Climbing the rock, the Nile lay before us like the map of an Archipelago—so it seemed to me at first, till the eye presently discovered the main stream of the river winding between myriads of little black islets, studded with the Egyptian acacia, and glistening in the sunbeams like those near Philæ—their surfaces washed

by the dingy, naked children, running away to hide themselves, or trying to joke and laugh at us, which they do with all their heart and soul, as different in appearance as in manners from their neighbours south of Essouan, have a very savage look.”

* Jan. 17, beyond Derr. The country grows wilder and more picturesque. The varieties of inhabitants are remarkable; each village appears to have a different race—at one point, a group of tough-bred, woolly-headed, frightful negroes—at another, that race we call (whether rightly or no) *Nubians*, a handsome interesting people, not black, though nearly approaching to it—at another, the Berbers (I suppose), a *peculiarly* fine set, with the free independent spirit of the desert, and simple elegant dress. They are considered as having the best character of any people in every respect. The Arabs do here and there appear, the same as in Egypt. The women's dress in some places is peculiarly elegant, consisting of wide trousers, drawn tight at the ankle, and apparently continued as a sort of boots over the shoes. These reach to the waist; the upper robe is very elegant, formed apparently of a doubled cloth, square, and with a hole for the head, which is passed through it, and it then falls gracefully over the whole body. The hair is always in layers of curls, with something black on the top. The whole dress is of coarse unleached linen cloth, and has a thoroughly different appearance from that of the Arab women, which is always deep blue or black. But I have seen none of them near; they never show themselves, nor ever appear in company with the men, who come in troops down to the banks.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal*.

by hundreds of collateral streamlets that glitter, foam, and roar in emulation of their parent. Ten miles length, and two in breadth, are these rapids. It is the lower cataract on an infinitely larger scale, but the impressions excited are widely different; there you find an interest in every rock as you pass it, you admire their savage grandeur individually, and the rapids meanwhile are dashing away under your feet—there you thread a labyrinth—here you look down on one, quite bewildered.

The prospect, miles to the eastward, is bounded by the prolongation of Gebel Mokattam—to the south, by the mountains of Dongola—it was something to have seen them! It was a sad thought, that I had reached the limits of my southern excursion; sad—though not every step I took would bring me nearer to my happy homes in England and Scotland! From one of the western crags I had a partial view over the Libyan desert—a dreary sight.

While William carved our names on the rock, where many a future traveller will read them in association with those of Belzoni, Burckhardt, Irby and Mangles &c.,* I enjoyed half an hour's delightful rumination, on a most commodious natural seat that overhangs the Nile beyond the rock Abousir, and on which, before departure, I cut my cipher by way of claiming it as my own; Coutts will perhaps one day find it there, and add his own to it. Nowhere else have we attempted

* "There are many names carved on this bourn of travellers amongst others, those of Belzoni in 1816, Burckhardt, Irby and Mangles, Lord Lindsay, and his lost friend, whose name I re-carved with care, as one of the few memorials that remain of one of the most amiable of men."—*The Crescent and the Cross*, vol. i, p. 31.—These few words, and the tribute to the memory of the departed recorded by them, gave soothing pleasure to the heart of Mr. Ramsay's mother, now, within the last few months, no more. [1847.]

immortalise ourselves in this way. At Petra, if we ever get there, we have a plot *in petto*—to carve our names, “Rames’” and “Lindes’,” (they are actually written so on many ancient charters,) on some conspicuous rock or wall, in hieroglyphical characters within king’s ovals; “what a splutter” (as Sir Walter Scott said) will this make among the antiquaries!

Our Nubian sailors entertained us with some most extraordinary Berber songs, as we returned to Wady Halfa—there was much more melody in them than in the Arab airs. One of them ended in the wildest and brillest single yell I ever heard—single in its effect, though decomposable into a rapid reiteration of the same high note, springing from the throat like stones from the mouth of the Geisers, followed by a second yell of one single note, every voice joining in it—two or three heathenish laughs, liker the neighing of a score of horses than aught human, finishing off the melody.

We started northward on regaining the “Hippopotamus,” rowing now to expedite our motions, floating down stream between two and three miles an hour. From Alexandria to Wady Halfa the distance is nine hundred and sixty miles.

Words cannot express to you how much I have enjoyed my trip hitherto, but this expedition within the tropic I shall always remember with peculiar delight. How you would both enjoy Nubia! The weather is lovely, the mornings and evenings exquisitely beautiful, fresh breezes tempering the heat; the sky, by day, transparent as crystal—at sunset, a sea of molten gold, rich beyond conception—and at night, lighted by a moon and stars so brilliant and clear! I finished Cowper’s Task one evening, lying on the divan in the tent, with no lamp but the fair moon to read by; the air was balm, and the musical dash of the oar shed

a thousand sparkles of broken light as we glided along.

Thursday, however, the 26th of January, dawned on us the gloomiest morning we had seen in Egypt,—now, at last, for an adventure! Few travellers have been shipwrecked in the cataracts of the Nile!

The Reis made his appearance, and we started on our descent to Essouan immediately after breakfast. The first rapid we passed prosperously, with the exception of one bulge; but the rope attached to the vessel to retard the rapidity of her descent, breaking as we approached the second and more difficult one, we were hurried off by the torrent, and struck against a rock under water, the same which Ibrahim Pasha ran against some years ago, when his whole crew perished. We most providentially, struck sideways, or we should probably have suffered the same fate. The force of the blow drove us on a shoal near an isolated rock in the middle of the river; the vessel grounded—our men leaped on the rock, and secured her with ropes. Our first idea was to lighten her by landing the heavy boxes, &c., but the water (for we had sprung two or three leaks) gained on us so fast, that all hands were set to work to remove the luggage to the island—everything was hurried out, pell-mell; I was in the cabin, giving out the last handful of books, after pocketing one or two that I valued, and a bag of gold pieces, on the chance of being able to save nothing else, when the cry rose that we were going down the stream again! I sprung out; the vessel was edging away from the rock—I leaped and caught by my hands, my feet in the water; the Arabs pulled me up, and I was safe, thank God! Twice did the boat nearly escape us, the current was so violent; at last we got her safely lashed to the rock with all the ropes we had, and for an hour, or

more, the men were occupied in landing everything portable, first our things, then the oars, planks, &c., of the boat; lastly, their own stores of dates and biscuits, which they would not touch, honest fellows! till ours were safe. We expected every minute to see the ropes break and the boat topple over, lying sideways as she did, the deck half under water.

Here we were then, and a most extraordinary scene it was to be in! wild and picturesque at all times, doubly so now, dark purple clouds lowering around us rain pouring, (a wonder of itself in Upper Egypt,) lightnings flashing, and thunder outroaring the rapids that were dashing past on either side our islet, covered as it was with boxes, books, pipes, pistols, guns, crockery, pigeons, fowls, lambs, goats; and, last and least, two chameleons,—we had bought them at Derr, the capital of Nubia, and had had great fun with them.* Our Arabs and Nubians—some were sitting idle on the baggage, others unloading the vessel; a

* “Jan. 22. Gave half a piastre for a couple of chameleons, which we have been trying, unsuccessfully, to tame. Their natural colour appears to be a fine green, which is changed into a deep brown or black, and varies between the two. It is a very curious animal, like a lizard in general appearance, but much slower in its motions, and differently organized. The body is about four inches long, and the tail, which is long and tapering, about double that length. It has a large head and an enormous mouth; the eyes are covered with a skin the same as its body, with a small hole in the centre, which they have the power of directing to any point they choose, so that they can see in all possible directions, without moving the head; each eye is moved quite independently of the other, so that one is often pointed forward while the other looks backward. The feet are divided into two parts, of the same size and form, with three sharp claws on each part, and they have the power of grasping with the two divisions, as well as hanging by the tail; the division and action of the feet are on much the same principle as those of our hands and thumb, only as if there were two hands thus united, with three fingers each.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

messenger every now and then catamaraning it from the shore on a log of wood, or fearlessly dashing through the rapids, calculating his distance, and the necessary allowance for the force of the current, with the most unerring precision. Our captain, meanwhile, sitting on the edge of the rock, bareheaded and almost naked, was raving like a madman, now rocking backwards and forwards, now stretching out his hands, apostrophizing his boat, and crying like a child; one of the sailors covered his head, exposed as it was to the rain, and rebuked him—he was quite unconscious of the attention; I never saw a man so utterly unnerved. The crew, too, were blubbering at first, but afterwards they worked like men. Abdallah was active and useful; Missirie, a host in himself, was packing up this, tying up that, stowing away the books, and preparing everything for the re-embarkation which we hoped to effect, though we were not unprepared for the necessity of making the rock our bed for the night; a situation, altogether—what with the war of elements, the wreck, our uncertainty how we were to get off, if at all—as impossible to describe as to forget.

We had ample time, three hours or more, to reflect on the kindness of Providence in directing us against the rock we struck on; had we missed it, we should have been hurried down the cataract, at the certainty, almost, of being dashed to pieces; had we grounded nearer the first rapid, we must have swum for our lives—we should have had no islet to take refuge on, such as proved our safety this morning.

Having sent to Philæ and Essouan for help, both messages took effect in due time, the former producing a small boat, the latter our friend of Korosko, Wellee Kiashef! who, we found afterwards, was just stepping into his boat for Esneh, when he heard of our mis-

fortune, and came forthwith to our assistance, with his Armenian secretary, and the dragoman, or interpreter, of a German baron, bound on the Pasha's service to the gold mines in Sennaar.

The boat from Philæ was beautifully manœuvred; it darted past us, and down the rapids, like an arrow, and then veered round under the rocks, and was towed up by the Nubians, swimming from rock to rock, till they brought it alongside our islet. After getting all our valuables on board, we embarked with Missirie, Abdallah, Achmet, the captain of our boat, the portly Reis of the Cataracts, and the surviving chameleon—for the other, drooping for some days past, had died on the island—together a tremendous freight. We started, held back for a while by a rope till we reached the line of the rapid; then they let go, and, without rope or guidance except the helm, we rushed down between the rocks, cleared them to a wish, and, in a few seconds, reached still water, and rowed to the shore, where we were kindly greeted by the Kiashef. The baggage landed, Missirie arranged a mat and divan, and we sat down and talked with him for an hour or so, waiting for the camels which he had sent from Essouan to carry our baggage. He had also brought donkeys for us, and we accepted a most cordial invitation to dine with him, and lodge in his apartments at the Government-house. No camels appearing, and the day wearing, we started for Essouan on the Kiashef's own donkeys, for this good Samaritan would not suffer us to mount the hired beasts, or to pay for them on our arrival. We had ridden but a few minutes, when we met the camels towering along at their stately slow pace.—I should have mentioned, by-the-bye, that, on landing, we let the little chameleon go; Missirie took it to a grassy spot, where I dare say it has been enjoy-

ing itself, after the fashion of chameleons, ever since. Poor little thing! its adventures surpass even those of the "Travelled Ant," in the Evenings at Home!

Our road to Essouan lay just within the edge of the eastern desert, through the wildest scenery:—a ravine, which we could only thread our way through one at a time, opening into a broad sandy plain, like the dry bed of a river—both plain and ravine edged in by rocks of the most extraordinary shapes, piled one on another like the fragments of an earlier world—black and massy—not a blade of vegetation,—contrasting strangely with sheets of the finest white sand, sparkling as snow, and rippled all over by the wind, lying here and there in broad wreaths between them,—and a clear evening sky above us, for the day had brightened after the storm. The sandy valley ends in the cemetery of old Essouan, the Saracenic town, depopulated (as I mentioned above) centuries ago by the plague, and deserted ever since. Hundreds of tombstones, carved with inscriptions in the old Cufic character, lie on each side the road; ruined mosques, and the shattered walls of the old town, crown the hills on the left, and had a most singular appearance, relieved against the sunset sky. I could scarcely have imagined anything more dreary than the desert, that deathbed of nature; but a cemetery in the desert, and that the forgotten one of a deserted town, strikes cold to the heart.

It was dusk by the time we dismounted at the Kiashef's harem, the first house we came to; he brought out a couple of arm-chairs, and gave us a most acceptable cup of coffee, and then, leading the way to the Government-house, ushered us into the presence-chamber, as I suppose I must call it, where the Bey gives audience during the summer.

Here we again smoked our pipes, and drank the

coffee of our hospitable friend. William and myself, seated in arm-chairs of state—the Kiashef (as grave and silent as a judge now he was among his countrymen) and a Turkish officer, on two plain chairs—and the Armenian secretary cross-legged on his mat—formed our party, and a very pleasant one it was, for nothing could be more cordial than their attentions.

Dinner at last made its appearance. Napkins were first given us; then raisins, and a fiery liqueur made of aniseed, were placed on the table as a whet; then came the dishes dressed *à la Turque*, which we partook of *à l'Anglaise*; the Turks ate after their fashion, dipping in the dishes very neatly, with pieces of bread for spoons,—little was said during the meal, for the Turks don't talk on such occasions; lastly, a servant brought water to each of us, to wash our hands, pouring it over them,—then coffee again. We had a good deal of conversation afterwards, through Abdallah and a Nubian who had travelled with Lord Belmore some years ago, and spoke a little Italian. The officer spoke highly of his own achievements in the chase, of having killed (and eaten?) a lion, &c. &c. A lion, he told us, would never attack a woman, even armed:—

“’Tis said that the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity—”

I did not expect to hear a sentiment of chivalry in this part of the world.

About nine we rose and wished the party good night. Missirie, we found, had made our rooms comfortable in the extreme, putting up the camp-bedsteads, making a divan of the cushions of the boat, and getting the things in order; everything almost had been saved. We were much the better for our tea, as you may suppose, and read and wrote afterwards till bedtime, by the light

of an immense Turkish candle stuck in the orange-basket.

Next morning, before we were^d up, Wellee Kiashef had been to see us, and had smoked three pipes; he returned about tea, and breakfasted with us; he drank his tea and ate his omelet with great apparent satisfaction, and afterwards smoked his pipe again, seated on the divan, and cherishing his foot. The Armenian secretary also came to see us. An Abyssinian boy attended, the Kiashef's page, and apparently a great favourite, respectful, but without servility; the Kiashef spoke kindly to him, and the boy made his observations freely, though modestly,—the henchman stood at the door, like Evan MacCombich in Waverley. William gave the Kiashef a musical snuff-box, which he seemed pleased with. After staying about an hour, he again inquired whether he could do anything for us, and protested, on our repeating our gratitude for his past kindness, that really it was "nothing—nothing." He then rose to go, and, with kind wishes and salams, we parted.

We then started, with Abdallah, for the Cataracts, to see after the boat. It was a lovely day, but so hot that we had almost resolved on giving up the walk, when the appearance of some donkeys that we had countermanded determined us to proceed. I was glad to see the Saracenic tombs again in broad daylight; the headstones are in perfect preservation, many of them lying quite loose—dear Anne would have enjoyed a walk among them,—she is 'tout à fait Saracénique,' as Caviglia would say.

We followed nearly the same route as yesterday, and were equally delighted with the extraordinary scenery. Before descending to the river, we took a last look at Philæ in the distance, and its beautiful temple. The

boat, we found, had kept its place during the night; the Reis of the Cataracts was there with his men, and they were stopping up the leaks in order to bring her to the bank, that they might get her ready for coming down to Essouan the next morning. Swarms of Nubian children clustered around us with curiosities for sale; we bought some necklaces and bracelets of red and white beads and straws, (they show beautifully on a black skin,) and several fetiches, or amulets, which they wear generally under the right arm—the dagger under the left; the latter even the children carry. William dissected one of these fetiches afterwards, and found a long roll of paper inside, covered with Arabic writing and mystical diagrams, magical and astrological apparently.

The fearlessness of the boatmen, their intimate acquaintance with every eddy of the river, and their dexterity in manœuvring, struck us with admiration; while we were standing there, a vessel in full sail, every oar plied, ascended half the rapid, landed some of the crew on a projecting rock, and then floated back again, the broadside to the stream; the most graceful, lady-like retreat imaginable.

After sauntering about, identifying the scenes of our first and second passage, we returned by a Nubian village built on the shore in a grove of date trees,—plenty of women and children—no reserve in the former, though one of them, whenever we looked at her, hid her face like the Arab women, for fear of the evil eye probably; the boys were naked, most of them; the little girls wear belts of small leathern thongs. One of the children danced before us, naked, and brandishing a short spear, a thorough young cannibal.

Next morning we crossed to Elephantine, and had another delightful stroll over the lovely island. It was

a heavenly day, still and thoughtful; the broad Nile lay before us, sparkling as if with a thousand eyes; the fishermen were paddling about on their catamarans—I have called them so, inadvisedly, perhaps, but they much resemble those used at Madras, if the descriptions I have read be correct; they consist of a log of wood, fixed between two bundles of reeds tied together at the two extremities; the fisher sits on it, not astride, like the Indian, but as on a sledge, and with his single paddle strikes twice or thrice on each side alternately, zigzagging it like a water-fly. I thought the Isle of Flowers lovelier than ever!

Sunday morning we had a delightful walk along the heights beyond old Syene. A solitary forsaken minaret, or watch-tower, crowns the brow of one of the hills; we climbed up it, and read the service there—some boys who had followed us the whole morning with curiosities for sale, must have thought us magicians. We extended our walk much further. Every hill is crowned with a mosque, all now forsaken; in one of them that we entered, the arches were all pointed—it is among the tombs and mosques of Old Essouan that Mr. Wilkinson thinks the earliest specimens may be found of that style of architecture. The oldest known at present is the mosque of Sultan Ahmed e' Tayloon at Cairo, erected A. D. 879.

I was reading, most comfortably disposed on the divan, that afternoon, when William entered with a gentleman from India, one of a party of three who had started from Philæ in the morning—his friends by land, having heard of our disaster—himself, more adventurous, by water. The Reis presumed to pilot the boat without a rope; the consequence was, that she was hurried by the current against the rocks, and her bottom completely and irreparably stove in. The

tain went as frantic as ours did, forgot even his
ld, which was left in the boat; Mr. Clarke, our
acquaintance, caught it up and swam to land.
William met Mr. C. on the shore, and advised his
lying for rooms in the Government-house, which
e granted immediately.

Soon afterwards the other gentlemen arrived; we
ed them, of course, to dinner. Mr. Clarke, a very
asing, gentleman-like young officer, proved to be
son of Dr. Edward Clarke, the celebrated traveller;
companions were Dr. Mac Lennan, the distin-
shed physician, chef d'hôpital, I believe, at Bom-
—so kindly mentioned by poor Victor Jacquemont
his last letter to his brother,—and Mr. Southhouse,
o in the Indian service. We spent a very pleasant
ning, and at night sent them some cloaks and the
shions of our divan to sleep on, none of their things
ving arrived from the wreck.

Messrs. Mac Lennan and Southhouse breakfasted
th us next morning; Clarke, like a man of his word,
d gone betimes to the boat, having promised the
en to do so. He found them very hungry, and yet
ey had not touched their master's provisions, nor
tacked the fowls in the hencoop; one poor fellow
king quite naked, he arrayed him in a shooting-jacket
d knee-breeches; a strange figure he must have cut!

They all three dined with us, and, after another
greeable evening, we parted on the stairhead—such a
ight it was! I stood long there watching it,—bril-
ant, and yet inexpressibly soft and lovely, the stars,
arying in tint and apparent distance, twinkling
hrough the whispering date-trees, or crowning them
ike diamonds on the forehead of beauty.

Finally, on Tuesday morning, the 31st of January,
A.D. 1837, we started for Thebes, after bidding our

Indian friends farewell. They felt most kindly on the subject of the trifling attentions we had paid them, and expressed it not only by words but deeds; think Clarke's sending us half a dozen of Hodson's ale, Indian luxury, and Dr. Mac Lennan a dozen Madeira, and four bottles of Constantia! What shiny days such are in human life!

And so we bade adieu to Essouan—sorrowfully, at least on my part; I had received kindness there, and had shared with William in showing it to others. I took more than one last look at the noble rocks, and the minaret we visited on Sunday, conspicuous from afar on the hill beyond them, and the lovely Isle of Flowers—never, probably, to greet her again! They had become “things familiar” to us, and it was painful

“Even from their lifelessness to part.”

Since that morning we have been leading our Nile life again, the old routine; the vessel is all right, and everything goes on as it did before our wreck. What mercies all these are to be grateful for!

P.S.—I find, on looking over “fyfte the second” of this interminable epistle, (I hope you will not consider it a *romance*,) that I have omitted all mention of our visit to the magnificent temple of Re, (³⁰) or the Sun, at Ebsambul, near Wady Halfa, discovered by Burckhardt and opened by Belzoni, Irby, and Mangles:—two words only—I must not pass over the most stupendous excavation in the whole valley of the Nile.

You enter between four enormous statues of Rameses the Great, about sixty feet in height, seated—the expression of countenance almost feminine in its mild beauty; they are admirably sculptured, in full relief, their backs scarcely resting against the rock; looking up at them from the southern and shadowy angle of the

Temples of Ebsenbetel, Nubia

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cavation, their sublimity is, indeed, almost over-
powering.

The doorway is surmounted by a beautiful sculpture
the hawk-headed deity Osiris, and that by a frieze
hieroglyphics, above which—strange finish for such
work!—sit a row of monkeys,—but nothing, however
 quaint or extraordinary, is out of character in Egyptian
architecture.

Descending between the colossal statues, you enter
a great hall, supported on each side by four columns,
adorned with gigantic statues reaching to the ceiling,
similar in dress to those we saw at Guerf Hassan, but,
in proportions and execution, far finer; nor are they so
crowded—you have room to look at these—there you felt
the passage between such monsters too narrow.

The temple was excavated soon after the accession
of Rameses, and the sculptures seem to refer chiefly to
his earliest campaigns. On either side of the door,
inside, is a gigantic figure of the Conqueror, holding
in his right hand a group of kneeling captives, back to back,
and about to slay them; they are of different nations
and colours—you distinguish blacks of various castes,
and the same Shorrii, with the forked beards and aquiline
noses, who die so nobly at Beit Wellee. The
sculptures on the south wall appear to record his
victories over this people. Standing on his chariot,
drawn by two horses, with the usual feathers on their
heads, the rein fastened to his girdle behind him, his
bow in his hand—a perfect arc—Rameses pours his
merring arrows on the enemy, many of whom have
already fallen, and others vainly try to avoid them;
farther on, dismounted and trampling on one of their
chiefs, he seizes another by the arm, and pierces him
with his lance. On the opposite or northern wall are
sculptured battles on a smaller scale, spirited, but in-

ferior to those of Thebes—the preparation for the battle, the parting of a warrior and his wife, the clash of chariots and riders, and horses falling under the arrows of the Egyptians—all the tumult of war and bloodshed. After all, these war-scenes are composed in the very spirit of a Highland pibroch; the gathering, the advance, the battle, the song of triumph, the welcome home, and the coronach for the dead—you hear, and you see them all.

Beyond this noble hall, there are a second, supported by square columns, a cella, and an adytum, with four deities seated at the extremity, and an altar before them, as at Guerf Hassan; besides many lateral chambers of inferior interest.

There are several other temples of much interest between Wady Halfa and Essouan; but I will only mention one of them—that of Hermes Trismegistus at Dakke—beautiful! beautiful! What fame such a visit would have conferred on us in the good old days of astrology, alchemy, and the Black Art!*

SECTION III.

“Fytte the Second” has kept, upon the whole, so free from antiquities, that I shall make no apology to my dear mother for reverting to that seducing subject in the present, after which it will be

“Adew, ye get nae mair of me”

on the subject of Egypt.

* “Dandour, Jan. 24. The temple is a small one, and hardly mentioned in the books, but is very interesting. The turn of the ornaments on the doors, &c., is elegant, and the hieroglyphics, though not of the palmy days of Rameses II., are of that substantially good style, which never offends the eye by any glaring defects or false drawing and taste.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal*.

Temple of Debba, Nubia.

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Thebes I have said more than enough about already ; but there is a little temple at Herment, old Hermonthis, a few hours' sail to the south of it, well worth mentioning as a rich mythological museum, and invested, moreover, with peculiar interest as having been built by the unblushing Cleopatra, to commemorate the birth of Cæsarion, her son by Julius Cæsar. I was much struck at finding it a perfect Augean stable, disgustingly filthy within, and plastered without with cakes of dung, drying for fuel. The accouchement of the goddess Ritho, symbolical of Cleopatra's, is sculptured in the adytum, and the scheme of young Cæsarion's nativity on the ceiling.* (40)

Nor must I wholly pass over the far-famed temple of Sendera, a most extraordinary pile, unlike anything we had seen in Egypt, at once grotesque in its details and magnificent in its general effect, and in perfect preservation. The ceiling of the portico is covered with astronomical subjects, representing, for the most part, the procession of the Sun and Moon, in their

* "Feb. 5. Rose off the temple of Hermonthis, which we visited before breakfast. It is interesting, and differs from any we have yet seen in style and appearance, which are such as to have induced Dr. Richardson, and other travellers before the hieroglyphical discoveries were made, to consider it as one of the oldest in Egypt. It seems never to have been completed ; at least the ovals for the names have never been filled up in the interior of the temple, and very few on the outside. The portico is composed of tall pillars in the style of that age, but not very graceful, from being too near each other. The interior is very simple, consisting of two chambers, very lofty and very gloomy ; the furthest and smallest one seems merely a slice of the whole building, built off, and, consequently, its length is the breadth of the temple, its width not above three yards, and its height equal to the other. A window at the top throws light on the roof, which has been called a zodiac, and bears some appearance of being so. It is a strange device, in all probability an astrological scheme of nativity of the young

barks of state, through the signs of the zodiac; each zodiac is involved within the interminable body of the celestial boa, Nith, the mother of the Sun, whose beams are represented, at the moment of his birth, illuminating the disk of the moon. Strange mythological fancies are sculptured here—snakes, for instance, with human arms or legs, or erect on their tails, presenting offerings, &c. When the sepoy were here they recognised the gods of India in those sculptures on the walls, and worshipped with the same ceremonies they would have performed at Benares. This of itself proves the brotherhood of the two religions.* (“)

A deadly feud raged whilom between the crocodile-haters of Dendera, and the crocodile-worshippers of Ombos; one of the latter having fallen into the clutch of the Tentyrites, “they eat him up, baith stoup and roup,” as Satan and his crew are said to have served the victor of Culloden. Near the temple of Ombos (a noble relic) is a large wall of crude brick, on which Dr. Richardson supposes, the sacred crocodile too

Cæsarion. On the walls are represented the birth, education, &c. of the same child, or rather of the young God Haphré, his patron I suppose. Astronomical subjects cover the ends of the room. In the larger apartment is a strange series of designs; the child is presented to all the different gods, and the whole show of the divine menagerie is exhibited—cats, dogs, crocodiles, &c., as well as the hideous figures of Typhon and his consort. A winged scarabæus with the globe, also the winged hawk, are conspicuous objects on the door, where the child is seated on the horns of the bull Apis. The demon Typhon is the only one I have ever seen represented with his face towards the spectator, and his body turned half way between front and profile—and this only in one other place, where he is made of enormous size and hideous deformity. A house is built on the top of this temple, and it stands in a dungyard.”—

Mr. Ramsay's Journal.

* “Dendera. However grand and stupendous this temple may be, it is not worthy of the lavish encomiums most travellers indulge

1894

Parties of the Temple of Dendere.

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his daily airing, and, below it, the tank in which he bathed—poor wretch, to be debarred his own imperial Nile!

The granite quarries at Hadjar Silsili are wondrous indeed! What think you of squares a hundred feet deep, and as spacious as those of London, cut out of the mountain, and communicating with each other by long winding streets or passages?

At Beni Hassan we visited the oldest tombs we have seen in Egypt, excavated in Osirtesen's time, seventeen centuries before our Saviour. The owner of one of them seems to have been a regular sporting character; his dogs stand by his side in the full-length portrait drawn of him, as is usually the case, in one corner of the tomb; hunting, fowling, and fishing scenes are represented in other compartments; a mock fight, and the successive rounds of a wrestling match, (or, probably, of several, for there are scores of groups, exhibiting every attitude and vicissitude of the struggle,) adorn the extremity of the tomb. These wrestling matches are found in most of the tombs at Beni

in—perhaps because it is the first they see in Egypt, whether in ascending the Nile, or coming overland from India. It bears extreme evidence of the great decadence of art at the period of its erection. The spirit which animated the early ages in this country had long passed away, the forms only remained—these were preserved scrupulously by the interested zeal of the priests, and under the Romish rule, which considered all religions equally useful, were dignified by such dedications as this. But the peculiar turn of spirit which breathes from even the most insignificant remains of the Pharaonic period, is quite wanting here; it is dead, formal, and in details quite uninteresting—or, if one's curiosity be excited by the zodiacs and planispheres which are one of the peculiar features of this temple, the fact again recurs to the mind, that they are, after all, but priestly imitations of what we have already seen in the tombs of the Pharaohs; made to be stared at, not felt and understood.”—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

Hassan; it was evidently a science in Egypt at a very early period.

The game of draughts, two seven-stringed harps, the trick of tossing up and catching three balls successively, the pirouette with extended arms, practised by figurantes in the modern opera, and the attendance of dwarfs on the Egyptian nobles, are among the noteworthy objects depicted in these curious sepulchres. The columns that support them are of two orders, both extremely primitive; polygonal, like those of Thebes, slightly fluted, and very elegant; or, simply, four lotus-stalks tied together by a broad band under the buds.

And now, my dear mother, I have almost done. You must be sick of temples and tombs; I fear many things I have expatiated on, in the hope of their amusing you, must have failed to do so; but all I can say in excuse is, that I have spared you much. I shall continue, however, to write *lengthily*, for I think you and Anne will be pleased to follow me, step by step, throughout my pilgrimage. Memphis is the only place we have now to visit; in two or three days we shall arrive at Cairo, but shall be very sorry to bid adieu to the little bark that has been our home so long, and in which we have become so thoroughly domesticated.

Port of Cairo, 23rd Feb.

We arrived here this evening, but do not intend landing till to-morrow; this is the last night we are to spend on board the Hippopotamus!

We have spent the whole day in visiting the site of Memphis and the pyramids of Dashour and Saccara. Mounds and embankments, a few broken stones, and two colossal statues, disinterred a few years ago by our friend Caviglia, are the solitary remains of the ancient capital of Lower Egypt. We rode for miles through

groves of palm and acacia, cultivated fields, and wastes of sand, over what we knew must be the site of Memphis, but every other vestige of her ancient grandeur has disappeared. Noph is, indeed, "waste and desolate."

The colossus of Rameses the Great, forty feet in height, lies on its face—the workmanship beautiful, the features (mild and benignant) in perfect preservation. This was, without doubt, one of the six statues (of himself, his wife, and four of his sons) erected by Rameses in front of the great temple of Vulcan, which, from the descriptions of the ancients, must have been a wonder of the world. A short distance to the south lies a small statue, about ten or twelve feet high, we thought, and which, perhaps, belonged to the edifice where the bull Apis was kept and exhibited, which lay in that direction according to Herodotus. This is all:—how truly has the prophecy been fulfilled, "I will destroy the idols, and will cause their images to cease out of Noph!" (")

Near the temple of Vulcan, the site of which is now completely overgrown with date-trees, lay the Lake Acherusia—whence the fictions of Charon and his boat, and the Elysian fields. We crossed the dry bed on our way to Saccara. The Sheikh and his friends were enjoying *otium cum dignitate* under an acacia, as we rode past the village. The groves of acacia near Saccara and Mitraheni are mentioned eighteen hundred years ago.

The principal pyramid at Saccara is built in five degrees, or steps, like the Tower of Babel; there is another, some leagues to the south, similarly built, and called the False Pyramid; magnificent at a distance, it loses its grandeur in proportion to the nearness of your approach.

The two great Pyramids of Dashour are very beautiful, each about seven hundred feet square, but of much lower elevation than those of Djizeh. We descended into the northern one by a steep and sloping passage, for two hundred feet, and crawling on our wrists and feet some yards farther, on a level, found ourselves in the first of two lofty chambers, connected by a low passage, and leading to a third by another passage, the entrance to which was too high for us to reach it without a ladder. The structure of these apartments is very remarkable, each successive course of stone, beginning from about ten or eleven feet from the ground, projecting about six inches beyond the one below it, till the two walls meet. It is said to resemble the inside of the Cyclopean or Pelasgic building at Argos, popularly called the Treasury of Atreus.

We rode between many other pyramids, some of them still preserving their shape, though partially covered with sand, others already sinking into tumuli, or enormous barrows; these latter are, perhaps, the oldest of all.

A curious root, transparent and juicy as a white radish, grows here under the sand, betraying its existence by a tiny stalk, as thin as a blade of grass, shooting above the surface. Southey, I think, alludes to it in one of his poems.

The ride from Saccara to the point where we regained the boat, about an hour north of a place called Sheikh Etmin, was very beautiful—through extensive palm-groves clustering round Arab villages and encampments of the Bedouins—wandering Ishmaelites—the pyramids of Djizeh, contemporary with their father Abraham, towering in the distance.

February 24.

Once more at Grand Cairo—soon, I hope, to leave it for Mount Sinai, Petra, and Jerusalem—for such is the route we intend attempting. We shall travel on camels and dromedaries, and sleep in tents, like the patriarchs.

Adieu, my dear mother!

P.S.—You will be glad to hear that I have sent our friend the Kiashef a little Arabic library, consisting of Robinson Crusoe, two or three books on history, the Arabic atlas I mentioned in my last letter from Cairo, a summary of the Old, and the whole of the New Testament. Adieu once more.

March 2.

P.S. (bis.)—We visited the Pyramids yesterday, and were most kindly received by Colonel Vyse, who is carrying on his researches there in person, Caviglia having quitted the field. He has attacked the three Pyramids and the Sphinx, all at once, with a troop of two hundred Arabs. In Cheops's—he is in hopes of discovering the chamber above Davison's, and an entrance on the western side, corresponding to that on the northern in its degree of distance from the centre, calculating that, the one being so many feet to the left, the other will be as many to the right of it. We saw an immense stone, that his workmen had dislodged, roll down the side of the pyramid; it was sad to see the sleep of four thousand years so rudely broken!

Colonel Vyse is cutting right into the heart of the third pyramid, but as yet has found no chamber; when he reaches the centre, he intends boring right up and down. He has bored thirty feet into the Sphinx, in expectation of finding the chamber said to exist inside.

it—as yet without effect. He has many other ideas experimenting, and I should not be surprised if he make some curious discoveries.*

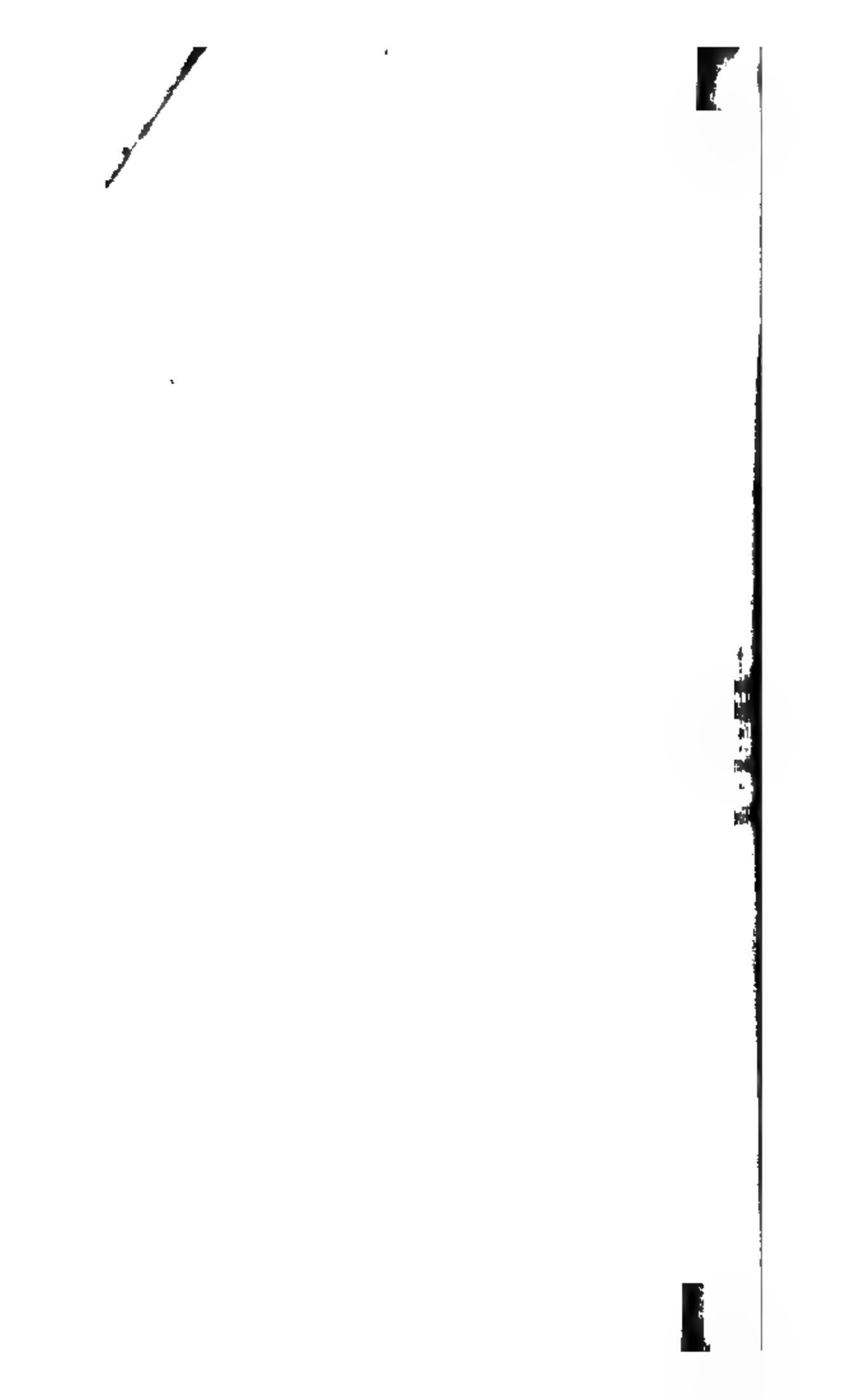
We dined with him, and returned to Cairo, much gratified with his kind attentions, the same afternoon.

* Colonel Vyse's success subsequent to our visit to him at the Pyramids has indeed been most gratifying. For a full account of his remarkable discoveries, and of those carried on subsequently by his coadjutor, Mr. Perring, see the "Operations carried on at the Pyramids of Gizeh in 1837, &c., by Colonel Howard Vyse," Lond. 3 vols. 1840; and the large work by Mr. Perring. [1847.]

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LETTERS

ON

EDOM AND THE HOLY LAND.

shall be a desolation, and Edom shall be a desolate wilderness, because of their violence against the sons of Judah, because they shed blood in their land ;
Judah shall dwell for ever, and Jerusalem shall remain unto generation ;
I will avenge their blood which I have not avenged ; and I will dwell in Sion."

Joel, iii. 19, 20, 21.—Abp. Newcome's translation.

" Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

1 King Henry IV.



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Barakat-el-Din near the Eastern Gate of Cairo.

EDOM AND THE HOLY LAND.

LETTER I.

Journey to Mount Sinai. Desert of Suez—Mara—Route of the Israelites—Wady Shellal—Wady Mokatteb—Wadi Feiran—Ascent to the Sinaite Mountains—Ascent of Mount St. Catherine—Of Gebel Moussa—Of Gebel Minnegia, possibly the real Sinai.

Convent of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai,
March 21, 1837.

MY DEAR ANNE, — Finding a Polish pilgrim here, about to return to Cairo, I seize the opportunity of letting you and my dear mother know, a month sooner than otherwise I could, how well we have got on hitherto, and under what peculiarly favourable auspices we are likely to continue our journey by Petra to Jerusalem.

On Monday, the 6th of March, we started on our voyage through the desert, (¹) a caravan of ten camels, with two tents, one for our followers, Missirie and Abdallah, the other (an Indian one, of bamboos) for ourselves. We arrived at Suez on the fourth day. The hot *hamsin*, or southerly wind, blew violently all Monday, bringing clouds of sand, and pelting us with small pebbles, which made our Arab *gillie-comstrains* skip, as they rattled against their naked legs—never was I in a heavier hail-storm; luckily, I had provided myself at

Cairo with a Turkish scarf, which protected my eyes; my lips were parched and chapped for several days afterwards, and a book in my pocket was scorched as if it had been held to the fire. But we were fairly in the desert—delightful thought! pilgrims following the steps of the Israelites to the Promised Land.

We halted a little before sunset, and pitched the smaller of our two tents (the wind being too high for the other) in a hollow between two mounds, which afforded a few thorns and tufts of arid grass for the camels, and tolerable shelter for ourselves. I really felt ashamed when we were fairly established in the tent, seated on our iron bedsteads, with a table, our old shipmate on the Nile, between us—it was far too comfortable. It blew quite a storm the first part of the night, and we thought the tent would have flown away, but it weathered it,—we were covered with sand when we awoke on Tuesday morning; much rain succeeded, but it cleared up before we started, and the day turned out delightful; there was little sunshine, but the wind had changed to the west, a fresh exhilarating breeze.

The weather, indeed, has been charming ever since. I always commenced the day with a long walk; nothing can be more enjoyable,—the desert, half gravel, half sand, crunches under the feet like snow,—sometimes bounded by low hills, sometimes it stretches out into an interminable plain, but always of the same unvaried hue. We passed skeletons of camels repeatedly, and scattered bones bleached to the whiteness of snow; and, one morning, prowling about near our encampment, I found an open grave and a skull grinning up into my face within it—the relic, doubtless, of some hapless pilgrim. Melancholy memorials these! but all was not death there; a frog, a species of gray lizard, some quails and vultures, were symptoms of

animal—and various thorny shrubs, a few wild flowers, and a strongly scented plant, (a species of wild camomile we thought it,) called by the Arabs *behharra*—of vegetable life; nor should I forget a solitary tree, long conspicuous on the horizon with the apparent dignity of a palm, but which dwindled, long before we reached it, into a stunted thorn, covered with rags streaming in the wind, hung there by every pilgrim as he passes *en chemin* for Mecca. The half-eaten carcass of a camel lay beneath it, and the vultures that had been garbaging on it flew heavily away at our approach.

I should have told you that the route we took was not by Mataria, past the ancient Heliopolis, and so north of Gebel Ataka, a long and picturesque ridge of hills, which we coasted all the third day; of a clear pinky gray in the morning, it assumed a deep iron colour after sunset, as the rays died away; it slants to the southward, as you approach Suez. The Israelites arriving at Etham, on the edge of the wilderness, from the north-west, the land of Goshen, turned southwards, a day's journey, to Pihahiroth, "the mouth of the ridge," i.e. of this very mountain Ataka; closed in by the mountains on each side, with the sea in front and Pharaoh behind, they could only have been saved by such a miraculous interposition as that which is still traditionally remembered in the Arabic name Ataka, or Deliverance.

On Thursday we started, with the Arabian mountains, and, as we conceived, the Red Sea, in front of us; it was the mirage! A ship, too, was curiously refracted in the clouds before we came in actual sight of either ship or sea.

Kodsy Manuelli, a Candiote Greek, the East India Company's agent at Suez, and a shrewd, intelligent

man,* received us with great hospitality, and we found there—and this is the news that I think will please you—the celebrated Hussein, who accompanied Laborde to Petra ten years ago. We struck a bargain with him to convey us to Sinai, and have since engaged him to accompany us during the rest of our travels in Arabia. “An excellent warrior and hunter,” says Laborde, “and renowned for his generous hospitality, he united in himself all the qualities which render a Bedouin respectable, especially those of so much importance to the traveller, unimpeachable integrity, discretion which always deserves to be confided in, and, what is very rare, genuine fidelity.” He is the principal of the tribe, the guardians or protectors of the Convent of Mount Sinai, and is known and respected wherever he goes. Laborde made all his arrangements with the other tribes through him, and so shall we.†

Hussein and I have become great friends; many kind pats on the back have I had from him. Our intimacy commenced with a long walk one morning, when he and I took one road while the caravan went the other; we had a great deal of pleasant and most animated conversation; acting, gesticulating, drawing with my stick on the sand, and the judicious use of the few Arabic words I have perforce picked up, were generally sufficient to make myself understood. We often walked the camels, and sat and chatted a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes under the shadow of a projected

* Superseded shortly afterwards by an English Vice-Consul under whom he acted as dragoman when Dr. Robinson passed through Suez. An English hotel has been established there for several years, and stations at intervals on the route across the desert from Cairo have deprived it of its ancient solitary charm. [1847.]

† Dr. Robinson, who met him a year afterwards at Mount Sinai, describes him as “now head Sheikh of his tribe, the Oulad Said.” *Biblical Researches*, &c., vol. i, p. 138. [1847.]

ing rock, before they came up. My recollection of the names and "countries" of certain of the Arab clans, allusions to Antar, and such-like scraps of Arab tradition, have stood me in great stead. I have got much information from Hussein, through Abdallah, for whatever interesting point I asked him about—(do not mistake me—I don't believe I am master of more than a dozen words of Arabic)—I always repeated through the interpreter.

Hussein provided us with eleven camels, those of Arabia not being so strong as the Egyptian breed, besides two dromedaries for riding; a dromedary is to a camel what a race-horse is to a dray-horse—there is no generic difference; the Bactrian camel only has the two humps commonly attributed to the dromedary. Most of the camels were accompanied by their owners, all of whom, two excepted, were of Hussein's tribe, which, I should have told you, is the Waled Said, the principal branch of the Zoalia, the first in consideration of the Tora, or Sinaite, clans. The political constitution of these Bedouin tribes strongly resembles that of our own clans in Scotland; each is divided into several septs, governed by subordinate Sheikhs or Chieftains, under whom the clansmen rally without prejudice to the patriarchal supremacy of the High Chief of the whole race, to whom the chieftains owe the same deference that the clansmen in general pay themselves. My heart warms to these Bedouin Highlanders, and the Tora tribes are a peculiarly fine race; the whole party, indeed, were good-humoured, hearty fellows.*

All of us, masters and men, were armed to the teeth,

* "Hassan, Hussein's younger brother, accompanied him—the merry-hearted Hassan, ever smiling and full of fun—he was a great favourite with us." *Orig. Journal.* [1847.]

William with rifle and gun, myself with holster pistol. Every Arab had his *sikkeen*, or short sword, and some of them long matchlock guns, ornamented with pebble shells, and Turkish coins, and they use them very expertly. One of them, unpoetical villain! shot a young gazelle one morning, and had the barbarity to propose to me to eat it.

Their attire was very simple,—the *kefia*, or kerchief of the desert, loosely and gracefully tied round the head by a piece of rope, or a turban—a long white robe of rather cumbrous drapery, though sometimes of light material, secured by a girdle—a long blue cloak (peculiar, I believe, to the Arabs of this peninsula) and sandals of fish-skin, secured across the instep, and by clasps at the ankles, exposing the foot as in scriptural paintings—a small kneading trough or bowl, a leather bottle for water, a pipe, tobacco-pouch, and sometimes the short crook-headed stick, represented in the hand of Osiris in the Egyptian sculptures, completed their equipment. Throw away the pipe and tobacco, (many of the Bedouins, however — our friend Hussein, for instance—never smoke,)—substitute a lance or a sword for that ignoble weapon the gun, and any one of them might sit for a portrait of the Caliph Omar; you cannot but remember the striking picture your favourite Ockley draws of him, on his journey from Mecca to Jerusalem.

So much for our guides,—a word or two on our own mode of travelling. I walked generally, for the first three or four hours, in advance of the caravan, resting every now and then under a shadowy rock or shrub where such was to be found, till it came up, and then on again. Mounted—I read, mused, talked with William, or the Bedouins, through Abdallah, and took notes, till near halting-time, when I generally took another walk. We soon got accustomed to the camels' pace,

which we were told was so fatiguing. (') The caravan advances at a regular and certain pace, about three miles an hour; but the individual animals proceed very regularly, stopping every now and then to graze on the thorny shrubs and scented plants with which the Arabian desert (particularly) abounds; the drivers encourage them in this, and are constantly leaving the road, and even scrambling up the rocks, for a handful of any herb the animals are fond of. The first *taib* I received from my friend Hussein was for feeding a camel tied behind mine, which had not time to crop for itself.

We generally halted about sunset, on some smooth spot under the rocks or hills, made our camels kneel down, unloaded, and then let them go free to browse *à discretion*; in half an hour more the tents were pitched, fires blazing around, and the stars above us, for in these countries there is little or no twilight. The camels were then tethered down, and the Bedouins, their frugal meal and merry chat over, wrapped themselves up in their *abbas*, and went to sleep. We also dozed from dinner till tea-time, and then, after a cheerful cup or two, followed their example. Evenings as peaceful, and cups as cheering as those immortalized by Cowper, yet how different in their accessories!—no newspapers, no politics, no prose of the present to mar our meditations on the past.

We all lent a hand in the tent-pitching; this Bedouin life is quite to my taste,—'tis the realization of one of my childish day-dreams, when I used to pitch a tent on the nursery floor at Muncaster, and call it my home. And yet I *have* a lingering touch of European prejudice; there is something very melancholy in our morning flittings; the tent-pins are plucked up, and, in a few minutes, a dozen holes, a heap or two of ashes, and the

marks of the camels' knees in the sand, soon to be obliterated, are the only traces left of what has been for a while home. There are a thousand allusions to this primitive mansion in Scripture, almost unintelligible, till familiarity with the tent, the camel, and the desert, explains them. I never drive in a tent-pin without thinking of Jael and Sisera.

Now for our journey. M. Manuely accompanied us to the shore of the Red Sea, and saw us embark for Asia. We crossed in about half an hour. I read the sublime description of the Passage of the Israelites, the song of Moses, and the seventy-seventh Psalm, with the scene before my eyes; for it was a little to the south of Suez that they crossed the gulf. It was a strange and thrilling pleasure to look down on those waters, now so placid, and remember their division—to look up at that azure and spotless sky, and figure to oneself the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night that guided the chosen race to the Land of Promise.(?)

The view from the shore of Asia is very beautiful; Gebel Ataka, and Gebel Deradje, each running into a long promontory, stretch along the shore of Africa, and nearly opposite the “mouth of the ridge” is Ras Mousa, the promontory of Moses; *ras* and *ros* mean the same in Arabic and Gaelic. We did not mount till near four, two of the camels not having arrived. The sun set superbly behind Ataka, and the crescent moon was shining brilliantly when we encamped at Ain Mousa, the Fountains of Moses. There are many palm-trees scattered around them, neglected, and grown thick and bushy from want of pruning. Frogs, shrill and musical as the rings in Lady Minnatrost's Castle, serenaded us all night.

Next morning we proceeded for three hours over the desert, sandy and stony alternately, the Red Sea, of

a deepest blue, on the right, and the chain of the *ebel Tih*, on the left; the country beyond it is called *el Tih*, 'the desert of the wandering'—Israelites. (*) Between the third and fourth hour, we entered on a boundless plain of desert, called *El Ata*, white and unfully glaring to the eye; the wind, too, began to blow from the south, and rendered the heat very oppressive. *El Ata* is probably the *Etham* of Scripture, though the desert so called extended, as we may gather from the Mosaic account, round the head, and perhaps at some distance along both sides, of the gulf.

After seven hours' ride and a half—a short day's journey, we encamped for the night in *Wady Seder*, on a bed of sand almost as smooth as a ball-room.—*Wady*, you must remember, means a valley, and is applied indifferently to a craggy mountain glen, and a mere depression in the flat expanse of the desert, as in this instance. The Spanish *Guadi* is the same word.—*Seder* is supposed to be a corruption of *Shur* or *Idur*, the ancient name of the desert that separates Egypt from Palestine; it was to this desert, you will recollect, but to a more northerly district of it, that Hagar fled with the ancestor of the Northern Arabs; the shrub under which she cast him—the leathern bottle (or *zumzumia*, as it would now be called) empty—the spring, which in these wilds lies often deep in the ground unseen, till you are close upon it—(unless we are to believe that Hagar's fountain was produced miraculously)—I cannot express to you how vividly that most beautiful scene paints itself to me now. The ground hereabouts is covered with beds of the finest chalk, caked by the sun into large flakes of pure white; the whole of this low country is under water during the rainy season.

Next day, starting at a quarter past seven, we reached

the bitter well of Howara at half-past two, and watered the camels there. The Arabs never drink of it themselves; I tasted, and at first thought the water insipid rather than bitter, but, held in the mouth a few seconds, it becomes excessively nauseous. It rises within an elevated mound, surrounded by sand-hills, and two small date trees grow near it. The sky was glowing with great heat as we approached, and a pale hue diffused itself over the landscape, like the eclipse one might fancy overshadowed it when the Israelites murmured against the Almighty,—for there can be no doubt, I think, of this well being the Mara of Scripture sweetened by Moses. The name Mara, implying “bitter,” seems to be preserved in that of the Wady Amara, which we crossed shortly before reaching it. There is no other well, Hussein tells me, on the whole coast, absolutely undrinkable.

I asked whether they had any means of sweetening bad water, and he mentioned the *mun*, a gum that exudes from the tamarisk tree, and the juice of the *homr* berry; to this latter inquiry I was guided by Burckhardt's expression of regret that he had not made it. He, too, was informed that no other well, bitter enough to be identifiable with that of Mara, exists, as far as Ras Mohammed.

The *homr*-plant and *tarfa*, or tamarisk tree, grow in great abundance in Wady Gharandel, two hours beyond Beer Howara, where we halted for the night; the former bears small, red, juicy berries, which they squeeze into water; the *mun* has a strong aromatic taste like turpentine,—one of our guides had a piece of it, which I tasted; they keep it in casks, melt it when required, and spread it on their bread like honey. Some have taken it for the miraculous manna—but it does not fulfil the

necessary conditions.*—Are we to understand that the effect produced on the bitter waters of Mara by casting in the tree shown to Moses by the Almighty, (or “something of a tree,” as the Arabic translation runs,) was also miraculous? (†) If not, it has been suggested that the munn or the homr-juice may have been the specific employed,—the homr is, however, a mere shrub, and had the whole valleys for miles round been full of tarfa trees or homr-bushes, there would scarcely have been enough to sweeten water sufficient for such a host as that of Israel. Moreover, the Israelites were here within a month after the institution of the Passover at the vernal equinox, whereas the munn-harvest does not take place till June; this alone, I think, must decide the question in favour of the miracle.

Between Beer Howara and Wady Gharandel the country becomes more mountainous, and assumes a more picturesque character. Two divisions of the Waled Said were encamped near the Wady; one of the Bedouins quitted us, and disappeared, diving down a small ravine that seemed to end in nothing. One could scarcely fancy human inhabitants of such wilds. We halted among the tarfa bushes under one of the hills of Wady Gharandel, but at too great a distance from the wells to admit of our visiting them. This, probably, is the Elim of Scripture.† (‡)

* See Mr. Conder's observations in his volume on Arabia in that most valuable, judicious, and—considered as the work of one man—astonishing compilation, the *Modern Traveller*.

† Dr. Robinson agrees with Burckhardt in considering Beer Howara as Marah, and the springs of Wady Gharandel as Elim. *B. Researches*, vol. i, pp. 97, sqq.—Professor Lepsius, on the contrary, fixes the first encampment of the Israelites at Wady el Ahta, a journey of about fifteen miles, their second at Wady Wardan, sixteen miles further on, their third at the springs of Wady Gharandel,

Soon after starting next morning, (at half-past seven,) we met a man driving a flock of goats, the first human being we had encountered since leaving Suez. Our road lay through Wady Ussait, west of which, Hussein told me, Mousa and the Beni Israel crossed, and Faraoun was drowned in the Bahr Souf, or Weedy Sea—the name has little changed from the Yam Souf of Moses! We came in sight of Gebel Serbal that morning, a magnificent mountain of granite, N.W. of Mount Sinai.

At a quarter past one, half an hour after watering our camels at the wells of Wady Sal,* we reached the spot where the roads to Mount Sinai, by Wady Mokatteb, and Sarbout el Kadem, diverge; we took the former, by far the most interesting as the route of the Israelites. Turning westwards therefore, at this point, we entered Wady Taibi, the sea-breeze warning us of our direct descent to the sea-shore. The scenery of this valley is very striking. During the rainy season a torrent flows down it, of the height of two men, i. e. ten or eleven feet deep; the bottom, as in most of these valleys, is sheeted over with white mud, caked so hard as to receive no impression from the camels' feet,—in fact, in progress to stone. Rock-salt, of the purest white, and perfectly clean, is dug up plentifully hereabouts; they showed us some, fit for an emperor's table.

After passing a little forest of tarfa and wild date seventeen miles,—identifying these springs with Marah, and their fourth at the wells of Wady Shebekah, on the coast, apparently the valley named by me and others Wady Taibi, about sixteen miles more. This latter spot the Professor identifies with Elim, and suggests that the existing name of the harbour, Abu Zelime, may be a corruption of Elim. See his 'Tour from Thebes to the Peninsula of Sinai,' translated by C. H. Cottrell, Esq., London, (J. Petheram.) 1846. [1847.]

* Wady Thal.—*Robinson and Lepsius.* [1847.]

trese—winding round a black volcanic-looking mountain—defiling through a narrow ravine, where we heard a blackbird cheerily singing amidst the solitude, and leaving another black mountain to the left, we turned the angle formed by it with the valley, and the bright sea suddenly burst on us, a sail in the distance, and the blue mountains of Africa beyond it, a lovely vista,—but when we had fairly issued into the plain on the sea-shore, beautiful, indeed, most beautiful was the view—the whole African coast, from Gebel Ataka to Gebel Gharib, lay before us, washed by the Red Sea, a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except the space where the waters were lost in distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of day; the sun shone brightly, descending to “his palace in the Occident,”—the tide was coming in with its peaceful pensive murmur, wave after wave;—it was in this plain, broad and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the children of Israel encamped after leaving Ehim; what a glorious scene it must then have presented, and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have re-echoed the song of Moses and its ever-returning chorus, “Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea!”

The plain narrows into nothing at the southern extremity, where the hills end in a detached headland, jutting into the sea, and concealing a deep bay. I expected something beautiful, but the reality far surpassed my anticipations; we stopped half way through the gap,—a large lake, so it seemed, of the deepest blue, lay slumbering before us, hemmed in by mountains, variously tinted by the evening sun, and of the most singular appearance, worn away and crumbling, as if of very old age—with the blue heights of Gebal Serba'

towering in the distance,—a scene and hour never to forget; the warm tears rushed to my eyes as I gazed there; not a sound broke the silence,—the caravan was far before us,—the waters lay all unruffled, scarce rippled by the evening breeze.

Twenty steps more—and, the headland disappearing behind us, the lake vanished, and the bay opened in full beauty. The rocks, as we advanced, descended into the sea so abruptly as to cut the path quite off; we waded round them on our dromedaries,—at high tide the passage would scarcely be practicable. As soon as we reached the little plain beyond them, the sun set behind the mountains of Africa, and night came on in her calm loveliness; the “sea of Edom” retained for a while the roseate hue that it can only boast of at such an hour, (7) but all ere long was gray, and by the time we had pitched our tents, the moon and stars were brightly gleaming over us. We rode ten hours and a half this day.

Starting at 10 m. p. 7, next morning, we continued our route along the narrow track under the rocks, broad enough only for one camel at a time. Winding round another headland, we entered El Murgha, a large triangular plain covered with shrubs, and affording a well of very bad water; it is formed by the intersection of two ranges of mountains, of which the most southerly, black as if it had been only quenched yesterday, ends in Gebel Zizezzat, the same promontory as that marked Ras Jehan in Laborde’s map, nearly opposite to Gebel Zeait in Africa. A low range of limestone hills, crumbling away with age, runs parallel with them; we pierced it through a ravine called Wady Luggum, and then, turning to the right, ascended the valley formed by the two ranges.

The *lussof* grows here abundantly—a beautiful green plant, with large juicy pods; at the proper season it

produces a fruit as large as one's finger, and good to eat. We observed another fruit, of a very different character, but equally useful, medicinally, the colocinth, or, as the Arabs call it, *humvul*; might not this fruit, golden as an orange externally, but bitterness itself within, and retaining its fair exterior long after the inside has all dried up, have given rise to the story of the apples of Sodom? It grows, they say, as large as a small melon, and they use the rind, dried, for holding water, butter, &c. Ostrich eggs are used for the same purpose in Egypt.—Two other shrubs I will mention here, though we chiefly noticed them more to the south,—the one edible, the *hemmar*, a bunchy plant, the leaf juicy, and bitter when chewed—William thought it tasted like sorrel,—the other ornamental, the *sekarran*, bearing a very pretty flower of blended purple and white, on a thick leafy stem; its general appearance reminded me of the lotus in Egyptian paintings.*—I need not apologize to my dear Anne for this little floral episode.

In this black chain of mountains is an extraordinary ravine, called Wady Shellal, or the Valley of the Cataract. Hussein took us through it, while the caravan went on by the usual route; the valley is not a stone's jerk wide, but the scenery is awfully grand; not a sound was heard except the *sugh* of the wind among the rocks, and the solitary chirp of a bird. Hussein and I walked on quicker than William, who was looking out for partridges and quails; as we ascended the Wady, enormous rocks, fallen from the heights, of every shape, and in several instances inscribed with the same unknown characters that I shall have to mention presently, lay on either side of the way, becoming gradually more

* I may also mention the *urrtah*, a sort of broom, which the camels eat greedily. [1847.]

numerous, till, at last, they formed a little valley of themselves within the large one, which, gradually diminishing into a narrow winding passage, brought us to a perpendicular rock, beyond which there seemed to be no passage. It is impossible to describe the extraordinary appearance of this cul-de-sac.

Hussein and I sat down in the shadow, and talked after our fashion, till William and his attendant Arab overtook us; Hussein then started up, and, climbing up the rocks, led the way to an upper valley, of which I had not suspected the existence, broader than the lower, but quite as extraordinary; the ground in some places was as smooth as a gravel walk. In the rainy season the torrents pouring down it, and over the rocks into the lower valley, form the magnificent cascade from which the Wady takes its name. We walked on some distance to a well, which we found full of sand; Hussein scooped it out with his hands, and the water rose; all of us drank—I never tasted anything so delicious, always excepted the water of the Nile, to which no other beverage is comparable; but then I was very thirsty, for the day was by far the hottest we had yet travelled on. Returning a few steps, we climbed over the hills, and across two or three small ravines, till we reached Wady Boodra, where we saw tracks of the camels. It was well we had drunk at the spring, for the ascent and descent of the hills was dreadfully hot work; my tongue felt in my mouth like a parrot's, the sides of my throat clove together, and I could scarcely articulate when we overtook the caravan. One of the most delightful walks, however, I ever took! What a blessing water is! None can appreciate it, who has not thirsted in the desert. It is bad policy to drink during the march, if one can possibly avoid it. (*)

. All the mountains of Wady Boodra are more or less

volcanic-looking; some of them resemble the heaps of cinders thrown out from an iron foundry—utter silence and lifelessness. At half-past two, we passed, on the left, the entrance of Wady Magara, one of the mining-stations of the Pharaohs, whose hieroglyphics are to be seen sculptured on the rocks,—and, nearly opposite, on the right, a Bedouin burial-ground; soon afterwards, the valley opening, we had a beautiful view of the distant Gebel Serbal, standing nobly alone, a King among the hills.

We now entered Wady Mokatteb, a spacious valley, bounded on the east by a most picturesque range of black mountains, but chiefly famous for the inscriptions on the rocks that line it, and from which it derives its name; there are thousands of them,—inscriptions too—and here is the mystery—in a character which no one has yet deciphered.* William copied a few, and

* “The Sinaite inscriptions . . . are found on all the routes which lead from the West towards Sinai, as far South as Târ. They extend to the very base of Sinai, above the convent el-Arba'in; but are found neither on Gebel Mûsa, nor on the present Horeb, nor on St. Catherine, nor in the valley of the convent; while on Serbâl they are seen on its very summit. *Not one has yet been found to the Eastward of Sinai.*” Dr. Robinson, *Bibl. Researches*, vol. i, p. 188.—The last assertion (printed here in Italics) is repeated thrice, and with emphasis, in the note on the Sinaitic inscriptions, pp. 554-5. It may be worth while anticipating my remark, *infra*, that I observed a few in Wady Resale, between the district of Huddra (Dr. Robinson’s *el-Hudhara*) and Wady Ruhabiyeh (*Wady er-Ruweikibiyeh*), in both instances East of Sinai, on the road to Akaba.—The exception possibly may prove the rule.—A similar inscription was found by Mr. Banks at Wady Mousa, but has not been published, and Dr. Robinson was informed that “similar inscriptions exist in the immense ancient quarries back of Târa, just above Cairo; and also in the granite quarries of Aswân.” *Ibid.* p. 556.

These inscriptions are first mentioned, in the sixth century, by Cosmas Indicopleustes, in whose time the knowledge of the alphabet

afterwards sketched the valley, with our tents, camels, &c., for we encamped here for the night after a nine hours' ride.

Our next day's journey (starting at half-past six, and quitting Wady Mokatteb at half-past eight) was through the noble Wady Feiran: P and F being cognate letters, always interchangeable, there can be no doubt, I think, that Feiran is the ancient Paran; the wilderness, however, so called, like those of Shur and Etham, extended far and wide beyond the spot to which the ancient name has since been limited.—

It was noon—past. For some hours we had been anxiously looking out for the palm trees and gardens, which were said to render Wady Feiran the prettiest spot in the peninsula, but nothing had hitherto appeared, except the usual shrubs and plants of the Arabian desert, and an occasional elluf tree. Notwithstanding our guides' repeated promises of *nackel*,

in which they are written was lost; he attributes them to the ancient Hebrews. For an account of the labours of Professor Beer, of Leipzig, who is said to have deciphered, and attributes them to the ancient Nabatheans, subsequently to their conversion to Christianity, but anterior to their adoption of the Arabic language, see Dr. Robinson, *loco citato*. Professor Beer considers them the work of pilgrims, and Dr. Robinson observes that “there is no historical evidence that any *native* Christian population existed in or around the peninsula in the early centuries, but rather the contrary,” referring to the text, p. 180 of the volume.—Professor Lepsius, on the other hand, expresses his conviction, “that they are the work of a *Christian Pastoral People*, who had independent possession of the peninsula, and knew how to write—not of pilgrims, nor in reference to any particular place,”—a people whose “principal city was the early Christian Farán, at the foot of the Serbál, in the valley of the same name.” *Tour*, &c., p. 90.—The Rev. Charles Forster, author of “Mahometanism Unveiled,” and of the “Sacred Geography of Arabia,” is understood to be occupied on a work on the subject of these inscriptions, which will probably excite great interest in the theological, antiquarian, and literary world. [1847.]

late trees,) I began to doubt whether we should ever come to them, when suddenly, at half-past one, turning an angle of the valley, we found ourselves in a paradise,—date trees (like the fair ones they always remind me of, so much more graceful by cultivation) rustling in the breeze, *sidr** and tarfa trees, gardeners' huts and dogs barking; I could not have conceived such a transition. We dismounted, climbed over a garden wall, let down our zumzummiya into a well under a palm tree, and drank copiously of the delicious water, remounted, and in ten minutes, turning another angle of the valley, were in the desert as before, with the current-ploughed peaks of Gebel Serbal directly in front of us. The change suggested a thousand comparisons; it seemed as if we had been dreaming.

We now came to the ruins—overgrown with tarfa trees, and crowning a lofty rock in the middle of the valley—of the ancient town of Feiran, the seat of a bishopric in the early days of Christianity—the Pharan of Ptolemy the geographer, in whose time it gave its name to the Sinaite promontory, and to its inhabitants the Pharanitæ—and, as one learned traveller has remarked, not improbably the El Paran in the wilderness, to which Chedarlaomer and his associates chased the Horites of Mount Seir.—It has now nothing of magnificence to boast of. On both sides of the vale beyond it are seen deserted houses, some perched at a great height,—and ancient tombs cut in the rocks.

The gardens of Wady Feiran I fancied were past, but the sight of a few date trees, and a stream of water crossing the road, as we wound round the ruin-crowned rock, showed I was mistaken; indeed, it was now only

* Or *nebbek*, the *Rhamnus Nabeca* of Forskal. *Dr. Robinson*.—The *sidr* is the tree, the *nebben* the fruit, correctly speaking. [1847.]

we had fairly come to them. The large river, that once flowed through the valley, indignantly sank into the ground and disappeared; when a Frank presumed to write a description of it; but one of the loveliest little brooks I ever saw supplies its place, overrunning the rocky path, the bed of the summer torrents, in tiny crystal rivulets. I drank repeatedly as I walked along, wherever the pebbles at the bottom gleamed clearest—just deep enough to use one's hand as a cup; the camels were constantly stopping to drink, and browse on the tarfa trees. The stream became at last so copious that I was obliged to mount my dromedary, to avoid being wetfooted.

For two hours and a half, every winding of the valley revealed new loveliness; it would be beautiful even without a single tree. At the first turning, after passing the ruined town, a most superb view of Gebel Serbal opened on us,—every crag and pinnacle of his five peaks relieved clearly against a sky of the most delicious blue, and perfectly cloudless,—the pale moon about half full, sailing in the pure ether above us—the eye could pierce far beyond her. Gebel Serbal was of a bluish gray, but the jagged rocks of the valley, forming the foreground of the picture, were black, the bright lights and deep broad shadows rendering them perfectly beautiful.—I sat on my dromedary under a tarfa tree, enjoying the shade and a delightful breeze, and talking with the Bedouins, while William sketched this lovely scene.

And was not that Mount Paran!

“God came from Teman,
And the Holy One from Mount Paran.
His glory covered the heavens,
And the earth was full of his praise.

His brightness was as the light,
 Rays streamed from his hand,
 And there was the hiding-place of his power.
 Before him went the pestilence,
 And flashes of fire went forth after him.
 He stood—and measured the earth,
 He beheld—and drave asunder the nations,
 And the everlasting mountains were scattered,
 The perpetual hills did bow,—
 The eternal paths were trodden by him.
 Then sawest the tents of Cushan in affliction,
 The curtains of the land of Midian trembled!

Was the Lord displeased against the floods?
 Was thine anger against the rivers?
 Was thy wrath against the sea,
 That thou didst ride upon thine horses,
 And thy chariots of salvation?
 Thy bow was made bare,
 According to the oath unto the tribes, even the promise.

Thou didst cleave the streams of the land,
 The mountains saw thee and trembled,
 The overflowing of waters passed away;
 The deep uttered his voice,
 And lifted up his hands on high.
 —The sun and moon stood still in their habitation;
 In their light thine arrows went abroad—
 In their brightness the lightning of thy spear!

Thou didst march through the land in indignation,
 Thou didst thresh the heathen in anger;
 Thou wentest forth for the deliverance of thy people,
 Even for the deliverance of thine anointed ones.*

* "The Serbál," says Professor Lepsius, "here rises at once majestically several thousand feet. Its splendid peaks towered up to heaven like flames of fire in the setting sun, and made upon me an almost overpowering impression. It is impossible to describe the sublimity and majesty of these black mountain masses—rising, as they do, not in a wild and irregular form, but on a grand and im-

Following the windings of the valley, alternately through sun and shade, under lofty rocks and umbrageous date trees, whispering in the breeze, and shedding the most delicious coolness, we heard from time to time the chirping of birds, the barking of dogs, and the merry voices of children—generally unseen, though occasionally we caught a passing glimpse of them, and of their dusky mothers and sisters, under the thick foliage embowering their huts and tents. We exchanged cordial *salamats* and *bissalams* with some of the natives that we met on the road, particularly with one aged white-bearded patriarch. Our guides, too, were constantly meeting their acquaintance, receiving their welcome, and striking wrists with them; their

posing scale—at the foot of which I was standing, not separated from it by any projecting promontory or ledge, so abruptly does the whole body of the mountain start up from this point.”—*Tour*, &c., p. 33.

I have in a previous note (*supra*, p. 169) enumerated the stations of the Israelites as far as Elim (Wady Shebékah), according to Professor Lepsius. He considers them to have proceeded from Wady Shebékah by Wady Shellal to the outlet of Wady Sittere—which he identifies with Daphka—a distance of about six hours; and from thence to the Sikké Tekruri at the entrance of Wady Feiran, probably the Alus of Deuteronomy, and nearly the same distance,—and thereafter, to El Hessue, fourteen miles further, and only a mile from the convent mountain of Feiran—identifying El Hessue with Rephidim,*—they proceeded thence (he thinks) to the convent mountain of Hererát, and established themselves in Wady Alegát, “at the iron gate of the garden of Wadi Firán,” which he conceives to have belonged to the Amalekites, whom they fought with and dispossessed in the memorable battle, *Exod.* xvii, 8, when Moses, Aaron, and Hur stood on the top of the hill and prayed for victory—

* Comas Indicopleustes, in the sixth century, identifies Pharan with Rephidim.—*Robinson, B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 186. [1847.]

greetings struck me as remarkably low-voiced, though cordial as between brothers.(")

The blending of greens in these gardens is exquisitely beautiful,—a regular gradation from the pale transparent foliage of the tarfa to the darker hue of the date towering over it, and the still deeper green of the sidr or nebbek, as dark as that of the orange and citron. Our Bedouins brought down the fruit with stones, and gave them to us as we rode along; it was delicious. In twenty days the nebbek harvest will be quite ready; they sell the greater part of it at Suez,—part they keep and dry in the sun, press and reduce it to flour, which, with water or milk, they make into small cakes.

that hill being "the convent mountain, from whence the Israelites rushed down into the valley of the Amalekites:"—while, if these stations be correct, and Raphidim be the garden of Wady Feiran, it follows, according to Professor Lepsius, from chapters 18th and 19th of Exodus, where the Mount of God and Rephidim are described as in close contiguity, that Gebel Serbál is the Mount of God, the true Sinai. For the Professor's further able reasoning on this interesting subject, both in favour of the claims of Gebel Serbal and against those of Gebel Mousa and Gebel Katerin, see his "Tour," &c., pp. 34, 35, 59, sqq.* There remains, however, one objection to this conclusion—granting, for argument's sake, the preceding calculations—to wit, the name Feiran, apparently so identical with Paran; this would make Mount Paran and Mount Sinai identical. [1847.]

* Mr. Conder, however, has anticipated Professor Lepsius in his doubts (at least) relative to Gebel Mousa and Gebel Katerin, and he distinctly points out Gebel Serbal as possessing at least equal pretensions. See the *Modern Traveller*, vol. iv, pp. 178 sqq.—Let me add, that I am not sure that Professor Lepsius sufficiently recognises the immediate miraculous evocation (as it were) of the spring that gushed from the rock at the stroke of Moses—any more than the similarly miraculous gift of the manna, which, we are expressly told, putrified and bred worms if it was kept beyond the prescribed time, but remained sweet over the Sabbath, a fact (*inter alia*) irreconcilable with the theory that it was the gum which exudes from the tarfa or tamariak tree. [1847.]

At the proper season, the Zoalia Arabs, the owners of these gardens, who entrust the cultivation to the Tebenna, a branch of the Gebali tribe, (who receive three out of every ten dates for their trouble,) hold a sort of harvest-home in the valley,—and a merry scene it is then, by all accounts. These Gebali are the descendants of a Christian colony, transported by Justinian from the shores of the Black Sea, to act as servants to his monastic establishment at Mount Sinai. They have long since become Moslems and Bedouins, though the pure tribes never intermarry with them, and, as their daughters are the prettiest girls in the peninsula, many a sad tale of the course of true love thwarted is current in the glens.

About four o'clock we lost sight of the last palm, and, after riding awhile through a wood of tarfa trees, they too ceased—adieu for ever to the gardens of Wady Feiran! I shall never probably see them again, but often, often will they gleam in loveliness on my waking and sleeping visions. We encamped at a quarter to five, about ten minutes beyond El Boueb, "the Mouth," a remarkable defile in the valley, not more than eight paces broad in the narrowest part, and beyond which the valley takes the name of Wady Sheikh.

The Waled Said encamp for the present about half way between this spot and Mount Sinai. Notwithstanding that the day after the morrow was the second Bairam, a great feast among the Mahometans, Hussein most hospitably invited us to visit his tribe in the hills and share his tent the following evening, and proceed the third day to the convent. We were anxious to press on, and therefore declined his invitation; but, on reflecting that our visit, so kindly urged, would have excluded him, and all our other Bedouins, from participating in the festivity of their tribe, we could not

but feel equally delighted at having received such an invitation, and at having declined it.

Thursday morning, the 16th of March, we started at half-past five, commencing a continual ascent towards the elevated district of Sinai; the rising sun was just lighting up the peaks of the mountains—it was very cold at first till he had fairly risen—the birds were singing their matins merrily; again and again did I look back on the valley, closed directly behind us by the noble peaks of Gebel Serbal; at this early hour of the reddish brown, with deep blue shadows; there are five peaks, or perhaps six; at least from this point there appeared to be so many—each composed of several pinnacles; the mountain is prolonged westwards, displaying another peak of lower elevation, but very beautiful. William sketched it from this point, the best, I think, that could be chosen—he is verily an admirable draughtsman.

Soon afterwards, leaving to the left the usual circuitous route to Mount Sinai by Wady Sheikh, we turned up Wady Selaff, a long valley, broader but far less picturesque than Wady Feiran, yet affording rich pasturage for sheep and goats, which were feeding there in considerable flocks, tended by Bedouin shepherdesses. The *rattam*, a species of broom, bearing a white flower, delicately streaked with purple, afforded me frequent shelter from the sun, as I walked on in advance of the caravan;* and two other shrubs, the *selleh* †—thorny, with leaves of the lightest tint of

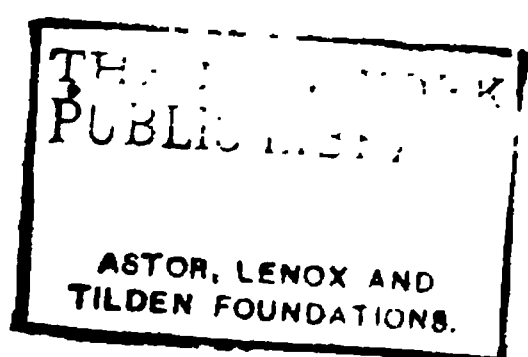
*The *rattam* is the 'genista rætam' of Forskal. Robinson, *B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 124.—This is the Hebrew *rothem*, the plant under which Elijah rested in the wilderness of Horeb, wrongly translated 'juniper' in our version. *Ibid.* p. 299. [1847.]

† "Apparently the *Zilla myagrioides* of Forskal." Robinson. [1847.]

green, bearing a very pretty flower of a light pink colour, beautifully streaked inside—and the *ooraga*, deep green, with hairy pods, ending each in a thorn, instead of leaves, and bearing a small pink flower, five petals with yellow stamina—delighted me with their simple beauty. Hundreds of little lizards—the colour of the sand, and called by the Bedouins *serabani*, were darting about, and altogether I hardly felt myself in the desert.

We reached the foot of Gebel How about half-past eleven. I mounted my dromedary there, having walked ever since starting, but soon got down again, for it was as much, we found, as the animals could do, to cross the mountain. Two of them, indeed, knocked up, and were left behind; the Arabs took them back that evening, returning to the camp of their tribe. This route through the Wady How—one of the wildest and most extraordinary defiles I ever saw, leads in a direct line to Mount Sinai. The path, rudely paved in the steepest part, winds amongst fallen rocks, many of them of enormous size, and some bearing inscriptions in the same unknown character as those in the Wady Mokatteb. One rock, worn deep by the torrents of ages before it thundered down from the heights, singularly resembled a human skull. All the fallen rocks in these valleys—eaten into by the winds and torrents, have a ghastly look. A few shrubby date trees and occasional patches of coarse grass refreshed the eye from time to time, and two or three sparkling mountain streams the parched throat—one of them I discovered myself. The groups of camels slowly defiling along, at different heights of the ravine, and sometimes in different directions, were highly picturesque.*

* Dr. Robinson describes this defile, which he names 'Nukb Hawy,' 'Windy Pass,' as "between blackened cliffs of granite some eight hundred feet high, and not more than two hundred and fifty yards apart. . . Although I had crossed the most rugged passes of





Gebel Shereyk (the Northern Prolongation of Mount Sinai) and the Plain of Kaba.

We reached the summit about two;* the Mountain of Sinai, or rather its northern prolongation, called Gebel Shereyk,† stood nobly out, as we descended the broad plain El Raha, that slopes to its foot, the scene of the encampment of the Israelites. On the left, after about an hour and a half's gradual descent, we passed the opening of Wady Sheikh, (which, had we not crossed Gebel How, we should have had to go round by, and to retrace going to Akaba,)—and soon afterwards, on the right, a stone on which, according to the monks, Moses broke the tables of the Law, on coming down from the Mount and seeing the calf-worship. Hussein called it *Hadj Mousa*, “the stone of Moses.” Hassan, another of our Bedouins, who had been praying as he walked, saluted it with his hands.

In a few minutes more, advancing up a narrow ravine at the extremity of the plain, and passing the garden with its lofty cypresses, we arrived under the walls of the Convent of St. Catherine, a regular monastic fortress—it has exactly the appearance of one, and is indeed, defended by guns against the Arabs. A window, under

the Alps,” he adds, “and made from Chamouny the whole circuit of Mont Blanc, I had never found a path so rude and difficult as that we were now ascending.” *B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 129. [1847.]

* “We were shown a remarkable isolated rock standing in the valley south of Gebel How, and called by the Arabs the rock struck by Moses—different therefore from the one pointed out as such by the monks. It has been worn by torrents, and there is a deep cavity on one side near the ground.” *Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

† The ‘Mount Serich’ of Pococke. Dr. Robinson, who does not give this name, thinks that the peak of es-Sussafeh, rather behind the projection named Gebel Shereyk, is the true Sinai. See the *B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 157.—“The name,” says Lepsius, “of another portion of the same ridge of mountains, called Gebel Charuf, ‘the sheep mountains,’ seems to be a corruption of Horeb, or more properly Choreb.” *Tour*, &c., p. 64.—I did not hear of Gebel Charuf, and can hardly suppose the name I have written Shereyk to be it. [1847.]

a projecting shed, was presently opened, and a rope (Sir Frederick Henniker calls it a halter) dropped, by which first our luggage and letter of introduction from the Greek Convent at Cairo, and then ourselves, were hoisted up by a windlass; there once was a door, but it has been walled up, for, whenever it was opened, which only took place on the arrival of the Archbishop, the Bedouins had the right of entrance. For this reason the Archbishops always reside now at Cairo.

The monks are obliged to supply the Bedouins with bread *à discretion*, and an ample provision in that kind was lowered to them after our ascent. No Arabs are ever allowed to enter, except the servants of the convent.⁽¹⁰⁾ The maxim "*quis custodiat ipsos custodes*," is literally acted upon here; our conference with Hussein, the Sheikh or chief protector of the convent, about conveyance to Akaba, was carried on through a hole in the wall; we squatted on one side, and he stood at the other; it was like talking through a keyhole.

We were received by the Superior and some of the monks on the landing place, but could not answer their greeting, nor make ourselves understood, till Missirie came up, not one of them, apparently, speaking any language that we were acquainted with. Modern Greek and Arabic seem to be the only tongues in use here. The Superior, a fine old man, with a mild benevolent countenance, a long beard and immense mustachoes, (sadly in need of Princess Parizade's scissors,) showed us to our apartment, carpeted and divanned in the eastern style, and adorned by a print of the Virgin and Child, with a lamp burning before it; we sat down with him, and he welcomed us kindly to Mount Sinai. He is a Greek from Candia; I had the pleasure of informing him a day or two afterwards, when he told me of his birth-place, that an ancestor of mine, Sir Alexander de

Lindesay of Glenesk, a brave and adventurous knight, died there on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, in 1382. Dried fruit and rakie, a strong brandy made from dates, were presented to us while dinner was in preparation—*maigre*, it being Lent.

Father Dimitri ciceroned us over the convent two or three days afterwards.* It resembles a little fortified town, irregularly built on the steep side of the mountain, and surrounded by lofty walls; the passages and courts are kept very neat and clean; balconies with wooden balustrades run round each area, on which the doors of the several apartments open; texts of Scripture are inscribed on the walls in every direction—in inextricably contracted Greek.

The principal church, built by the Emperor Justinian, the founder of the convent, is really beautiful; the richly ornamented roof is supported by rows of granite pillars barbarously whitewashed; the pavement is of marble;—the walls are covered with portraits of saints, the Virgin and Child, and scenes from the Bible, in the old Byzantine style of the middle ages; most of them are modern, but some are very ancient and very interesting for the history of the art; they are almost all in good preservation. The concha of the tribune displays in mosaic work, contemporary with Justinian, the Transfiguration of our Saviour.† The chapels are also full of paintings, some of them Russian, but in the same style, the painting of Russia being a branch of that of Byzantium. The nave is lighted by a superb silver chandelier, presented by Elizabeth of Russia, and I saw

* Father Neophytus was Superior at the time of Dr. Robinson's visit, a year afterwards. He died a few months subsequently. [1847.]

† The first example of the ancient traditional Byzantine composition, perfected, a thousand years afterwards, by Raphael. [1847.]

several candelabra of great beauty. The reading desks, &c., are of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl inlaid. In the choir is preserved the coffin in which Saint Catherine's bones are said to repose, and the silver lid of a sarcophagus, embossed with the portrait of Anne of Russia, who intended being buried here. (11)

We put off our shoes from off our feet before approaching the most revered spot on Mount Sinai, or rather Horeb, (as they call this part of the mountain,)—where our Lord is said to have appeared to Moses in the burning bush. This little chapel is gorgeously ornamented; a New Testament in modern Greek, with superbly embossed covers, lies on the altar,—behind it, they show—not exactly the burning bush, but a shrub which they say has flourished there ever since, its lineal descendant. The kind, hospitable monks are not to blame—they believe as the tale has been handed down to them; but on what authority, we must again and again ask, are these spots pointed out as the scenes mentioned in the Bible?

The monks are summoned to their different services by striking with a mallet on a piece of wood suspended in one of the upper galleries. Two small bells of Russian manufacture, and very sweet tone, hang there also.

Close to the church rises the minaret of a mosque! built, for the nonce, three centuries ago, when the convent was threatened by the Paynim Soldan of Egypt; he spared the convent for its sake. It is plain and unornamented—the contrast of a Scotch kirk to an Italian cathedral—and is seldom used unless some Turkish pilgrim of rank visit Mount Sinai. The refectory is a spacious apartment, a world too wide for the shrunk body corporate of Saint Catherine's votaries. There are only twenty-two monks now. (12) One of them

reads to his companions, while they dine ; I saw a large folio " Synagogue," as it is called, of passages from the Fathers, printed at Venice, lying on the desk, and several other religious volumes in a small bookcase.

In the archbishop's apartment, now used as the Treasury, we were shown a most beautiful manuscript of the Gospels in Greek, on vellum, in uncial, or capital, letters of gold ; I thought the good father would never have done turning over the preliminary leaves of illuminations, and arranging the silk screens interposed between them. Would that it were in the British Museum ! I wonder whether it has ever been collated.*

I was disappointed in the library of the convent, finding no very ancient Greek manuscripts, or valuable printed books ; a manuscript of Saint Chrysostom, in a great number of folio volumes, all apparently in the same handwriting, interested me most. There are many MSS. of the Scriptures in Greek, and some in Slavonic of portions of the Bible,—many Arabic manuscripts also, all of which were examined by Burckhardt. The books are arranged alphabetically in large cases.

Wednesday, March 22.

Enough of the convent ; now for the environs. Yesterday I ascended Gebel Mousa, commonly called Mount Sinai, and the day before, Gebel Katerin, a much loftier peak of the same mountain ; neither of them agrees with the Sinai described in the Bible.

With two exceptions, all the old travellers that I am acquainted with, from Frameynsperg in 1346 to Belon in 1548, call Gebel Mousa—Horeb, and Gebel Katerin

* The illuminations consist of full-length figures of the Apostles, and are extremely well-executed, the colours as brilliant as if laid on yesterday. It is at least twelve hundred years old. [1847.]

—*Sinai*. Since the middle of the sixteenth century that hallowed name has reverted to Gebel Mousa—reverted, I say, because, from Justinian's time till the beginning of the fourteenth century, the tradition identifying it with Sinai appears to be uninterrupted. In very early times, Gebel Serbal seems to have been the chief place of pilgrimage, under the belief of its being the Mount of God. Such uncertainty hath tradition! (¹³)

Both days were clear and beautiful. Starting on Monday morning, at 20 m. to 10—descending the valley of the convent northwards into the great plain El Raha, and then turning to the left, and winding round Gebel Shereyk—the prolongation of Gebel Mousa that, as I mentioned above, juts into it—I found myself ascending the El Ledja, a deep ravine, running southwards, nearly parallel with the valley of the convent, and separating Gebel Mousa from Gebel Katerin; it is filled with fallen rocks, one of which, a large block of granite to the left of the path, is pointed out as the stone from which Moses struck water; there are above a dozen holes like mouths, from which the stream is said to have issued; it did not appear to me that they were the work of art, chiselled, as some travellers have described them, but certainly this El Ledja, abounding, as it does, in springs of water, cannot be the Vale of Rephidim. (¹⁴)

I reached the rock at a quarter to eleven, and, shortly afterwards, climbing over a low wall, entered the garden of the Convent El Erbayn, or of the Forty Martyrs; I should have mentioned that, to the right, at the entrance of the El Ledja, I passed another convent and garden called El Bostan, and, before reaching the stone of Moses, a beautiful orchard, with seventeen cypresses towering, like obelisks, over apricot and other fruit trees in full

blossom. Nothing can be more refreshing to the eye than these little paradises in the wild.

I entered the Convent El Erbayn,—a rude building, quite deserted. Pilgrims, for two centuries and more, have scrawled their names there; the earliest I saw was, if I recollect rightly, of 1598; the latest that of Professor von Schubert, a German savant, who had been here, with a large party, on his road to Petra, this very month. I looked into the church; a picture of the Virgin glittered through the gloom,—I saw nothing else. The garden or rather orchard, attached to this convent, is delightful. Olives seem to thrive there; it was pleasant walking under their shade, enjoying at the same time the full grandeur of the scenery, clearly discernible through the transparent foliage. The pomegranate trees were quite bare. The white blossoms of the apple and damascene trees presented a lovely contrast to the funeral gloom of three superb cypresses that stand in advance of the convent. (") Under its walls grow two magnificent orange trees; would that a wish could transport them to your greenhouse!

Leaving the convent about 5 m. to 11, and turning westward, I began the ascent of Gebel Katerin by a steep ravine, between Gebel Djeraigni on the left, and Gebel Lehummar on the right,—for every crag of the mountains has its peculiar name among the Arabs. About ten paces from the garden wall lies a large stone, inscribed with the same unknown characters of which we saw such numerous specimens in Wady Mokatteb. I observed others here and there as I ascended. At 10 m. to 12, turning out of the path, and climbing over the rocks, I reached a platform overshadowed by Gebel Djeraigni, which is scooped out, as it were, above it, like Mac Duff's Cave at Earlsferry. At the very foot of the rock rises a small spring of the coldest water, called

Beer El Shonnar, "the well of the partridge;" we drank of it, filled our zumzummiya, and then recommenced the ascent.

Nothing can surpass the rude and gloomy grandeur of these valleys; utter silence reigned on all sides, though, now and then, the report of a gun from the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai murmured around us like distant thunder. Odoriferous shrubs grow in great abundance among the loose stones, as high as the peak of St. Catherine's—which is easier to climb than to descend, the solid granite being split into thousands of diminutive pinnacles and ledges, smooth and slippery, and in some places so nearly perpendicular that a false step would be broken bones, if not worse.

I reached the summit—stood, indeed, above it—on the roof of the chapel (hut, rather) built on the spot whither St. Catherine's remains are said to have been carried by angels, at 5 m. past 1, exactly two hours after leaving El Erbayn; and well—well was I repaid for my toil! The gulfs of Suez and Akaba, with the mountains of Africa and Arabia Deserta bounding the horizon behind them—the white and double chain of the Rua and El Tih mountains running across the peninsula, like an isthmus separating the desert beyond them from the sea of mountains at my feet—this is Sir Frederick Henniker's simile, and none could give a juster idea of their extraordinary appearance; "it seems," he says, "as if Arabia Petræa had once been an ocean of lava, and that, while its waves were running literally mountains high, it was commanded suddenly to stand still"—

("And who commanded—and the silence came—
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?")

—such are the principal features of this superb panorama; condescending to particulars, I recognised Gebel

Mass or Sinai considerably below me,—Gebel Shomar to the south, higher than St. Catherine's,—to the S. W. the plain of El Kaa, intervening between the Sinaite mountains and the low range called Gebel Hemam, bordering on the Red Sea—(Tor is not visible)—and to the N. W. Gebel Serbal, far less picturesque from its elevation than from the Wady Feiran. The direction of the principal valleys was clearly discernible from this great height. On an immense scale, the view strongly reminded me of General Pfyffer's models of Switzerland. The Gulf of Akaba—if I am right in believing I saw it—was of the deepest blue; a very few clouds, but high above the horizon, a bright sunny sky, and breezes fresh and exhilarating as spring, rendered this excursion one of the most delightful I ever took.

The ascent of Mount Sinai is as fatiguing almost as that of St. Catherine. Starting from the convent, the walk commences by the ascent of what is now called Mount Horeb, the general name in Scripture for the district in which Sinai stood, but here considered as the breast from which the peak of Sinai rises. Rude steps have been made by the monks, very wearisome to climb; the only relief is where they have been broken, or where a sheet of granite occurs. Two arched gateways, with a steep ascent between them, lead to a small plain surrounded by rocks, the scene, according to Mahometan tradition, of Moses' interview with the Almighty; a noble cypress tree towers in the centre, with a well of excellent water at its foot. A rude building, called the Convent of St. Elias, or Elijah, commemorates his visit to Horeb. (¹⁶) From this plain begins the still more fatiguing ascent of Sinai. On the summit stand a chapel and a mosque. I climbed to the top of the former, the more elevated of the two, and

from thence enjoyed a superb prospect, similar to that from Mount St. Catherine, but inferior to it, the Gulf of Akaba, being totally concealed. (17) The echo of a pistol there is most extraordinary; mountain after mountain takes up the tale, answering each other across the deep valleys. I descended the other side of the mountain direct to El Erbayn, by a precipitous ravine, nearly opposite that by which I had ascended Mount St. Catherine; and, after resting in the garden, while my cicerone and two or three Arab hangers-on took some refreshment, (a delightfully fresh breeze driving the white blossoms before it like snow-flakes,) returned to the convent. The temperature of these valleys is most delicious.

I have said that neither Gebel Moussa nor Gebel Katerin answer the scriptural description of Mount Sinai; William pointed out to me a hill this morning—Gebel Minnegia, or Linnegia, as the Arabs called it—which he had a strong impression was the real mountain; and, on careful examination, I think he is right. Your kind attention, if you please.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the Israelites encamped on the plain El Raha; it is the largest, indeed the only large plain in all this district,—a noble expanse, covered with shrubs fit for pasturage, and a gentle slope.*

The mountain in question rises directly in front of you, as you descend El Raha, closing the vista formed

* "No traveller," says Dr. Robinson, "has described this plain, nor even mentioned it except in a slight and general manner," and he describes his feelings as "strongly affected at finding here so unexpectedly a spot so entirely adapted to the Scriptural account of the giving of the Law." The notices by Monconys in 1647, and by Morison, in his "*Relation Historique*," are, he says, "though exaggerated the most distinct mention of the plain that I have been

y the valley on the slope of which the convent of St. Catherine stands.

The Israelites, encamping in El Raha, would camp directly in front of Gebel Minnegia, as we are told they did before Mount Sinai.

There is not space enough in the narrow precipitous ravines from which alone the peaks of Gebel Mousa and St. Catherine are visible, or in any other plain or valley in the whole district, for the people to have encamped with such regularity and comfort as it is evident they did, (Exod. c. 32,) nor for their having removed and stood afar off, as they had apparently ample space to do, when trembling at the thunderings and lightnings—nor, after the golden-calf idolatry, for the tabernacle to have been pitched without the camp, far off from the camp,—when all the people rose and stood, every man at his tent-door, and looked after Moses, till he was gone into the tabernacle.

Moses went up to the “*top of the mount*”—and God came down upon Mount Sinai “on the *top of the mount*,” and the glory of the Lord was “like devouring fire on the *top of the mount*,” “in the eyes of the children of Israel,” “in the sight of *all* the people.” Neither Gebel Mousa nor Gebel Katerin are visible from the plain, but the Israelites could have seen the top of the mountain, and the cloud, and Moses’ entrance into it, from every part of the plain, supposing that William’s conjecture be correct, and Gebel Min-

able to find.” *B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 132,—and see also pp. 175 sqq., where he recapitulates “the grounds which led us to the conviction, that the plain of er-Râhah, above described, is the probable spot where the congregation of Israel were assembled.” Dr. Robinson thus came to the same conviction as myself a year subsequently—though his opinion as to the identity of Mount Sinai is very different. [1847.]

negia be really Sinai. I climbed up it this afternoon the highest point is a sheet of dark sunburnt granite and from thence I looked over the convent, directly the El Raha; the mountain stands single, isolated deep ravines, on three sides very precipitous.

It would appear, moreover, from the account Moses, that he went and returned, communicating between the people and their God, without much difficulty of ascent; a hale old man, as he was till death, could easily ascend and descend this mountain twice or thrice in a day—certainly not either Gebel Mousa or Gebel Katerin.

There is nothing in the Bible to lead us to suppose Mount Sinai a very lofty mountain; yet that it was some distance from the camp, though visible from it, we may gather from the account of Moses' return with the two tables; "Moses turned and went down from the mount, and as soon as he drew nigh unto the camp, he saw the calf and the dancing," &c.

The directions to Moses, before the audible utterance of the commandments, were, that bounds should be set unto the people round about, "that they go not up to the mountain, or touch the border of it," on pain of death. And, on the third day, Moses brought the people out of the camp to meet with God—(probably leading some of them up the valley of the convent, and sending others by a more circuitous road to the other side of the mountain)—and they stood at the nether part of the mount, &c.—and when the people heard the voice out of the midst of the darkness, &c., they removed, and stood afar off, retreating, I take it, to the plain, from which they could see just as well; indeed, the divine command was, "Get ye into your tents again."

The inference from these considerations is what I

have already anticipated,—that neither Gebel Mousa nor Mount St. Catherine is the real Sinai, the Mount of God—but that Gebel Minnegia is—as it answers to the conditions of Holy Writ better. It would surprise you, however, to see what a hillock it is in comparison with the heights around it. (¹⁸)

Yet what, after all, avails the inquiry, if we think merely of the stage, and not of the action performed on it? This is the wilderness of Sinai—there can be no doubt of that; and, whichever the individual mount may have been, every hill around heard the thunder and quaked at the sound of the trumpet, waxing louder and louder as God descended in the cloud,—and trembled at the “still small voice,” that, deeper than the thunder, and high above the trumpet, spoke to every man’s ear and heart that fiery law—holy, and just, and good—existing from all eternity, which requires of man that spotless obedience which he cannot yield, and at the first transgression, even in thought, of its purity, lays him under the curse of eternal death—“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.”

One only of Adam’s seed, the man Christ Jesus, has fulfilled that law; we must travel to Jerusalem—we must look to the cross on Calvary, to obtain pardon for having broken it.

Well, dear Anne! time is flying—’tis eleven at night; Hussein arrived this evening with the camels, and the sheikhs of the eastern tribes of the Peninsula to whom they belong; the bargain is struck, and we start betimes to-morrow morning. Adieu!

Yours, my dear Anne! I have now a right to subscribe myself

HADJI LINDSAY.

LETTER II.

Departure for Akaba—Abdallah's wound—return to the Convent—
joined by Dr. Mac Lennan and Mr. Clarke.

Convent of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai,
April 15, 185

You will be surprised, my dear mother, to find that we are still at Mount Sinai. We started for Petra on Thursday morning, the 23rd of March, as we proposed when I last wrote, and had advanced two days on the road to Akaba, when an accident occurred to Abdallah which obliged us to return to the convent, and has detained us here ever since. We had pitched the tent and were just lying down to rest ourselves, when a pistol went off, and we heard him crying, "Son morto! He had shot himself—not in the stomach, as we feared at first, but in the thigh; the strength of the muscle turned the ball, and it had come out three or four inches below. What was to be done? We were two days east of the convent—no doctor nearer than Cairo except a Pole, who had left Mount Sinai the morning before in a contrary direction. I despatched an Arab forthwith, on one of the dromedaries, to Cairo for a surgeon, bidding him call at the convent to see whether Dr. Mac Lennan, our Essouan friend, also bound for Petra, had arrived there. Poor Abdallah was obliged to interpret, and give all these directions himself.

Hussein, meanwhile, and the Arabs, dressed his wound with rakie, a fiery brandy distilled from dates, which they consider a sovereign specific,—we thought it best to let them doctor him their own way; they then gave him a soporific draught, made of a shrub

alled *shia*, that grows wild in the desert,* and presently he fell fast asleep—not so we. This was on Friday night, Good Friday.

The next two days passed very heavily, as you may well imagine. After much deliberation, we contrived a bed for him, as comfortable as circumstances admitted of, on the back of a camel. Hussein and Nuzzer, another of our Bedouins—kind attentive creatures—walked by his side the whole of both days, steadying the bed and taking care of him, but he suffered much, and groaned sadly; the *shia* drink, however, procured him some refreshing sleep. What with the wound, the camels' pace on uneven and rocky ground, and the heat of the sun, an European would have been in a high fever, but he arrived at the Convent as cool almost as he left it—most providentially, for no Dr. Mac Lenan had arrived, and no one knew how to bleed him, and that operation been requisite. Then for his entrance—there was no possible way of effecting it except by the rope and windlass; it was a ticklish business. William stayed below, and I above, to direct proceedings; he was hoisted up, secured by cords, in one of our iron bedsteads, William and Missirie steadying it by two ropes below. The projecting window-ledge was too narrow to admit of the bed's ascent to the level of the window, and, consequently, to get at him, it was necessarily so much depressed at one end, that I dreaded his slipping through, a fall of thirty feet. It was an anxious moment till we got hold of him, and when we did, poor fellow, he was obliged to twist himself, and we to pull him, out of the bed and round the cords it was suspended by, before we could land him.

*The *Shih*, or *Artemisia Judaica* of Sprengel." Robinson. [1847.]

He bore it nobly, however; and never was I more thankful than when we fairly laid him down in the court of the convent.

This is the twenty-second day since his wound, and, thank God! he has been recovering, I may say, from the very moment he received it. He has had no fever, has suffered no pain for many days past, and Dr. Mac Lennan, who arrived the day before yesterday, says he will be well, and able to return to Cairo by the end of the month.

Our Bedouin messenger rode night and day, and, resting only three hours at the convent, arrived at Cairo on the fourth day, and returned in five to Mount Sinai; extraordinary speed, when we reflect that the journey had taken us nine days and a half. Dr. Mac Lennan was on the eve of starting for Mount Sinai, and kindly undertook to prescribe for Abdallah; he was detained, however, on the road, and when he made his appearance, we had almost given up all hopes of his arrival.

Hussein, by the bye, unlike most Orientals, did not at all like our sending for a Frank *hakim*, or doctor, for Abdallah. "Let me take him to my tent," said he, "and I will soon cure him."

A hare having crossed the road when we were starting that morning, Abdallah cocked the pistol to fire at it; it was too quick for him, and he replaced the pistol in his belt without uncocking it. At night, when he was hanging it up, something caught the trigger, and it went off. Missirie was close to him; it was a mercy neither he nor any of the Arabs were hurt. A hare's crossing the road on starting, is as bad an omen among Mahometans, as among the Thugs of India, or our own Highlanders. The Arabs attributed the accident, not to Abdallah's carelessness, but to the unlucky

imal. The only way to counteract its evil influence in such an encounter, is to shoot it.

This fortnight's or rather three weeks' residence in the Convent has glided away, all things considered, very agreeably; we have been reading most industriously, the perfect stillness reigning for hours together, no Franks being here, and the monks seldom leaving their cells, except to obey an occasional summons to prayer—perfect stillness, broken only, now and then, by the report of an Arab's gun, echoing among the mountains, and an occasional symphony from the Convent cats—wonderfully promoting our disposition to study. The garden has been my frequent resort, either walking under the shady olives, or sitting in a tree, reading Shakespeare. The Superior generally pays us a visit once a day, and a strange jargon we talk—a medley of Arabic, Italian, ancient and modern Greek.

He has given us two most extraordinary prints, engraved, I believe, in Russia, above a century ago; one representing the life and posthumous adventures of St. Catherine, the other—I hardly know how to describe it; Sinai and Gebel Katerin (Moses receiving the Law on the one, and angels bearing the body of the Saint to the other) occupy the centre of the design—our Saviour's Crucifixion is represented between them—Alexandria and Cairo, the Pyramids, the Nile, the Red Sea and Pharaoh and his host drowning, are seen in the distance—the Tabernacle, the Golden Calf, the Brazen Serpent, are disposed round the sacred mountain, while the foreground is occupied by the Convent and its garden, and a group of Arabs, aiming with guns, and bows and arrows, at the monk who is letting down their supply of bread.—Alas for the unities!

Having lost so much time, we have determined on

sending our heavy baggage, under Styrio's care, (a Greek we have procured from Cairo, in lieu of Abdallah,) across the desert direct to Jerusalem, and riding, ourselves, the whole way on dromedaries, taking nothing with us but the necessary provender, consisting chiefly of rice, biscuits, dried dates, coffee, a few tongues, and water in skins, our small tent, and the blankets and sheets of our beds, which will serve for saddles. ⁽¹⁹⁾ Dr. Mac Lennan and Clarke join us, sending on their baggage the same way. Toualeb, another of Laborde's companions on his journey to Petra, accompanies them—a mild, pleasing-looking, quiet man; he bears as high a character, I believe, as his noble clansman Hussein.* With these gallant *duineuasals* (for that seems to be their rank—private Highland gentlemen) for our guides, we shall get on famously. Monday morning the dromedaries will be here, and then—heigho for Petra!

Adieu, my dear mother. Abdallah will take this letter with him to Cairo.

* Toualeb accompanied Dr. Robinson, who speaks of him repeatedly and with high praise, as “uniformly kind, patient, accommodating, trustworthy, and faithful. . . . He was now about sixty years old, and obviously in the wane of his strength. . . . For a great part of the time he was with us, he was labouring under ill health. His wife had died not long before, leaving him two children, a boy of some twelve years of age, and a girl about eight. These children were now in our train. On inquiry of their father, how he came to take them on such a journey, he said they were alone at home, and he had intended to leave them so; but on his coming away, they cried to go with him, and he said, ‘No matter, get upon the camels and come along.’ . . . The children were light and active. The boy usually watched the camels when they were turned loose to feed. The little girl had fine eyes and a pleasing face. She usually wore only a long flowing shirt, but had a blanket for the night and for cooler days; and commonly rode all day bare-headed under a burning sun. She at first stood in great fear of the strangers, nor did her shyness towards us ever finally wear off.” *B. Researches*, vol. i, pp. 172, 220, 310. [1847.]

LETTER III.

Route to Akaba—conference with the Alouins—Wady Araba—
—Sheikh Hussein's camp—Mount Seir—Petra—cross the desert
to Hebron—Bethlehem—approach to Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, 3rd May, 1837.

MONDAY morning, my dear mother, the 1st of May, we arrived at Jerusalem, after a long, prosperous, and most interesting journey through the wilderness, during which, thank God! I have enjoyed perfect health, and suffered, upon the whole, very little fatigue. Through the kindness of a French naval officer, a perfect stranger to us, who leaves Jerusalem to-morrow, you will receive this letter some weeks sooner than if I wrote either from Beyrout or Cairo.

My last from Mount Sinai informed you how well Abdallah was doing, and that we hoped he would be in Cairo by the end of April; he left the Convent, I find, the day after we did. I thought it useless to say anything to alarm you, but when we started on Monday the 17th, we were in considerable doubt whether or not we should be able to effect our proposed journey. News came on Sunday morning that war was proclaimed between the three Convent tribes and the Mezeine, on account of a claim preferred by the latter to convey travellers to Akaba as well as the former, in whom the monopoly is at present vested. Hussein arrived that evening in his holiday attire, and confirmed the tale; he said, however, that he and Toualeb would willingly take us to Akaba; they would not fight in the Mezeine country, "but if they attack us in ours," said he, "we will:—you must look on, and bear testimony at Cairo."

We started accordingly for Akaba on Monday, at half-past two, and reached it about eleven on Thursday morning, having performed five camel-days' journey in thirty hours and a half—less than three of the dromedaries. The second night we encamped in the enemy's country, but our Bedouins, though they had come well armed, seemed to entertain little apprehension of an attack. I fancy the tale must have been exaggerated to enhance the price demanded for the dromedaries, and that a certain Sheikh Islamaun, who had been very troublesome at our departure from the convent, was at the bottom of it. We resisted his demands, and left him in a great fright, Clarke having asked his name and written it down before his face, a ceremony that has a wonderfully quieting effect upon a noisy Arab.

But I must not run on quite so fast. Though we quitted the convent walls at half-past two, on Monday, we lost half an hour at the entrance to Wady Sheikh, stopping to settle ourselves, and re-arrange the baggage; the Arabs always like to do so on commencing a journey. We got fairly off at three, and at four passed the Sheikh's or Saint's tomb, which gives its name to this noble valley—a great scene of Arab pilgrimage and festivity at the date-harvest. Presently, leaving Wady Sheikh to the left, we commenced the long ascent of Wady Sahal*—strange whispering voices, without any visible cause for them, echoing among the rocks, as I walked on in advance, and out of sight, of the caravan; it was easy, on reflection, to account for them, still it was impossible not to think of Milton's

“aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores, and desert wildernesses.” (20)

* Wady Sal. *Robinson*. [1847.]

We halted at half-past five, a little beyond the spot where we encamped the first time we attempted his road, and which commanded a most beautiful prospect of the Sinaite mountains.

The following morning, after hastily breakfasting on rock, we commenced the eastward descent of Wady lahal, which now narrowed into a long and picturesque defile. We reached its termination in about two hours and a half, and thence proceeded through Wady ul Meran and Wady Legebi* (its curious sandstone rocks resembling the ruins of enormous buildings),—about one o'clock, we passed the spot where Abdallah shot himself, seventeen camel, nine dromedary hours from Mount Sinai; and then entered the district of Huddra†—never did I see such a dismal wilderness; it is neither mountain nor valley, though the Bedouins call it both indifferently, but one vast mass of arid rock—sometimes split into deep ravines, presenting perpendicular walls on either side, smooth as if cut down like a hay-rick, yet honey-combed in long, narrow, parallel lines, resembling at a distance friezes of Egyptian hieroglyphics—sometimes, a succession of isolated rocks, crumbling, as it were, with decay, jagged as if an ocean had torn its way between them, and generally shapeless, though one, as we passed it, singularly resembled a criosphinx. I have not a doubt that Burckhardt is right in his conjecture that this is the Hazeroth of Moses, where Miriam—nay, the very rocks look stricken with leprosy.‡

* Wady Murrah? and Wady Ajeibah. *Robinson*. [1847.]

† El-Hudhera. *Robinson*. [1847.]

‡ Dr. Robinson observes that “the identity of the Arabic and Hebrew names is apparent, each containing the corresponding radical letters; and the distance of eighteen hours from Sinai accords well enough with the hypothesis. The determination of this point is perhaps

Beyond Huddra, we crossed the mountains on foot into Wady Resale* (Rissah?)—I saw a few inscriptions there, in the unknown character of Wady Mokatteb; and then, passing through Wady Ruhabiyeh,† we encamped in Wady Semrhi,‡ after above eleven hours' ride.

We had a long talk with Hussein and Toualeb that night, partly about the tribes of the peninsula, partly about our own situation, for, as I said above, we were in the heart of the enemies' country here. Toualeb told us, with a funny air of secrecy, that they had a Gherashi man with them, one of a tribe in alliance with the Mezeine, (21) and that, if they molested us, they would kill him. "Hussein and I," said he, turning to him with a gesture of affection, "are brothers, and if any man hurts me, Hussein will have his life." "We are all brothers," said Hussein—and indeed I should love him as a brother, were I to take to the tent and turn Bedouin, as our friend Clarke often threatens he will for a season.§

of more importance in Biblical history than would at first appear; for if this position be adopted for Hazeroth, it settles at once the question as to the whole route of the Israelites between Sinai and Kadesh. It shows, that they must have followed the route upon which we now were to the sea, and so along the coast to Akabah; and thence probably through the great Wady el-Arabah to Kadesh. Indeed, such is the nature of the country, that having once arrived at this fountain, they could not well have varied their course, so as to have kept aloof from the sea and continued along the high plateau of the western desert." *B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 224. I need only add, that the identity of El Huddra and Hazeroth need not (I think) be questioned, even on the supposition of Gebel Serbal being the true Sinai. [1847.]

* Wady Ghuzaleh. *Robinson*. [1847.]

† Wady er-Ruwehibiyeh. *Robinson*. [1847.]

‡ Wady es-Samghy. *Robinson*. [1847.]

§ The affair alluded to here and at the commencement of this letter was a much more serious one than I was aware of at the time. Dr. Robinson relates the story as follows, as he heard it from the

Wednesday morning, we descended through Wady

Arabs on the spot:—"Only two of the divisions of the Sawáliheh, viz., the Dhuheiry and Awarimeh, together with the tribe Aleikat, stand in the relation of Ghaffirs or protectors to the convent; while the other division of the former tribe, the Kurrashy, as also the tribe Muzeiny, do not enjoy this privilege. Hence the Kurrashy and Muzeiny are often in league against the convent and its protectors; and at all times cherish towards them an unfriendly spirit. An instance of this kind occurred no longer ago than the preceding year, in reference to Lord Lindsay and his party on their departure from the convent. . . . The Kurrashy and Muzeiny, wishing to break down the monopoly of the protectors, applied to carry the party from the convent to Akabah. As soon as this became known, the three tribes of protectors assembled in Wady Seheb (near Wady ash-Sheikh) under their sheikhs Musa and Muteir; while the two former tribes also collected in Wady el-Akhdar under their sheikhs Sâlih and Khudeir. The decision of the travellers was waited for with anxiety. If they concluded to take those who were not protectors, it was to be the signal for the protectors to fall upon the others in deadly conflict. But they decided for the protectors; and then the other party declared that they would appeal to the Pasha. Here, however, the convent in Cairo interfered, and the appeal was never made." *B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 205.

I have no doubt this is all strictly correct. The question, whether we would adhere to long-established usage or no, was proposed and answered in a breath, as might be expected from English Conservatives—and thus, it seems, much bloodshed was prevented. We attached little importance to it at the moment, but I remember as if it were yesterday the arrival of Hussein, in his holiday dress, fresh from the council described by Dr. Robinson, as the ambassador and spokesman of the protector tribes, and our conference in the garden, seated in a circle under the olive-trees—the grey-bearded superior presiding, a few of the monks in their long robes grouped beside him—ourselves opposite—Missirie standing a little without the circle interpreting, and Hussein in the midst gesticulating as he spoke—the bright sun-rays glancing the while through the olive-leaves, and flickering on the ground beneath us.—"Subsequently to this," adds Dr. Robinson, "a French traveller took one of the Muzeiny as guide to Akabah, against the counsel and influence of the convent, the Arab having gained over the dragoman of the traveller by a present. But by the advice of the convent, the protectors took no further revenge than to procure for him a sound drubbing at Akabah. . . .

Saadi by a most romantic pass called El Boueb,* to Nouebe,† (**) on the gulf of Akaba, (**) a village of the Mezeine, surrounded by superb date-trees. From this place, the road follows the shore almost the whole way to the Fort of Akaba, and the scenery is at once magnificent and lovely. The weather was beautiful, the breeze delicious, and I never enjoyed myself more. Numbers of diminutive crabs were running about on the sands, and little fish and small sharks in great numbers sporting in the shallows. The shore was covered with leaves and "scattered sedge" washed in by the tide,

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa"—

if I may unyoke a couple of Milton's similes, and make them tilt at each other, on the principle that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. There too I tasted the red homr-berry—very sweet, but it made me thirstier than our scanty provision of water justified.

After eleven hours' ride and a half, the camels being quite knocked up, we halted in Wady Gheblee—five hours more on Thursday morning took us to the fort of Akaba.

The Turkish Governor here proved a most uncourteous dog. When Clarke spoke to him, he neither looked up nor took any notice of him, and when we all sat down under a verandah of dried palm-leaves, he offered us no pipes; on this Clarke and Ramsay asked for theirs, and, after a few whiffs, offered them to

There seems, however, a strong probability, that this matter will not be definitively settled without blood." *B. Researches, loc. cit.* What may have happened since in this struggle of Whig and Tory interests in the peninsula I know not. [1847.]

* El Abweib. *Robinson.* [1847.]

† Ain el-Naiweibia. *Robinson.* [1847.]

Descent through the Wady Qutr towards Nusebe, on the flint of Akaba

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Sheet of the Red Sea looking towards Akaba.

1

2

Hussein and Toualeb, which much surprised the Turks; and our coolness, taking no notice of them in return for their incivility, and chatting and laughing just in our usual way, as if they had not been present, seemed quite to disconcert them. The consequence was, that the next day the Governor was all smiles and complaisance. We parted with our friends Hussein and Toualeb that night; they offered to go on with us, if we wished it, but said that the Alouins, (with whom we were to proceed to Petra and Hebron) were men with "big bellies"—they were nothing in comparison with them, and would be of no use to us; they were evidently very unwilling to proceed, and we also, on further consideration, thought it would be better to make our own bargain, and trust ourselves wholly to the Alouins, when once it was struck. We kissed, therefore, and parted, and they went back to their own country the same night.*

Bed-time came; the travellers' room absolutely swarmed with bugs; my friends lay down to sleep,—I had not courage to do so, but sat up reading all night—the creatures absolutely covered me, crawling down over the very page I was reading; my companions on the floor fared still worse—grievous were the exclamations. And sad to say, there was no escape—the door had a spring-lock, and one of the party having

* "We parted with our Towarah Arabs with regret, and with the kindest feelings. For thirty days they had now been our companions and guides through the desert, and not the slightest difficulty had arisen between us. On the contrary, they had done all in their power to lighten the toils of our journey, and protect us from discomforts by the way. In all our subsequent journeyings we found no guides so faithful and devoted." *Dr. Robinson, B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 311.—"A more honest, simple, kind-hearted set of men," says Mr. Kinnear, "I never met with." *Cairo, Petra, &c.*, p. 113. [1847.]

shut it imprudently, we were fairly prisoners; there was nothing for it but patience—it was certainly the most wretched night I ever spent; however, I had a refreshing plunge in the Red Sea next morning, which set me quite to rights. The second night we slept under the verandah of the court—a most happy change. The fort, a very ordinary building, is embowered in groves of beautiful palm-trees.

On Saturday morning, the twenty-second, Sheikh Hussein, and Sheikh Salem, two chieftains of the Alouins,* whom we had sent for on Thursday, arrived at the fort. The prices paid by former travellers for conveyance to Petra and Hebron had been most exorbitant; one gentleman, acting on a generous, but I think, mistaken principle, threw away £150, in order to prepossess the Bedouins in favour of the English; another allowed himself to be dictated to, and paid whatever his guides demanded, gave them whatever they asked for on the road, and his tent, dress, and all his camp equipage, a double-barrelled gun, &c. on arriving at Hebron! We felt no inclination to imitate their example, more especially as two gentlemen, Messrs. Beke and Estridge, had passed a few weeks before for four thousand two hundred piastres, equivalent, including presents, &c. to about fifty pounds. We were *four*, and the demands of the Bedouins had generally been regulated by the number of travellers.

* Dr. Robinson seems to confound Sheikh Salem with Sheikh Hussein, and observes, "This is the same person whom Schubert calls 'Emir Salem of Gaza, the great Sheikh of the Araba.' We heard nothing of any such name or attributes." We understood him to be Sheikh Hussein's brother, which, in Arab phrase, may imply kinsman. Great respect was shown him, even by Hussein himself, when we were his guests afterwards at the camp. Mr. Kinnear, I observe, also describes him as Sheikh Hussein's brother [1847.]

We determined, therefore, to bargain merely with reference to the number of camels,—all of us agreeing in the wish to clear the way for future travellers by reducing to something reasonable the absurd price hitherto paid for passage through a most interesting country,—not that we did not also, as Britons, feel considerable dislike at the idea of allowing ourselves to be cheated, and travelling as servants instead of masters. We took up our line therefore, persevered in it, and were completely successful, having had our own way from first to last.

Accordingly, after seating our guests on the divan outside our apartment, and presenting them with coffee, &c., we asked them with very little ceremony, and as a mere every-day bargain, for what sum they would convey us by Wady Moussa to Hebron? Sheikh Hussein's first demand was fifteen thousand piastres, that is one hundred and fifty pounds, for twenty-three camels, alleging that number to be requisite for ourselves and a guard. We told them that two acquaintances of ours had gone through for four thousand four hundred, and that we had no idea of paying more, as we should not require more camels than they did. They then came down to ten thousand, and eight thousand. We left them, and retired into our den, leaving them to talk it over. Presently they sent in to say, they were going; had we any thing more to say? "No!" was the answer. On this, they came in themselves, and said the sum offered was too little,—a long discussion ensued, but without the fury we expected,—perhaps the coffee we assiduously plied them with smoothed matters. We told them we had already sent our baggage direct to Hebron; if it suited their convenience to take us for four thousand piastres, it would suit ours to pay that sum, but no more; if you

will take us, *taib* ! if not, *taib* ! We would pay what our countrymen had paid, though they had heavy baggage, and we had scarcely any. It ended by their proposing four thousand five hundred :—we wished to have a hold over them, and caught at it. “ Well,” said, “ Englishmen have one word ; four thousand piastres is our word : if we are satisfied with your conduct on the journey, we will give you five hundred more at El Halil (Hebron) as bagshish.” They agreed to this, and the bargain was struck ;—three thousand (as our predecessors had also stipulated) to be paid here, the rest at Hebron, and nothing whatever to be paid or given, either to themselves or any other tribe or individuals, on the road.

The camels were at the gate, ready to be let in, and we should have started immediately, had not a new difficulty arisen in a refusal on the part of the governor to let them in, or us out, unless we paid the soldiers two hundred piastres ; this we positively refused, telling him that we had intended giving one hundred and eight to himself for his apartments, which we offered him ; he would not take them, went off in a huff, and we saw no more of him.

Matters looked rather serious now ; the gates were shut, the soldiers interested in keeping us in, our personal and national honour interested in getting out without submitting to this extortion. We produced the Pasha's firman, and threatened to write to Habib Effendi at Misr (Cairo) unless the gates were opened. This did no good. The Sheikh, even Missirie, earnestly begged us to give in, but we were very unwilling to do so, though, to all appearance, there was no other chance of our getting out. At this moment, however, the *topgi*, or head-gunner, the man next in authority to the governor, and a nasty, sneaking rascal, imparti-

ntly interfering in the conversation, Clarke told him, plain Arabic, to hold his tongue; which produced a most unlooked-for effect; he ran away in a rage, and saying it was no use keeping the Franks in to insult him, ordered the gates to be opened, and the camels admitted; and presently came fawning up to Clarke like a beaten spaniel.*

The difficulty was over and the point given up, but, by the Sheikh's intercession, we gave a bagshish to the porter, and two or three similar fees, which redeemed our character from illiberality as effectually as our previous opposition had established it for English inextinguishability. We experienced the good effects of our assistance all the rest of the journey. At its commencement the Sheikh was constantly begging for this and that in a most unchieftain-like manner, and so did some of his people; but I must do them the justice to say they were a far superior set to their Sheikh, a weak man apparently, greedy and encroaching, but infirm of purpose, so that, finding the English had one word always, he made no attempt latterly either to control, frighten, or flatter us.†

* We did write to Cairo after reaching Jerusalem, and the representation seems to have been attended to, for Dr. Robinson, a year afterwards, found the governor "a young man, who had been here only four or five months; his predecessor having been recalled, it was said, on account of incivility to former travellers. There was therefore, in his whole demeanor towards us, now, and afterwards, an air of studied endeavour, not indeed to please and gratify us, but to conduct himself as to avoid complaint and future censure."—The Doctor, however, eventually, like ourselves, "found the whole establishment to be a nest of harpies, and was heartily glad to quit the castle." *B. Researches*, vol. i, pp. 242, 249.—Messrs. Kinnear, Pell, and Roberts, taking warning by our entrapment, encamped outside the walls. *Cairo, Petra, &c.*, p. 99. [1847.]

† Mr. Kinnear, who travelled with Sheikh Hussein a year afterwards, and had experience of his rapacity, observes, "Notwithstanding

The Bedouins feel no shame in begging, and, unless met firmly at first, will prove very troublesome to a traveller. They are perfect children in their demands; fancy their asking us for *kohol*, or antimony, for tinging the eyelids, in the heart of the desert! Thus much premised, they possess many fine and generous qualities, in which the *belladeen*, or town-Arabs, are very deficient; they will cheat, lie, stoop to any means to win in a bargain, but, once struck, they will adhere to it faithfully; they will plunder without mercy the traveller they casually meet in the desert, but you might trust one's life to a Bedouin after having struck hands and eaten with him.

So secure is property in the peninsula of Mount Sinai, that, on a tree going to Akaba, we found a cloak still hanging up untouched, which some traveller had left there more than three weeks before, when we first travelled that road. I have no doubt it is still hanging there, unless the owner has reclaimed it.* The Sheikhs, like the Forty Thieves, have much wealth in rich dresses, &c. laid up in caves in different parts

ing this, Sheikh Hussein is rather a remarkable character. Although one of the chiefs of a very powerful tribe, he is no warrior. Indeed his own followers did not scruple to say, 'Hussein is a great coward' but they added, 'he can do more with his tongue than all the other sheikhs with their swords.' He is certainly the most unblushing liar I ever met with. . . . He is naturally of a very irascible temper, over which, however, he has most perfect command." *Cairo, Petra, &c.*, p. 174.—This character I should think correct. At the same time I must do him the justice to say that we never found him in speech or manner ungentlemanlike, and, so far as I could judge, he bore no malice in return for our uniformly insisting on having our own way. [1847.]

* "In passing through Wady Sa'l, on our way to Akabah," says Dr. Robinson, "we saw a black tent hanging on a tree; Tawileh said it was there when he passed the year before, and would never be stolen." *B. Researches*, vol. i, p. 210.—I had mistaken it for a cloak. [1847.]

the peninsula; the situation of these is well known, and they are merely secured by wooden locks, but no one, I believe, ever heard of their being violated. The names of towns are said to be almost unknown among them. Like all mankind, they have much good and much evil mixed up in their compositions, but their vices seem to be of a less debasing character than those of any other orientals.

Our guides were, for the most part, cheerful, good-natured fellows, handsome, with a wild and fierce expression of countenance, quite in character with the race whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against theirs. We found them, however, by no means the hardy set we expected.

We started for Petra at ten minutes past one. I cannot express to you what a relief it was to feel ourselves once more in the desert, free men; and how strong the dislike of being cooped up within walls and cities grows in the course of a continued journey through it. Nothing could be more beautiful than the Gulf of Akaba, gleaming through its fringe of palm-trees, as we left the fort, like a placid lake—an eye, rather, of the deepest blue, eye-lashed with palms, and eye-lidded with the Arabian mountains.

Our course lay up the great Wady Araba—from the days of Solomon to those of the Romans the grand commercial route by which the riches of Ophir and the Indies were conveyed from Eloth and Eziongeber, (both situated near Akaba,) to Jerusalem.

But far deeper is its interest when we think of it as the oft-retrodden path of the Israelites, the scene of so many incidents in their history, while “compassing Mount Seir many days,” between their first residence at Kadesh Barnea and their final departure for the land of Canaan. Then, as now, it must have presented the

same dreary waste—sand hills beyond sand hills, tufted with broom and other bushes, affording excellent pasturage, but still a dreary solitude—a howling wilderness; while the Edomites from their Black Mountains looked down on them in scorn, as they slowly and sadly retraced their steps to Hashmonah.

We rode on for four hours, and then halted to wait for the Sheikh, who had remained behind in the fortress. He came at last—the governor, when we were gone, shut the gates, and extorted from him five hundred piastres of those he had received from us! He sat down with “his children” round him in a circle, and drank his coffee, and we presently remounted, and rode on for two hours and a half by starlight.

The description of one night's encampment will give you an idea of all. We halted usually on some spot where the camels could find shrubs for food, and we dry bushes for fuel; three fires were then lighted, one for Missirie and Hassan, Clarke's servant, one for the Sheikh and his children, and a third for the lower caste of his clansmen. Nothing could be more picturesque than the night-scenes these fires and the wild groups gathered round them exhibited. The first night two Arabs quarrelled and flew at each other with their drawn swords, but were held back by their friends, and with some (apparent) difficulty pacified. If a *ruse* to try our nerves, which I hope we were not uncharitable in believing it, it failed egregiously.—The Arabs, by the way, when they *do* come to blows, always strike with the palms of their hands, as the soldiers struck our Saviour—never with the fist. Our tent was soon pitched and struck; our food was rice, bread, tongues, coffee, and occasionally mutton; a blanket and the sheets of our bedding took up little room, serving for saddles during the day-time, and we made easy shift

with two or three changes of linen. And was not this faring like princes? We were off almost always before sunrise, and travelled about ten or eleven hours till near sun-set, resting about half an hour, generally, at mid-day. We enjoyed the most lovely weather during the whole journey; excessive heat was what we expected, but it proved, on the contrary, delightfully cool and temperate.

Starting at four in the morning, we reached Sheikh Hussein's camp about one, on Sunday afternoon. The tents were ranged in a crescent, and very low, except the Sheikh's. We alighted before it, and were most gracefully received by his eldest son, a boy about ten or eleven, arrayed in his little *kefia*, or head-dress of the desert, red boots, &c., a Bedouin Sheikh in miniature; in fact, he bears that rank, and wields a Sheikh's authority in the camp, during his father's absence. Sheikh Hussein, determined that we should be his guests that evening, had ordered the camels that carried our tent to be kept in the rear; coming up presently, he renewed our welcome, and invited us into his tent, whither we followed, and sat down on the mat beside him, our backs towards the ladies' compartment, separated from ours by a thin partition only. We heard them chattering behind us at a great rate.

It was a bright, warm afternoon, and the fire in the centre of the tent, and the clouds of tobacco-smoke, were, at first, almost stifling. The wild Alouins gathered round us, and presently our *dejeûné* made its appearance; first *leban* was served—sour milk,—and then a mixture of butter, bread, sugar—I really do not know all its component parts, but it was excellent,—then pipes,—and coffee was repeatedly served by a slave who sat constantly grinding and supplying new comers with that truly oriental luxury.⁽²⁴⁾ Each guest, as he

entered, was kissed by the principal members of the circle, except the Sheikh—hearty double kisses; the Sheikh rose when Sheikh Salem made his appearance. Little ceremony was observed, though much respect was shown to the Sheikh, who spoke and gesticulated with considerable dignity. It was a strange scene altogether, but one group was really beautiful,—Sheikh Hussein, in his robes of scarlet and red turban, widely different, both in dress and features, from his clansmen—with his young son, so fair and graceful, lying at his feet, and looking fondly up in his face. Many other children were admitted into the circle, or played outside the tent,—all of them, seemingly, much indulged. Others, quite black and stark-naked, were running about among the tents.

When we had had enough of it, we slipped out from under the corner of the tent, and repaired to our own, where we found the little Sheikh Mohammed sitting at the door, watching Missirie's proceedings; we invited him in; he sat down very modestly, at first on the sand, then on the bed. We gave him some preserved dates and nebbeks for himself and his little brothers. While dinner was in preparation, (for the Sheikh had killed a sheep for us,) we squatted before the tent with the Bedouins, playing with a young wolf, and watching the evening occupations of the camp. Children were at play,—women, in their long blue robes, bringing in dry wood for the night fires—two others were grinding at the mill at the door of one of the tents; an animated talk was going on in the Sheikh's—his horse was prowling about in its rich trappings,—goats (the little Bedouin goat is a beautiful creature) smelling about our tent, and at the slumbering Hassan, not knowing what to make of him,—dogs barking, &c. &c., a happy, cheerful, peaceful scene as ever I witnessed!

At last, Sheikh Hussein made his appearance with a large wooden bowl full of mutton, and we all gathered round it, the Sheikh and his son, ourselves, Missirie, and Hassan,—and commenced operations, dipping in the dish, and eating with our fingers in the eastern fashion. Large soft cakes of excellent bread, like Scotch scones, disposed round the dish, served at once for plates and food,—read this to Sir Robert Leigh, and he will quote Virgil.—The Sheikh came again to coffee, with Abdel-Hug's (M. Linant's) letter of introduction for Clarke and Mac Lemman, stuck in his girdle; yesterday he carried it on his turban; I doubt whether he could read it.

The camp at night was a beautiful spectacle, a crescent of lights and fires flaming around us, the grinding still continuing. A lively confab was still going on in Sheikh Hussein's tent; we were told afterwards that the tribe were much dissatisfied at his having engaged to conduct us for so little,—if so, it tells highly for him that he never mentioned it to us.*

The grinding was still going on when we woke next morning; and a man churning butter in a skin, sawing it on his knee; two children were plaguing the poor little wretch of a wolf, pulling it about with a string—but it will bite soon. The little Sheikh Mohammed breakfasted with us on coffee, leban, and bread, and, before starting, we presented him with a pair of yellow morocco slippers and boots for his mother, who made her appearance in her finery at the moment of our departure.—And so we bade farewell to our friendly Bedouins.

After four hours' continual, but very gentle, ascent,

* "Nor did any one utter the word *bagshish* the whole time we were there." *Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

we came in sight of Mount Hor, now called Gebel Haroun, or Aaron's mountain, whose house Hassan very gravely informed us he had seen at Bagdad—mistaking him for Haroun Alraschid. An hour and a half farther, after passing the entrance to Wady Sabra, we quitted Wady Araba, and ascended eastwards into the dreary Gebel Shera, the Mount Seir of Scripture, (*) through Wady Hower (which appears to be the ancient name of the mountain transferred to the valley) and Wady Abou-ghshebi.*

We had seen nothing hitherto but sand, stones, rattam, and the usual thorny plants of the desert; it was very hot too, that day—"Shoof!" cried somebody—and imagine my thrill of delight at seeing, close to me, a large bush of oleander in full flower! I longed for you and Anne! the Arabs call it *defila*.† We saw plenty more of it as we advanced deeper into the mountains; we encamped that night, I may almost say, in a little grove of it, at the point where the ravine widens, and the most difficult part of the ascent to Petra begins,—two hours and forty minutes from Wady Araba. The groups of Alouins that night gathered round their fires, their guns resting against the oleanders that formed a flowery crescent round our tent, were studies for a Salvator. I caught a young firefly—the first I had seen since leaving Italy.

Next morning, the Sheikh and his people were unusually officious in packing up the baggage, as they were the evening before in pitching the tent; this, we knew, portended the birth of a difficulty, for we had private information that the Sheikh did not intend allowing us to remain more than an hour at Petra. We said nothing, determining, when there, to stay as long

* Wady Abu Kusheibeh. Robinson. [1847.]

† *Nerium Oleander*. Robinson. [1847.]

Mount Box, with the Tomb of Aurore on the summit.

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as we chose. Accordingly, as soon as we reached it, and had taken possession of a cave to sleep in, we came to an explanation with the Sheikh, reminding him of his own words at Akaba, that we should stay at Petra two, three, four days, or as long as we liked. We should have reminded him that our promise of the five hundred piastres was only conditional,—but it was enough; having learnt by this time that Englishmen had but *one word*, he soon gave in.

I pass over the beauties and sublimities of the three hours' ascent and descent to Petra; the scenery is wild and gloomy, but the ravines are full of those lovely oleanders; vultures and hawks soared above us, but the little birds were singing sweetly; the incessant calling of partridges was delightful to my companions' ears as sportsmen, and to mine also, as a lover of nature's mirth—though hearing it here I thought particularly interesting, as the fulfilment of the prophecy that that very bird, the cormorant of our version, should possess Mount Seir. But most delightful of all to the ear, as the first sight of the oleanders yesterday to the eye, was the gushing of running waters as we descended from the hills—the little brook which flows through “the valley of Moses,” almost concealed by luxuriant oleanders and wild flowers.

We started immediately for the ravine El Syk, the only regular approach to Petra, fearful lest we should be prevented examining it by the Fellaheen or villagers of Wady Mousa, who bear so bad a character both among the Bedouins and travellers.—I am not going to write you a description of Petra, its magnificent excavations, temples hewn out of the solid rock, and tombs; Irby and Mangles, in their charming volume, and Laborde have done it already, and to them I refer you. Two or three words only as to our own visit,

and the impression it produced on me.—Entering the ravine, and pushing our way through the beautiful trees and shrubs that, fed by its waters, overhang the brook, —sometimes jumping from stone to stone, and sometimes wading up to our knees, we passed in a few minutes the theatre, and soon afterwards reached the Khasné, or treasury of Pharaoh, the wonderful excavation engraved by Laborde. Bestowing a hasty glance only of admiration on it, we made the best of our way up the ravine, our delight and wonder increasing at every step,—I never saw anything so wildly beautiful; the brook in many places entirely covers the road, oleanders, evergreens, fig-trees, and willows, overshadowing it in the richest luxuriance; the rocks, tinged with every colour of the rainbow,* tower to a great height above you, and sometimes dovetail, as it were, into each other, so as to involve the whole defile in shade.†

* “Not the least remarkable circumstance in the peculiarities of this singular spot, is the colour of the rocks. They present, not a dead mass of dull monotonous red; but an endless variety of bright and living hues, from the deepest crimson to the softest pink, verging also sometimes to orange and yellow. These varying shades are often distinctly marked by waving lines, imparting to the surface of the rock a succession of brilliant and changing tints, like the hues of watered silk, and adding greatly to the imposing effect of the sculptured monuments.”—*B. Researches*, vol. ii, p. 531. We observed rocks similarly (though by no means so vividly) tinted, near Gebel Huddra, on the road from Mount Sinai to Akaba. [1847.]

† “The character of this wonderful spot, and the impression which it makes, are utterly indescribable; and I know of nothing which can present even a faint idea of them. I had visited the strange sandstone lanes and streets of Adersbach, and wandered with delight through the romantic dells of the Saxon Switzerland, both of which scenes might be supposed to afford the nearest parallel; yet they exhibit few points of comparison. All here is on a grander scale of savage, yet magnificent sublimity.”—*B. Researches*, vol. ii, p. 518. [1847.]

We paused for awhile on reaching the triumphal arch, where the ravine expands into the valley, believing the village of the fellahs to be very near, and uncertain whether it would be prudent to proceed any further. Our Alouin guides, however, asserting that it was two hours distant, (in which they were certainly mistaken,) we went on, and explored the valley beyond the Pyramidal tomb, as far as a point from which we could see its termination. We met only one wretched-looking fellah.

The arch, thrown across the ravine, which disappointed us at first sight, had a very different effect, on approaching it on our return, seen, as it was intended to be seen, by the stranger approaching the town by the regular road.

The Khasné far surpassed my expectations; it would be impossible, indeed, to describe the effect of such a monument suddenly revealing itself in the wilderness—so graceful in its style, so beautiful in its details, so fresh-looking, and in such perfect preservation. The natural colour of the stone being that of the rose, you may imagine its loveliness when it first gleamed on our sight, bathed in the sun's rays.

The theatre, too, is grander than one would expect from Laborde's sketch. The seats, still almost perfect, are cut in the rock, which has also been entirely cut away, semi-circularly, above them. The stage, and its accompaniments, were built of hewn stone, and have been destroyed.

We did not visit the fort, as there are no remains of consequence. It was a stronghold of the Christians in the time of the Latin kings of Jerusalem, and the first enterprise of the gallant young Baldwin the Third, then a mere boy of thirteen, was to rescue it from the hands of the Turks, who, abetted by the

natives, had massacred the Christian garrison. Hearing of the king's approach, the fellahs shut themselves up in the citadel, with their wives and children, and for several days the Christians exhausted every means of attack without making the slightest impression, their retreat was so impregnable; nor was it till they set fire to the olive-trees, the only support and wealth of the poor people, and which then, says William of Tyre, formed a thick forest overshadowing the country, that they surrendered. (^m)

The grandest monument of the ancient magnificence of Petra is the stupendous excavation, called by Laborde El Deir, or the Convent, a name often given by the Arabs to ruins, in their ideas nondescript,—the Alouins knew nothing of it, and we spent some time and explored several ravines in a fruitless search for it; the magnificent scenery, however, well repaid our trouble.

We returned to our cave, and, after dinner and the discussion of two bottles of champagne, reserved by Clarke to be broached on this grand occasion, started anew with two fellahs as guides, and in thirty-five minutes reached the object of our quest, ascending a magnificent ravine, which we had partially explored in the morning—approach being facilitated by broad steps cut in the rocks, wherever they presented a difficulty in the ascent.

The rock has been cut away twenty-four paces on each side, to give relief to this wonderful excavation, at once stupendous and beautiful; the architecture indeed, with its Byzantine-like capitals, broken pediments, &c., betrays the decadence of Grecian art, resembling that of the Bernini and Borromini of the seventeenth century; but the proportions are commendable, and there is an air of grace and lightness

bout it, contrasting with the savage scenery around, which involuntarily pleases.* A flight of steps, cut in the rocks to the left, leads to the summit, from which we enjoyed a splendid view, Mount Hor directly in front, and the distant mountains towards the north hazy in the glow of sunset. Returning to the valley, William discovered a large altar, cut out of the top of rock, and unnoticed by previous travellers.

It was dark ere we recrossed the stream of Wady Mousa.—I wish you could have stood with us that night at the entrance of our dormitory, and looked through the arch by which it communicated with the adjacent cave, occupied by the Alouins. A large fire blazed in the centre,—the Sheikh sat at the head of the circle,—his horse stood at the entrance,—the inferior clansmen watched by their fire at the foot of the hill, with the camels crouching beside them.

It was a beautiful, cloudless, starry night, and pleasant were our ruminations. In one day we had seen the whole of Petra. Days and weeks might be spent here if every excavation were visited, but we were quite satisfied with what we had seen, and willingly promised the Sheikh that we would leave the valley next morning.—We did so, after revisiting the Khazné, and exploring several of the excavated dwellings, for it is clear, I think, both from the language of

* “The upper story is in excellent preservation, but the doorway, sediments, and pillars of the lower are much injured. The steps of approach to the door are destroyed. It contains only one chamber, spacious, but quite unadorned and plain, with an arched recess at the extremity, two paces and a half deep, by five wide, and a raised platform, ascended on each side by four steps. Traces of (apparently) a funeral cippé are visible in the centre of the wall. The chamber is fourteen paces broad, by sixteen deep, (not counting the recess), and we thought from thirty to thirty-five feet high.” *Orig. Journal* [1847.]

Scripture, and the appearance of the caves themselves that the majority, if not all of them, were the abodes of the living, not of the dead. Some of the oldest are almost filled with earth, decomposed from the fragments that are constantly flaking off from the roof. I was surprised to find the stone so crumbling; it must have been as easy to cut it as chalk,—I could break it easily with my fingers.

Such is Petra—the Sela of Scripture, the Hagiar of the Arabs, each word implying the same.—“Thy terribleness hath deceived thee and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of THE ROCK, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou make thy nest as high as the eagle, though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.” (27)

Sheikh Hussein, who was in great alarm all the time we were at Petra, earnestly pressed our departure. Just before starting, some of the fellahs came to complain of his coming there; it was not his country, they said, and he had no business in it,—nothing could be more true, and good reason had the poor men to complain, for the camels, before we discovered it, had destroyed a whole field of corn, turned loose, as they were, the moment we arrived; it was none of our fault, but we wished to reimburse the owner; the fellahs, however, saying nothing about it, it was plain the field could not be their property, and what then could we do?—These fellahs, it seems to me, have been very much maligned; they have fire-arms, and know how to use them, but the only ground travellers have to speak ill of them is the report of the Bedouins, who hate all townsmen, and the resistance offered by them to Abou Raschid when he wished to bring Irby and Mangles and Mr. Bankes into Wady Mousa, without their con-

ent,—their jealousy having been secretly inflamed, as now appears, by Abou-djazi, a rival chief of the Iouins. Bedouins and Franks come into their territory, tread down their corn, and pay nothing, do not even apologize for their intrusion, and then go away and call them savages and devils, when the wonder to me is that they bear it so patiently.—They will not do so always, or I am much mistaken.*

Sheikh Hussein, we had reason to suspect, was not on good terms with the chief of the Abou Raschid bedouins, who lives about four hours north of Wady Mousa; he was also at open feud with the Jehaleens of Kerek el Shobek, a few hours beyond the Abou Raschid camp,—he proposed, therefore, instead of conducting us by the Kerek road, to take another, more

* Abou Zatoun, the crafty and avaricious chief, celebrated by Irby and Mangles twenty years before, was still the Sheikh of Wady Mousa when we and Dr. Robinson were there; we escaped, but he gave Dr. Robinson much annoyance, and effectually prevented him from ascending Mount Hor. Most recent travellers have suffered from his exactions. M. Bertou, who visited Petra the same year as ourselves, “got off by giving the Sheikh all the money he had with him, less than one hundred piastres, with a quantity of powder, soap, tobacco and the like.” “Mr. Roberts, the English artist, and his party, who went to Wady Mousa in 1839, were met by the Sheikh before they reached the spot; but got off with paying three hundred piastres instead of one thousand.* In 1840, a large party of sixteen individuals, English, Americans, and Germans, making up a caravan of some fifty camels, visited Wady Mousa together; and paid to the Arabs of the place (as I am informed,” says Dr. Robinson, “by one of the party) not less than seventy-five piastres for each, or twelve hundred piastres in all, for permission to examine the ruins.” Dr. Robinson attributes the escape of such as have fared better to their having (like ourselves) “taken Petra

* *Kinnear's Cairo, Petra, &c.*, p. 137. The account is very curious; they were repeatedly attacked, and once robbed; and Sheikh Hussein, who accompanied them, seems evidently to have connived at it. [1847.]

westerly, through the country of the Tyaha Bedouins, a route undescribed, so far as I am aware, by any traveller.*

None of the places he mentioned as occurring on the road being noticed in my large map, we had not the slightest idea how we were to get to Hebron, when we started for the desert on Wednesday morning, quitting Wady Mousa by a steep ascent towards the north, and proceeding for about three hours through a district called Brayitha, a succession of barren and uninteresting hills. From these we suddenly passed into Wady Seeg,† one of the most romantic defiles I ever saw; lofty crags, almost perpendicular, tower on each

in their way from Akabah to Hebron; their visits have been short, and entering by way of Mount Hor, they have been able to leave again before information of their arrival could reach the Sheikh.* Dr. Robinson also states that "both the Alawin and Jehalin carry travellers to Wady Mousa; but they endeavour to avoid the notice of the neighbouring Arabs, and make their visits as short as possible, feeling that they are doing that for which they may perhaps be called in question,"—the rights of entrance into the district not being exactly ascertained. This accounts for the anxiety of Sheikh Hussein to restrict our stay at Wady Mousa to an hour. See the *B. Researches*, vol. ii, pp. 542—548. Mr. Kinnear, I may remark, repeatedly observes that we were hurried away from Petra by Sheikh Hussein. My words may not have been sufficiently precise, but this was not the case—we were a whole day there, and more, and had amply satisfied our curiosity. Though apparently much afraid, the Sheikh was not in the least importunate in urging our departure, and in truth we were perhaps too self-confident. The sight of his anxiety, and the thought of the continued injury we should be doing to the corn of the fellaheen by prolonging our stay, were, I believe, more lively in our minds than any fear of opposition on his part or of aggression on that of the natives. [1847.]

* Neither the narrative of Mr. Stephens, who took this road the year before us, nor that of Dr. Robinson, who passed a year afterwards, had then been published. [1847.]

† El Syk. *Robinson*. [1847.]

side, deep fissures yawning in their breasts, tufted with evergreens,—and single isolated rocks guarding the pass like sentinels; the road winds through a thick wood of sedder, arrah,* oleander, and acacia-trees, besides others of which I know not the names—every shade of green; the sky cloudless, but the valley was delightfully cool. We were twenty-two minutes in passing through this singular pass.

We passed many ruins and excavations, both on this and on the other side of Petra, all uninteresting, except two small pyramids springing from the same base, sculptured on one of the rocks of Wady Seeg, to the left of the road; a Greek inscription is cut slantingly on the base, but the party had ridden on, and Clarke and I had not time to decipher it.†

All the scenery beyond Wady Seeg to the immediate neighbourhood of Wady Araba, towards which we were now steering westward, is very beautiful. The path, after entering Wady Nummula,‡ runs between vast broken rocks, and among trees of the most lovely verdure; the rocks are in many places tufted with shrubs to their summits. Oleanders grow in some of the ravines in great abundance; few of them, however, were in flower.

* *Arar*, juniper—the *aroer* of Jer. xlviii. 6, incorrectly translated "heath." *Dr. Robinson, B. Researches*, tom. i., 306. [1847.]

† Dr. Robinson noticed this inscription, but describes it as "now illegible." *B. Researches*, vol. ii, 510. I think, however, that with time and better eyesight, I might have made it out. My rough note, the glance of a second, gives the following unintelligible letters:—

ΤΑΠΑΝΤΑΝΜΕΜΤΦΟΠΟΥ
ΕΡΟΥΔΗ.

Possibly some Porson may extract a sunbeam of sense out of this. [1847.]

‡ Gebel Nemela. *Robinson*. [1847.]

After refreshing ourselves at a spring, an hour and twenty-three minutes beyond Wady Seeg, we began crossing the ridges of Gebel Nummula, (as this part of Mount Seir is called,)— and in half an hour came in sight of Wady Araba in the distance. Presently we met two Alouins with donkeys, returning from Gaza, who informed us, on asking what news from below, that they had seen fresh tracks of a great number of horses and camels—they *believed* of the Jehaleens, of Kerek, bound for the south—they *suspected*, on an expedition against Sheikh Hussein's camp. The Sheikh and his men were cruelly alarmed at this news; he shed tears in the evening, Missirie told me. At his request, we halted for that night at the foot of the last ridge which we had to cross before the great descent to Wady Araba. The Jehaleens, he said, would probably have passed by, on their return to Kerek, before we reached the plain in the morning. He seemed in great dread of meeting them, lest they should take his camels, and, perhaps, kill his people and himself.

We commenced the descent of Gebel Nummula about six next morning, the noble expanse of Wady Araba stretching out below us, vague and indistinct,—just such a view as Turner would have stopped to sketch. The Sheikh went on before, leading his horse, anxiously watching the valley, and frequently entreating us to be ready with our fire-arms; our guides, indeed, seemed to depend on us for the protection we had a right to expect from them. The path, a very difficult one, wound through deep ravines, intersecting the irregular barren ridges that descend in rapid succession, like giant steps, to Wady Araba. We halted about seven at the opening of the ravines, to get out our pistols, load the guns with bullets, &c. The lower ridges of Mount Seir became, from this point, less and less pro-

ipitous, till they ended in low hillocks on the edge of the plain, like promontories jutting into the sea.*

It took us about five hours to cross Wady Araba, during which we were continually on the look-out for the enemy, winding between undulating hills of drifted sand, and reconnoitring from hill to hill, as we advanced, creeping up and lying on our breasts, so as not to be visible from the other side. The reflected heat from the sand was intense, and, that everything might be of a character, the tale they told us was a dismal one about the burial of Antar. If in the neighbourhood, the most likely place for the Jehaleens to be at was the well of El Uebe, where we wanted to water our own camels, and replenish our skins, already nearly exhausted. Climbing up a hill that commanded a view over the plain towards the well, (a green spot in the desert,) we ensconced ourselves in a hollow between the peak and a detached mass of rock, and reconnoitred it through the telescope; no one seemed to be there, and we remounted, disguising our Frank dresses as much as possible by assuming the long Arab cloak or abba, so as not to be recognised from a distance. In a few minutes we came to the camels' tracks which had occasioned all this anxiety, and presently, drawing nearer to the well, two or three figures made their appearance at it, which created a great stir among our Bedouins. The Sheikh rode direct to the well, and we charged up to the hills, to anticipate the enemy in

* "To the north, a low chain of black hills runs into the Wady from Mount Seir apparently, forming a deep desert bay." *Orig. Journal*. These probably were the ridge subsequently ascertained to mark the point of partition of the waters, the highest ground between the Dead Sea and Gulf of Akaba—disproving the idea recently held, that the Jordan originally discharged itself through the channels of the Ghor and Wady Araba into the Red Sea. [1847.]

taking possession of a certain cave as a point of vantage from which, said our guides, "you must fire and kill them all, or they will kill us." Presently, however, the Sheikh made signs that all was well, and, wheeling to the right, we rejoined him, and found that a few harmless shepherds from Gaza had occasioned all this commotion—which ended in our buying a sheep.*

The shepherds, I am sorry to say, confirmed the apprehensions of the Alouins. The day after we left the Sheikh's camp, the Jehaleens attacked it, and carried off all his camels, seventy-five in number, and Sheikh Salem's mare, worth, we were told, ten thousand piastres. Salem pursued and overtook them, but was struck by a pistol-shot in the shoulder, and disabled. How little we thought that the scene of happiness and peace we witnessed there would so soon be ruffled!

On leaving El Uebe,† (the water, by the bye, stank, and was full of worms,)—we entered the low barren

* "The sheep was cooked at night. They made a rude oven of stones—filled it with wood which they burnt to charcoal, and then placed the meat on the embers, covered it with the paunch of the sheep, and then covered the whole over with earth and sand, and left it so till morning." *Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

† This place is considered by Dr. Robinson, and apparently on solid grounds, to be the Kadesh Barnea of the Israelites, that central point in their history during the forty years of wandering in the wilderness. "We were much struck," says he, "with the entire adaptedness of its position to the Scriptural account of the proceedings of the Israelites, on their second arrival at Kadesh. (Num. xx.) There was at Kadesh a fountain, called also En-Mishpat, (Gen. xiv. 7); this was then either partially dried up, or exhausted by the multitude; so that 'there was no water for the congregation.' By a miracle, water was brought forth abundantly out of the rock. Moses now sent messengers to the king of Edom, informing him that they were in 'Kadesh, a city in the uttermost of his border;' and asking leave to pass through his country, so as to continue their course around Moab and approach Palestine from the east. This Edom refused; and the Israelites accordingly marched to Mount

ridges that skirt Wady Araba on the west, and, for several hours during this and the following day, traversed a country of the most utter desolation, hills succeeding hills, without the slightest picturesque beauty,* covered with loose flints, sand, and gravel; sterility in its most repulsive garb;—it made the very heart ache, and the spirits sink—and such is Edom now, “most desolate,” as prophecy foretold it should be, at a time when literature and commerce, arts and sciences, were still flourishing in the land of Job, and the palm-trees of Idume were as proverbial in men’s mouths as those of Palestine; now, I believe, not one survives—at least, I saw none.

At seven hours beyond El Uebe—four beyond our sleeping-place—we left the Gaza road, which we had hitherto followed, to the left, and, an hour afterwards, passing Ulmedurra, a large, singular-looking, isolated chalk hill—under which God crushed a village (so say the Bedouins) for its vices†—also to the left, we began

Hor, where Aaron died; and then along the Arabah to the Red Sea. (Numb. xx. 14—29.) Here at el-Weibeh, all these scenes were before our eyes. Here was the fountain, even to this day the most frequented watering place in all the Arabah. On the N.W. is the mountain, by which the Israelites had formerly essayed to ascend to the land of Palestine, and were driven back. (Numb. xiv. 40—45; Deut. i. 41—46.) Over against us lay the land of Edom; we were in its uttermost border; and the great Wady el-Ghuweir, affording a direct and easy passage through the mountains to the table-land above, was directly before us; while further in the south, Mount Hor formed a prominent and striking object, at the distance of two good days’ journey for such a host.” *B. Researches*, vol. ii, p. 582. [1847.]

* “The only occasional tree is the *sayan*, or *sayal*, a sort of acacia with most delicate diminutive leaves—the wood is excellent for charcoal.” *Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

† “Two men of God came to the village, were ill-treated by the inhabitants, as at Sodom, and God crushed the village under this rock.” *Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

ascending the dreary ridges of Gebel Asufar;* the *akiba*, or principal slope, is a precipitous sheet of bare rock, alternately smooth and slippery, and covered with loose stones; the ascent was very difficult, and took up an hour and a half; from the top we had a very extensive but most desolate view over the western desert, to the left, and over Wady Araba, which hereabouts exchanges that name for El Ghor, to the right—with Mount Seir in the distance.† Beyond these hills, after a slight descent, we entered on an elevated plain called Atreibi‡—heavy sand, covered with the usual plants of the desert,—a garden in comparison with the waste we had recently traversed; and, about three hours from the summit of Gebel Asufar, encamped in Wady Kournou, near the extensive ruins of an ancient walled town bearing the same name. We saw fragments of pillars lying about, but no inscriptions; the town is, indeed, a mere heap of stones. We observed a large vaulted subterranean chamber near one ruined building, a small cell with a vaulted niche on the top of the hill, and a strong dam in a ravine to the south of

* Es-Sufah. *Robinson*. [1847.]

† “The name of this pass, es-Sufah (a rock), is in form identical with the Hebrew Zephath, called also Hormah; which we know was the point where the Israelites attempted to ascend the mountain, so as to enter Palestine from Kadesh, but were driven back. (*Judg. i. 17; Numb. xiv. 45, xxi. 3; Deut. i. 44.*) A city stood there in ancient times, one of the ‘uttermost cities of Judah towards the coast of Edom southwards,’ which was afterwards assigned to the tribe of Simeon. There is therefore every reason to suppose, that in the name of es-Sufah, we have a reminiscence of the ancient pass which must have existed here, and bore the name of the adjacent city Zephath. Of the name Hormah we could find no vestige.”—*B. Researches*, vol. ii, p. 592. [1847.]

‡ El Turaibeh. *Robinson*. [1847.]

the town. Doctor Mac Lennan thinks that a lake existed to the north and west of it.*

We crossed a great many ancient walls, and saw many vestiges of ruins the next morning;† the country, henceforward, assumed the appearance of a down rather than a desert, being thickly covered with grass and shrubs.

At a place called El Melek,‡ in the very extensive plain El Foura—nearly six hours beyond the ruined town of Kournou, and two beyond the dry bed of a small stream called El Gerara—(the brook of Gerar?)§ —we were surprised at finding two large and deep wells, beautifully built of hewn stone,—the uppermost course, and about a dozen troughs for watering cattle disposed round them, of a coarse white marble; they were evi-

* In the earlier editions of these "Letters," I represented this place as Elusa, the first Roman town on the great road from Jerusalem to Aila. "Elusa," I said, "is marked in the *Tabula Peutingeriana* as seventy-one miles distant from Jerusalem, and we found the distance between Kournou and Jerusalem twenty-three hours and a half—in other words, seventy miles and a half—a very close approximation." Dr. Robertson has, however, fixed Elusa at El Khulaseh, more to the west, and the Thamara of Ptolemy, and Thamar of the Old Testament, at Wady Kournou, or as he writes it, doubtless correctly, Kournub. This latter place he saw from a distance with his telescope, but did not visit, having taken a more northerly road. [1847.]

† "In about an hour and twenty minutes from Kournou, pass over the ruins of many ancient walls, running transversely across the road, and vestiges of ruins on the left, perhaps of one of the Roman stations. Saw no wells, and there is said to be no water hereabouts—the place is called Gubbat el Bolani. . . . More ruins to the right and left thirty-seven minutes afterwards." *Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

‡ The *El Milh* of Dr. Robinson, who identifies it with Moladah, the Malatha of the Greeks and Romans. *B. Researches*, vol. ii, 621. [1847.]

§ Wady Ararah. *Robinson*. [1847.]

dently coeval with the Romans. Quite a patriarchal scene presented itself as we drew near to the wells; the Bedouins were watering their flocks,—two men at each well letting down the skins, and pulling them up again with almost ferocious haste, and with quick, savage shouts,—and then emptying them into the troughs; the shepherdesses stood aloof, and veiled their faces, seeing the strange *howagis*. The several flocks, coming up and retiring in the exactest order, were a beautiful sight.

Crossing Gebel ul Gheretain, a range of stony hills beyond El Foura, numerous ruined garden-walls and terraces warned us of our approach to, if not entry into, Judea. As we proceeded, first here, then there, we observed patches of ground reclaimed from the desert, and carefully cultivated, and, ere long, the whole valley below us was green with corn, field descending below field, divided by regular terraces.

Five hours from El Melek we arrived at the village of Simoa, or Simoo, to whose inhabitants these fields belong; the hill above the village is crowned by a ruined castle, which shows imposingly from a distance, though poorly on a nearer inspection. We encamped in the valley below it; and presently the *Sheikh ul belled*, or head-man of the village, and a party of the townsmen, made their appearance, and sat down with us, contrasting most unfavourably with our Bedouins, who seemed to hold them in utter contempt. An air of oppression and slavery hangs indeed over all the village Arabs. We found these people unacquainted with any denomination of coin, except the nine-piastre piece and the old currency. This place I take to be the ancient Shema, enumerated in the book of Numbers among the cities of the hill-country of Judah.*

* Dr. Robinson identifies it with Eshtemoa. *B. Researches*, vol. ii, pp. 194, 627. [1847.]

I asked one of the natives if there were many ancient sites in the neighbourhood; he said Yes—and mentioned one, Daharieh,* to the west; but, on my writing it down, refused to name any more. I could hear nothing of Beer Sheba; but in the morning, crossing the plain El Foura, they named a village, Asseeba, to the left, which sounds like it. (28)†

We were now fairly in the Land of Promise, described by the spies (who must have entered it nearly by the same road as ourselves) as a land flowing with milk and honey,—we had cow's milk, that night, to our tea, the first we had tasted for many weeks; the cows that yielded it, a very pretty but diminutive breed, were the first we had seen since visiting Memphis.

We started next morning at 25 m. p. 5, Sunday the 30th of April, riding through fields of corn between the rounded hills of Judea, covered to their tops with bushes of the prickly oak, a most beautiful shrub; the day was lovely, the birds were singing their matins

* Dhoheriyeh. *Robinson*. [1847.]

† It *was* Beersheba,—we strained our eyes, but were not worthy enough to discern it. Dr. Robinson discovered it the year afterwards, having taken a more westerly route to Hebron. There is no village apparently, but “two deep wells, still called Bîr es-Seba . . . These wells are some distance apart; they are circular, and stoned up very neatly with solid masonry, apparently much more ancient than that of the wells at Abdeh. The larger one is twelve and a half feet in diameter, and forty-four and a half feet deep to the surface of the water; sixteen feet of which at the bottom is excavated in the solid rock. The other well lies fifty-five rods W.S.W., and is five feet in diameter, and forty-two feet deep. The water in both is pure and sweet, and in great abundance; the finest indeed we had found since leaving Sinai. Both wells are surrounded with drinking-troughs of stone for camels and flocks, such as were doubtless used of old for the flocks which then fed on the adjacent hills. The curb-stones were deeply worn by the friction of the ropes in drawing up water by hand.” *B. Researches*, i, p. 300.—There are ruins of the ancient town on the hills hard by. [1847.]

most sweetly, no work was going on,—it was the stillness and repose of a Sabbath morning in England.

We saw the first olive-trees about an hour and twenty minutes before arriving at Hebron, descending into and following the course of a long and broad winding valley, (once, doubtless, the pasturage of Abraham's flocks and herds,) till, at a turn of the road, Hebron stood before us, that Hebron so memorable in sacred story as the home of Abraham, and the capital of David before his conquest of Jerusalem. The Arabs still call it after their patriarch, "El Khalil Ibrahim"—"Abraham the Friend"—of God. (²⁰) It is beautifully situated at the foot, and on the slope, of a hill,—a city after the mud-villages of Egypt. The large white mosque, containing the tombs of the patriarchs, which no Christian is allowed to enter, rises prominently to the west of the town. To the left, as we entered, we passed a large and well-built tank, with two flights of steps descending into it at the opposite angles, possibly the "pool of Hebron" (repaired) where David hanged the murderers of Ishbosheth.

After establishing our baggage in two large recesses under the gate of the Governor's house, settling with the Sheikh, (our caravan breaking up here,) and engaging camels for Jerusalem, we visited the bazaars, which are substantially built, like the rest of the town, of hewn stone, and well stocked. Hebron is, apparently, an improving place. The children called us pigs, as we entered; otherwise, we received no incivility,—the contrary rather; our arrival from the south seemed to excite both interest and respect among the people, who hailed us as Hadjis or pilgrims bound for "the Holy City," as Jerusalem is still called in Arabic,—el Koddes—the Hebrew Kadushah,—it was from the Chaldaic

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form of this word, Kadutha, that the Greek name of Jerusalem was derived — Cadytis. We saw many Jewish faces, Hebron being one of the four sacred cities of the Talmud.

We started again at noon, following the ancient road, along the brae-side, and between corn-fields, olive-groves, and vineyards—each with its watch-tower, the stones carefully gathered out, and fenced in with a stone wall—as in the days of David, Isaiah, and our Saviour. At two, we stopped at a place called Derr-wuh, evidently an ancient site, and continued for some hours winding among hills, presenting the same monotonous but pleasing scenery. It was a lovely evening, the birds were singing sweetly, and numerous flocks of sheep and goats were cropping their evening meal, as we drew nigh to the city of David, who so often must have fed his flocks on those very hills,—the scene, too, just as probably, of that apparition of the heavenly host who proclaimed to the humble shepherds of Bethlehem the birth of the good shepherd, David's namesake, "The Beloved" of God—in those blessed words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

About an hour and a quarter to the south of Bethlehem, coming to the brow of the hill, we saw the celebrated pools of Solomon below us, and a beautiful crop of wheat covering the slopes of the valley where probably once stood his palace and pleasure-gardens. These reservoirs are really worthy of Solomon. I had formed no conception of their magnificence; they are three in number, the smallest near four hundred feet in length; the waters were discharged from one into another, and conveyed from the lowest, by an aqueduct to Jerusalem. I descended into the third and largest;

it is lined with plaster, like the Indian chunam, and hanging terraces run all round it. I wonder if Solomon ever walked there with the queen of Sheba.

At half-past seven, that evening, we reached Bethlehem. (²⁰) It stands on the slope of a hill, of difficult ascent, at least by night. The stars were out, but it was still unusually light as we entered the town, and proceeded to the Spanish Convent, a large fortress-like building, where we were kindly welcomed, and ushered into a very handsome apartment. The venerable Superior presently came to see us, and grew very talkative. He honoured us with his company to breakfast the next morning, and we afterwards visited the church and the supposed Cave of the Nativity, all most gorgeous,—but what most touched me was the simple tribute of several little children, who, speaking in a whisper, and with awe in their faces, lighted their little bodkins of tapers at the large candles, and stuck them at their side. The solemn chanting, the procession of the dark-robed monks, the confessionals—with all the pageantry I had been familiar with in Italy—so strangely blending with the turbans and oriental costume of the Armenian, Arab, and Greek Christians—one might have fancied that the east and the west had met by common consent, to worship the star of Israel at its rising; but, alas! it was St. Mark's worship they were celebrating that morning, and the prostrations I witnessed on the spot said to have been knelt upon by the Magi were to the Virgin Mary,—not to her Saviour.

We mounted for Jerusalem about eight—a lovely cloudless morning. As we were starting from the Convent walls, a marriage party came past, or rather a crowd of women and children, some of them very pretty, all gaily dressed and unveiled, and singing a most discordant epithalamium—to meet the bride at the

Bethlehem, the Town and Convent.

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church door, and convey her home. While they awaited her appearance, two parties detached themselves from the throng, the one dancing round and round, hand in hand—as in some unsophisticated nooks of merry England they were probably doing at that very moment round the Maypole, for it was May-morning—the other, their arms linked, advancing towards them and retreating in regular measure, the song going on all the time. Presently the bride came out, veiled from head to foot, and mounted her horse; her companions closed round her, and the procession moved on. We sat on our benches enjoying the scene, and expended not a little snuffpowder in her honour; to her death she will remember the nuptial honours paid her by the English.

You can scarcely imagine what a cheerful aspect the rich and varied costumes both of men and women, particularly the latter, impart to these towns of Palestine; the contrast is delightful to us, so long accustomed to the dull blue cloaks and veiled faces of the Egyptian women.

Riding slowly on to Jerusalem, we met numbers of most picturesque-looking white-bearded old men, and many lovely children. One of them, particularly, a Russian boy, taking off his fur cap, to return our salutation, with his flowing ringlets and sweet face, reminded me of Raphael's angels. We met many parties too of Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, pilgrimizing—the former to Rachel's tomb, the latter to Bethlehem. Some saluted us with 'Bon viaggio' and 'Benvenuti, signori!' others with the emphatic 'Salam,' 'Peace!' or by simply laying the hand on the heart in the graceful oriental fashion. It was delightful thus to be welcomed to the City of Peace by men of all creeds and countries, a sort of anticipation of the happy time when all nations will go up to worship One God at Jerusalem, and all

will receive the welcome of the heart as well as the lip.

The view looking back on Bethlehem, as you ascend the Northern hills, is exceedingly beautiful ; to the east it is bounded by the long unbroken ridge of the mountains of Moab, hemming in the Dead Sea, which seems much nearer than it really is. The road winds, at first between olive and fig gardens, but they soon give way to a succession of stony hills; in forty minutes, we passed a dilapidated Turkish tomb, called Rachel's. " ' As for me,' " said dying Jacob, " ' Rachel died near me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way to Ephrath'—the same Bethlehem,"—in all probability, it marks the spot of her death; there are many Turkish graves around it. Soon afterwards, we passed the Greek Convent of Mar Elias and came in sight of Jerusalem! Approaching near, and descending towards Mount Zion, the situation fully answered my expectations; the view from this point, embracing the Sacred Hill, the valley of Hinnom, the Mount of Olives, and the Dead Sea, is at once magnificent and beautiful, independent of the associations that render it the most interesting to be seen on earth, except perhaps that from the Mount of Olives, where Our Saviour wept over Jerusalem.

We proceeded along the western hills, and entering by the gate of Bethlehem, presently alighted at the Latin Convent, where we are now most comfortably established.

Adieu, my dear mother.

LETTER IV.

act. I.—Jerusalem. Excursion to Jericho and the Dead Sea.—Journey to Tiberias by Nablous, Samaria, Acre, Nazareth, and Mount Tabor.

act. II.—Journey, East of the Jordan, by El Hussn, Om Keis, Jerash, Ammon, Bostra, and through the Hauran, to Damascus.

act. III.—Visit to Palmyra.

act. IV.—Journey into Mount Lebanon, and return to Damascus.

SECTION I.

Damascus, July, 1837.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I sit down to redeem my promise of giving you some account of my journeyings since arriving at Jerusalem.

Of Jerusalem I have but little to say; we took no picnics. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery; Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once; the Arab village Siloan represents Siloam, and the waters of Siloa still flow "fast by the oracle of God." A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the Mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the garden of Gethsemane; occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture.—It was the only monkish tradition I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of Scriptural events by the words of the Bible, the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every

incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at St. Peter's denial of our Saviour, nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet, while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*loca sancta* indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so) at, or near, Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives, and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow, filthy, ill-paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow as they did, when their divine instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall, of his second Advent, and of the final Judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming! Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the Eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely, a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within,—

“ In Earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
Of Living Light—Oh, fallen Jerusalem !”

But her king, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.

Nor is there, thank God! any doubt about Bethany, the home of that happy family, so peculiarly our Lord's friends during his latter years, his own home, indeed,

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luring his last visit to Jerusalem. It is a sweet retired spot, beautifully situated on the slope of a hill to the south of Mount Olivet. The path to Jerusalem winds round the Mount, and through the Vale of Jehoshaphat, precisely, to all appearance, as it did when the Messiah rode thither in regal but humble triumph, and the people strewed their garments and branches in the way. They show you the supposed tomb of Lazarus, an excavation in the rock, to which you descend by many steps. It lies to the west of the town, and cannot therefore, I think, be the spot. When Mary rose up hastily and went out to meet our Saviour coming from Jericho, the Jews thought she was going to the grave to weep there; the sepulchre must therefore have been to the east of the city, and in fact I saw two or three ancient tombs by the wayside in that direction, one of which may have been Lazarus's.

The road to Jericho, beyond Bethany, runs between bleak stony mountains, dreariness itself, a fit scene for our Lord's parable of the good Samaritan. We emerged from them into the valley of the Jordan, about six hours from Jerusalem, and presently passed a singular-looking tumulus, and many remains of walls, a fragment or two of a column, &c., the ruins, I presume, taken by Mr. Buckingham for those of Jericho; there has certainly been a city there, and the position agrees with Josephus's description much more than that of Riha, the miserable village commonly supposed to represent it, and which we reached soon after passing a clear and sparkling stream that springs from the Diamond of the Desert—the scene of Sir Kenneth's rencontre with Saladin, and—thought of far deeper interest, the fountain sweetened by Elisha. I saw one palm-tree at Riha—one only; the balsam-plants have been extinct for ages.

The guides led us to an old tower, the same, I take it, as that called by the old pilgrims the House of Zachens—now the residence of a petty military Governor; they wanted to make us sleep there, saying there were so many thieves abroad that it was dangerous to pitch at the river, and refusing to proceed further without a guard.* Long used to Arab humbug, we laughed at them, and rode on by ourselves across a broad, arid, sloping plain—the plain of Gilgal! The heat, tempered by pleasant breezes, was by no means so great as we expected; it is generally extremely oppressive throughout the valley of the Jordan.

Nine hours after leaving Jerusalem, we reached the banks of the river, concealed, till you are close upon it, by dense thickets of trees, reeds and bushes, “the pride of Jordan,” growing luxuriantly to the very edge of the water. The lions, hippopotami, &c., that formerly haunted these thickets, are extinct; wild boars are still found there. The Jordan flows very swiftly, indeed in a perceptible rapid below the open space on which we encamped; the water is sweet and good; the upper bed was still moist from the floods. We had pitched the tents, picketed the horses, &c., when the guides came up, silent and crestfallen; we took no notice of them. It was a sweet evening, and a most beautiful, cool, starlight night, the river murmuring along, and the nightingales singing from the trees. I walked on the bank till the crescent moon set; all was loveliness and delight.†

* The district has a bad reputation at all times; but I believe there was little hazard then. A year afterwards Dr. Robinson found it expedient to make a bargain with a Sheikh of the Taamirah Bedouins, a tribe living near the Dead Sea, for escort and protection. [1847.]

† “About nine o’clock a great fire was lighted on the hills on our side the river, which, after blazing about ten minutes, went out. It

Lower of Zachow and Jensen.

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An hour's ride, next morning, over a sandy barren plain, intersected by slimy bogs, (a few gazelles bounding over the sand-hills were the only living creatures we saw there,) brought us to the silent shore of the Dead Sea, a grand spectacle; the lake lay perfectly still, save a gentle ripple; its waters tolerably transparent, but salt and bitter beyond bitterness. My companions bathed—I had not courage to do so; they found the water as buoyant as travellers have asserted, floating like corks, swimming with their hands only, &c.,—no one dared to duck his head. Wood, all encrusted with salt, lies in great quantities on the shore, and we picked up many small pieces of bitumen. The Arabs call the lake Bahr Lout, or the sea of Lot; and the city of refuge, Zoar, at the south-western extremity, still retains its ancient name. To an unscientific eye the lake has not the slightest appearance of volcanic formation; instead of displaying relics of a crater, the mountains, between which it lies, run north and south, in parallel lines, and at equal distances, to the Sea of Galilee and the Gulf of Akaba.⁽³¹⁾ Mr. Moore, a scientific gentleman, who was very courteous to us at Jerusalem, was then surveying the lake, but has since, through the opposition, I believe, of the Government, been obliged to relinquish his interesting undertaking.

Wishing to visit the convent of San Saba, we struck in that direction into the barren and cavernous hills of Judea, following nearly the route of Sir Kenneth and Saladin in the *Talisman*; the scenery was dreary in the extreme, but sometimes very grand, particularly looking back on the Ghor, or Valley of the Jordan. The guides loitering behind us, we at last lost our way,

occurred to us that it might possibly be a signal to the robbers spoken of on the Eastern bank, from their confederates on ours—but nothing disturbed us during the night.”—*Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

and wandered among the hills for some hours, without knowing whither we were going, and without seeing a soul. The curse has indeed fallen on the land of Judah; I never, except in the very desert, saw such dreariness as during these two days. We thirsted for water, but found none; once we came to a reservoir of rain water, but it was absolutely undrinkable; we have drunk water that stank so that we could not keep it in the tent with us, so you may imagine how bad this was. Another time we passed an ancient well, its mouth sealed with a large stone, with a hole in the centre, through which we threw a pebble in—but there was no water, and we should have been sorry had there been any, for our united strength could not have removed the seal; I wonder how many centuries it has lain there!*

At last we espied the guides and Clarke's servant Hassan on a distant hill, and, cutting across the country in that direction, reached the beaten road; we were momentarily in expectation of reaching San Saba, when, coming to a fountain, (welcome object!) I recognised it as the one we had passed the day before, within an hour after leaving Bethany,—the “fountain of the Apostles” it is called—and doubtless they often quenched their thirst at it, and He too, who became man, and hungered and thirsted for our sake! Why might it not have been there, resting before the ascent to Bethany, that “Jesus said unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead!” Be this as it may, never were we more agreeably surprised, for we had wished all along to reach Jerusalem that night, and had been in doubts whether we should find any water at all; of course we

* See Gen. xxix. 2, 3, and Sol. Song, iv. 12.—“Near this well are the remains of an ancient town and a ruin in a valley.”—*Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

thought no more of San Saba, but rode on and reached Jerusalem shortly after sunset, after a good eleven hours' ride, which, notwithstanding our mishaps, we enjoyed exceedingly.⁽²²⁾

Three days afterwards, Thursday the 11th of May, we bade adieu to Jerusalem, still in company with Dr. Mac Lennan and Clarke, the kind and agreeable associates of our whole tour from Mount Sinai to Damascus. It was our intention, after exploring Palestine, (properly so called,) to cross the Jordan, and visit Jerash; Mr. Moore, an enthusiast in architectural antiquities, confirmed us in this resolution by his praise of the ruins, and strongly recommended us to extend our tour to the Hauran, or ancient Auranitis, part of the Idumea or Arabia Provincia of the Romans, (whither St. Paul retired after his conversion,) and where we should see more interesting specimens of Roman domestic architecture than existed even at Pompeii. He gave us a route through the country, to which I added copious extracts from Burckhardt, the first traveller who gave anything like a full account of that region. He is indeed a model for travellers, so accurate and precise—I wish only he were a little more enthusiastic. But he is such a thorough gentleman—his feelings are all so good and honourable—his conduct towards his employers so conscientious,—he is so cheerful, so uncomplaining under hardship and privation, that one cannot but love him—one cannot but regret that he will never be so extensively known as he deserves to be.⁽²³⁾

All things being ready, as aforesaid, we started,—five horses for ourselves, ten mules for the servants and baggage, three or four muleteers, and two black slaves of theirs. We were most fortunate in our muleteers, cheerful, active, willing fellows; we never had a mo

ment's trouble with them. One of them, distinguished by his green turban, was a Said, or Shoreef, that is, a descendant of Mahomet; the head muleteer had much of the appearance, and evidently aspired to the character, of Punch, and soon answered to his name, as the "Snowballs" did to theirs, as if he had never been called by any other. We took no guard—for Palestine it is quite needless, and, from what Mr. Moore said, and our own Arab experience, we judged it equally unnecessary for the regions east of the Jordan. Mr. Moore had one when he travelled there, but intended dispensing with it on his next visit. The terror of Ibrahim Pasha is now the traveller's safeguard throughout these regions, so difficult of access till within the last two or three years.*

Everything went to our satisfaction on this journey. We rode generally about eight or nine hours, or from thirty to forty miles a day, never exceeding a quick walk, the usual travelling pace; starting with the sun, halting at mid-day for two or three hours during the heat, and then proceeding till sunset. The weather throughout was delightful, seldom excessively hot even at noon, while the mornings, afternoons, and evenings, were delicious indeed. We followed the harvest the whole way; the corn was yellow at Nablous; we found reapers at work the day afterwards, and camels were bringing in the last crops, and gleaners busy in the fields, as we drew nigh to Damascus. I preserved my

* The year 1837 was the last of these years of security. In 1838, disturbances were already so rife, that Dr. Robinson and his friend were unable to visit even Mount Lebanon and Damascus—reserved, we must hope, for their exploration and illustration, as well as the district east of the Jordan, at some future day. They found Palestine, in Dr. Robinson's words, "a land of wars and rumours of wars." [1847.]

health and spirits the whole time, thank God! One night excepted, we slept invariably in our tent, and never had a difference of opinion with the friends who shared it; they were as anxious to see what was to be seen as we were, and most pleasant companions we found them. In short, we saw more than we proposed at starting, yet arrived at Damascus a day sooner than we calculated, on leaving Jerusalem. Alas! alas! what a melancholy thread must henceforward be interwoven with these reminiscences!

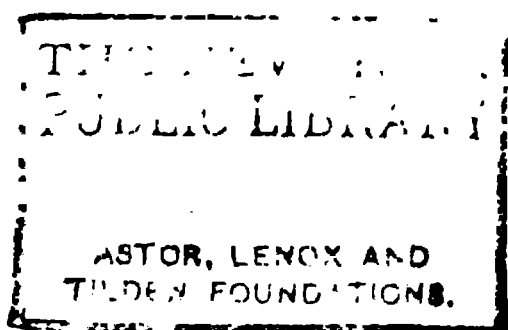
All Judea, except the hills of Hebron and the vales immediately about Jerusalem, is desolate and barren, but the prospect brightens as soon as you quit it, and Samaria and Galilee still smile like the Land of Promise.* The road from Jerusalem northward is, at first, extremely ugly—hilly and stony. At some distance to the left, as you leave the city, rises the hill of Samuele, supposed to be the ancient Rama; that

* Many, I believe, entertain the idea that an actual curse rests on the soil of Palestine, and may be startled therefore at the testimony I have borne to its actual richness. No other curse, I conceive, rests upon it, than that induced by the removal of the ancient inhabitants, and the will of the Almighty that the modern occupants should never be so numerous as to invalidate the prophecy that the land should enjoy her Sabbaths so long as the rightful heirs remain in the land of their enemies. Let me not be misunderstood,—richly as the valleys wave with corn, and beautiful as is the general aspect of modern Palestine, vestiges of the far more extensive ancient cultivation are everywhere visible—waste and unreclaimed districts constantly intervene between the Oases of fertility—while, except immediately round the villages, the hills, once terraced and crowned with olive-trees and vines, are uniformly bare or overgrown with wild shrubs and flowers; proofs far more than sufficient that the land still enjoys her Sabbaths, and only waits the return of her banished children, and the application of industry commensurate with her agricultural capabilities, to burst once more into universal luxuriance, and be all that she ever was in the days of Solomon.

name, however, was given by Punch to some ruins on a hill to the right, at two hours from Jerusalem. I cannot express to you my delight and surprise when he uttered the word with the full intonation of his Arab lungs; it startled me like the firing of a pistol,—but the Arabs have, in instances innumerable, retained the Scriptural names of places,—and no wonder, for, both by blood and language, they are Hebrews. At three hours and a half from Jerusalem, we encamped at Beer, or Beerî, as the Arabs pronounced it—supposed to be Michmash, but is it not rather Beeroth? * This is generally, and I think with probability, considered to be the place where the caravan halted, returning from Jerusalem, and Joseph and Mary missed our Saviour. Two hours beyond it, next morning, and near the village Anabroot, we entered on some of the loveliest scenery I ever beheld, olive and fig gardens, vineyards and corn-fields, overspreading the valleys, and terraced on the hills—alternating with waste ground overgrown with the beautiful prickly oak, and lovely wild flowers. One rocky vale struck us as particularly beautiful.—We were in the neighbourhood of Bethel; I anxiously inquired for it of the Arabs, but in vain; I did not then remember the prophecy, “Seek not Bethel,—Bethel shall come to naught!” In fact, not a trace, not even a tradition, remains of its existence.†

* Dr. Robinson thinks the same.—*B. Researches*, vol. ii, p. 132. [1847.]

† Dr. Robinson, however, has discovered it at Beitîn, three hours and forty minutes from Jerusalem, passing through El Bîreh. “The Arabic termination *en* for the Hebrew *el* is not an unusual change.” —*B. Researches*, vol. ii, p. 128. The reader is probably aware that Dr. Robinson’s researches into the popular topography of Palestine have been rewarded by the discovery of numberless towns and places mentioned in Scripture, the ancient names of which have been faithfully handed down by tradition. Mr. Eli Smith has been his able adjutor in these researches. [1847.]



I took notes of all the distances on this journey, and of all the villages we passed; few figure on the maps comparatively with the hundreds that exist in Palestine. They are not, however, thickly inhabited, and the condition of the peasants is most miserable; the country was teeming with the richest crops when we passed through it, but the *enlightened* government of Mahomed Ali precludes *their* profiting by the bounty of nature, and the conscription, as in Egypt, has so drained the villages of men, that more than once, and in the most out-of-the-way parts of the country, none of the peasants would act as guides, for fear of being impressed for soldiers.

After following the beautiful valley of Leban, (old Lebonah,) which we entered about eight hours and a half from Jerusalem, for rather more than three hours, it expanded into a magnificent plain waving with corn—the parcel of ground, there can be no doubt, which Jacob gave to his son Joseph, and the gathering-place, in every age of their history, of the clans of Israel; we saw camels and cattle winding their way through the corn-fields far below us. Turning up a valley to the west, between the hills of Gerizim and Ebal, (on which the tribes stood in two divisions, when the book of the law, the blessings and curses, and the astonishing prophecies of Moses, were read to them by Joshua, “and all the people cried Amen!”)—we reached Nablous, the ancient Sichem or Sychar, built at the foot and on the lowest slope of Gerizim, and embowered in groves of the richest verdure—figs, mulberries, olives—one solitary palm-tree towering over them, and hedges of the prickly pear, with its fantastic boughs and yellow blossoms, guarding every plantation. It was a sweet evening, the thrushes were singing merrily, and everything smiled around us. Nablous was far too lovely—

it would have been disenchantment to enter it—we rode round the town, and encamped beyond it under the olive-trees. A remnant of the Samaritans, about one hundred, still live there, and, at certain seasons, still go up and worship on Gerizim.*

Two hours' ride, the following morning, through mule tracks over the rocks, worn deep by the feet of centuries, took us to Subusta, the ancient Samaria, named by Herod Sebaste, in honour of Augustus; this and Nablous (Neapolis) are singular instances of the Arabs' having adopted the Greek, and forgotten the original Hebrew names. Samaria stood on an oval hill, stretching east and west, and separated from the hills that encircle it by a very deep valley. The miserable modern village is chiefly built of the remains of the ancient city. Our guide, a regular village antiquary, led us first along the southern side of the hill, planted with olives and fig-trees, through and alongside of the remains of a handsome colonnade, Herod's work probably, running east and west; near the town, the pillars are mostly overthrown; some have rolled off the terrace on which they stood—others are scarcely perceptible above the ground; numbers, however, at the west end, retain their upright position, though without their capitals. The colonnade ends, at the extremity of the hill, in an open space between two mounds

* For much interesting information about the modern Samaritans, see De Sacy's "*Correspondance des Samaritains de Naplouse, pendant les années 1808 et suiv.*,"—(*Notices des MSS. de la Bibliothèque du Roi, &c. tom. 12*), and Dr. Jowett's "*Christian Researches in Syria and the Holy Land*," pp. 195, sqq.—I have unaccountably omitted to mention Jacob's well and Joseph's tomb, which one passes before arriving at Nablous, each probably the identical spot, pointed out from father to son by unbroken tradition. The interview of our Saviour with the woman of Samaria will recur to the mind of every one. [1847.]

of ruins, overgrown with grass—the ancient gate, according to our village oracle, of Samaria, and the two forts that defended it.* We returned by the north side of the hill, for the most part through fig, as on the southern through olive-trees; there are the remains of many fine pillars in a grove of fig-trees on the highest of the broad terraces into which the hill has been cut; and in the plain below are several more, forming two sides of a quadrangle. I have seldom been so forcibly struck with the fulfilment of prophecy as when walking over the hill of Samaria. An old ruined church, of singular and richly ornamented architecture, (the choir exhibiting round arches, supported by heavy Corinthian columns—the arches near the entrance pointed,) hangs picturesquely on the edge of the hill below the modern village.

Beyond Samaria, we struck across country towards Mount Carmel, by a route undescribed, so far as I am aware, by any traveller. We soon lost our way, but that was of little consequence, for the country is full of villages, well cultivated, and quite beautiful. We halted at noon in a grove of noble olive-trees, swarming with little green leaf-hoppers—if I may call them so—shaped like frogs—the merriest little beings imaginable. You will find the village Sili on the map—not so Cufr Ai, nor Ellar, which crowns the highest hill between Sili and Zeita—a village on the great road between Acre and Ramla, and which we passed a little to the south, the following morning. Six other villages, one of them named Baca, saluted us from the hills, as we descended from Ellar. We proceeded along a beautiful and very extensive plain, the prolongation, I take it, of the Vale of Sharon; the scenery reminded Clarke of Kent. Nothing could exceed the

* 1 Kings xx. 10.

richness of the soil or the beauty of its produce—even of the thistles, with which every fallow and uncultivated field was overgrown, of the deepest hue and most luxuriant growth, often overtopping my head on horseback; dear old Scotland can boast of none so beautiful.

Presently, leaving the plain, we rode for two hours through a range of sloping hills covered with beautiful *valonidis* or evergreen oaks—regular English park-scenery; then, the trees ceasing, through a continued expanse of sloping downs, till we reached the southern prolongations of Carmel, and the banks of “that ancient river, the river Kishon;” henceforward, the hills on both sides were again covered with *valonidis* and prickly oaks. The road ran close under Mount Carmel, along the banks of the Kishon—a rocky path, winding through oleanders in full bloom, reeds, and wild flowers of every hue—the birds singing sweetly—wood-pigeons cooing—and the temperature as fresh and mild as May in England.

We had already caught a glimpse of the Great Plain of Esdraelon to the east, and presently emerged into that of Acre on the north, a magnificent expanse of the richest land. We encamped that night in an olive-grove near the village Yajour; a wolf came down to reconnoitre us as we were resting under the hill, but ran off when Clarke went after him with his gun.

Grand was the roar of the surf, as we rode up to the gates of Caypha next morning—that miserable hole! We sent on our baggage to Acre, and turned westwards towards the Carmelite Convent, built about half-way up the loftiest ridge of Mount Carmel—to which, indeed, correctly speaking, the name ought to be restricted; it here descends in an almost perpendicular slope to the sea. The top and sides are covered with shrubs and flowers, but quite bare of trees; a few

lives flourish at its foot and on the lowest slope, as if trying to get up and invalidate the prophecy. The excellency of Carmel" is indeed departed.

Crossing the triangular plain formed by the mountain and the south-west horn of the bay of Acre, we ascended to the convent by a very steep path, partly protected by a parapet. It is certainly the handsomest convent I have seen in Palestine—three stories high—fine windows towards Acre, and thirteen towards the Mediterranean; the fathers have been rebuilding it for eleven years, and it is not yet finished, though quite habitable. Two monks only were there, but nothing could exceed the cordiality of our reception, and pressing were their entreaties that we should stay four, three, two, or at least one day with them. After coffee, they showed us their lions,—think what a pleasant surprise it was, when, opening a side door, they ushered us into a suite of no less than five small apartments, fitted up for visitors in the European style, and with European furniture, neatness itself,—window-curtains, tables, reed-bottomed and arm-chairs, beds with curtains, and gilt corner-tops, (one room with a double-sized bed, for a gentleman and lady,) basons, looking-glasses, &c., &c., and such a lovely sea-view from the windows; these were all at our service, they said, for as long as we should like to stay there. Indeed I know no place (except, theoretically, some of the convents on Mount Lebanon) where I would sooner take up my quarters for a month or two of repose and study.

The church, not yet finished, is built over the cave in which Elijah is said to have dwelt, but again, I must ask, where is the proof of this? In a side-chapel they showed us a beautiful wooden statue of Elijah killing one of the prophets of Baal. The view of the Mediterranean from the roof of the Convent, a boundless

expanse but unrelieved by a single sail, was very grand though fatiguing from its uniformity; to the S. and S.E. lie Acre and its noble bay; to the S. we saw Castel Pellegrino, illustrious in the old crusading days, and Tortosa; immediately below us, on the edge of the bay, they pointed to a few ruined walls, the faint trace of Porphyryon, so named from the ancient purple dye of Tyre.

Acre is four hours distant from Carmel; we rode thither along the beach, frequently over wrecks of vessels of considerable size, almost buried in the sand. We forded the Kishon in about half a dozen steps; here it had lost all its beauty, and the Belus, of about the same breadth, was equally uninteresting.—Acre looks nobly from a distance, but within its walls is the most wretched—houses in ruins, and broken arches in every direction—memorials of Ibrahim Pasha. We could hardly believe we had arrived at the Convent when our guides led us into the court of a large ruinous building like a Khan; the monks were as churlish as those of Mount Carmel were courteous, and the rooms they most ungraciously offered us swarmed with fleas, that we reloaded the mules, and, walking back to the beach, encamped, in peace and freedom on a grassy plot, almost alive with grasshoppers, harmless little beings! I never was so struck with the truth of Pope's beautiful line—"the green myriads of the peopled grass."—And such a sunset! we should have lost it within the walls of the Convent.

—Ibrahim Pasha! Ibrahim Pasha!—Why not a sigh for the olden day, when the Standard of England streamed from St. George's Mount, and the chivalry of Richard encamped around it, and the young knights stood and listened to Blondel's lay; but he that was to win on the morrow the honoured name of D'Acre

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at apart from his companions, watching the sun setting in the far west, where dwelt the lady of his love—his spouse lying on the grass, and his steed feeding beside him!

Tuesday, the sixteenth of May, we passed from the plain of Acre, through the beautiful vale of Bellina, or Babilin,* into the rich and fertile plain of Zebulon, and thence ascended, through a vale of olives, to Sepphhoury, the representative of Sepphoris, the ancient capital of Galilee. A few broken columns, sarcophagi, and excavated tombs, are its only remains of Jewish, and an old Gothic church with handsome arches, of Christian magnificence.

In about an hour and a quarter beyond Sepphhoury, we reached the loftiest ridge between the plain of Esdraelon and the sea; the view on every side was superb—in front of us stretched the magnificent plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, so interesting in the annals of history past—and to come, for there, according to the Apocalypse, will be fought the last great battle of Megiddon; Mount Tabor was full in view; the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon rose in the distance, and at our feet lay Nazareth, embedded in its little vale like the infant Saviour in his mother's arms.

But the vale of Nazareth has no pretensions to the beauty ascribed to it by travellers; its hills are barren and uncultivated, and the grove of fig-trees we passed through in descending to the village was very scanty. We were hospitably received by the Superior of the Spanish Convent, who gave us a very tolerable apartment, with a portentous crack, however, across the roof, the effect of the great earthquake of the first of

* "Belonging to the village of that name, which we passed to the right at three hours and ten minutes after leaving Acre." *Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

January,—have you ever heard of it in England? They *had* excellent rooms for visitors, but the wing of the house in which they were situated has been completely ruined. Only six persons were killed in Nazareth, and but few houses were injured.

The church is very handsome, but inferior to those at Bethlehem and Jerusalem; it contains two organs, one of them a very fine instrument. Expressing a wish to hear it played, the Superior sent for the organist, who surprised us by striking up a beautiful slow waltz (there was no one in the church but ourselves,) and then the grand Constitutional March of Spain; many other airs followed, executed with much taste and enthusiasm; it was quite a treat, and did me much good. The church is built over a grotto, said to be part of the Virgin Mary's house, and the scene of the Annunciation. In front of the altar (that is, where it now stands) stood the Santa Casa of Loretto, said to have been transported thither by angels from this spot.

Clarke and I visited the steep rock near the Maronite church, from which his father imagined the Jews wished to cast our Saviour; it may very possibly be the spot; the rock is still twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and so much rubbish has accumulated at the bottom that it may have been fifty or sixty—eighteen hundred years ago. If I recollect right, one might now jump down the Tarpeian rock at Rome without much risk of broken limbs.

Every scene of our Saviour's life at Nazareth is marked by chapels and churches; there is a well, however, named after the Virgin, to the east of the city, which we gazed at with extreme interest; it still supplies Nazareth with water, and thither, without a doubt, came the Virgin Mary and her Saviour Son, day after

ay, to draw water—as we saw the daughters of Nazareth coming while we stopped our horses to drink at it.

From Nazareth (sending on Missirie, with the baggage, direct to Mount Tabor) we rode over the hills to Kenna, the ancient Cana of Galilee, passing Reni, a village on the left, utterly destroyed by the earthquake. Cana rises on a gentle elevation, facing the south-west. We stopped at a fountain of excellent water, flowing beneath the village through delicious groves of figs and pomegranates—the source, doubtless, of the very water that was made wine.*

From Cana we struck into a narrow but most lovely vale, wooded chiefly with valonidis and prickly oaks, and carpeted with the most luxuriant grass and wild flowers, especially one resembling the hollyhock, which, at this season, adorns every field in Palestine. The vale ended in a small plain, nearly triangular, formed by the meeting of several valleys, and covered with corn—the only cultivated spot we saw during the whole ride. Turning to the right, in the direction of Mount Tabor, we presently caught a glimpse of the tent, and the union-jack hoisted on a tree as a signal. Missirie had selected a charming spot, about ten minutes up the mountain, commanding a splendid view over Galilee towards Nazareth and Saffet. Our guide from Nazareth, a benevolent-looking, grey-bearded Christian, pointed out several spots sanctified by monkish tradition, visible from this elevation,—the mountain of the Beatitudes, the place where the five thousand were fed, &c. &c.

After resting awhile, we started for the top in time to see the sun set beyond the Mediterranean, a most mag-

* Dr. Robinson fixes the true Cana at Kefr Kenna. *B. Researches*, vol. iii, p. 204. [1847.]

nificent spectacle. The mountain being entirely covered with thick woods, and nearly level at the summit, we had some difficulty in discovering its highest point; once attained, the prospect north, south, east, and west, was almost boundless. The summit is covered with very extensive ruins of an ancient town and fortress mentioned by Josephus. The wall too that he built there in forty days is still traceable. Dr. Mac Lennan and I discovered a very large and deep fosse at the west end of the hill, with part of a wall of very considerable height still standing. Clarke found his way there by himself, but had much more difficulty in extricating himself from the maze of ruins; he encountered four deep fosses at four points where he attempted egress, and almost thought himself bewitched. We met with arches, vaults, and excavations in every direction, all overgrown with thick grass and trees; the soil is excessively rich. Of comparatively modern buildings, we saw a rude chapel near the castle, dedicated to the Transfiguration, with three altars, answering to the proposed three tabernacles,—that the Transfiguration took place on Mount Tabor, is, however, quite a gratuitous supposition.

The next morning we rode to Tiberias, now Tabaria, across the great plain, leaving the "Hill of the Beatitudes," on which our Saviour is *said* to have preached his sermon on the Mount, to the left,—I should rather say, that, while the rest of the caravan went on to Tiberias, Clarke and I rode to the top of it; the view is lovely—the sea of Galilee lies before you, outstretched like a map—its northern extremity, broken by creeks, but circular in the main, is quite distinct, while the eye follows the eastern shore for many a mile, till the mountains close in and conceal the southern extremity. The snowy ridge of Gebel Sheikh, the

Tiberian before the Earthquake of 1637.

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Tiberias after the Earthquake of 1837

ancient Hermon, is the principal ornament of every view in this part of Galilee. Dr. Mac Lennan had not seen snow for sixteen years.

We did not enter Tiberias, but pitched on the banks of the lake; the earthquake had left the town in ruins, its walls cast down to the ground, its towers split in two, and their galleries and chambers laid open and yawning in mid-air. We all bathed and found it most refreshing. We spent a very pleasant afternoon and evening on the shore of this lovely lake—not, I hope, without thoughts of Him who dwelt on its banks and walked on its waves, and stilled them at his word, and whose will is still all-powerful to sustain us, when the winds wage war and the waters rise against us, and faith, like Peter, sinks in the heart, even while it wishes to draw nigh to God, and we look around for help, and finding none, cry aloud, “Lord, save us, we perish!” and then, and not till then, is the hand outstretched, and the voice heard, that says to the winds, “Peace!” and to the sea, “Be still!” and there is a great calm, and the heart, like its emblem, recomposed to rest, Faith walks once more on the waters, hand in hand, and in communion with her Saviour.

Thoughtfully and peacefully passed that evening. A few hours’ repose was very welcome after so many days’ incessant march. ⁽³⁴⁾

SECTION II.

Arrived at the sea of Galilee, I was very anxious to discover, if possible, the sites of Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, &c., and to visit the eastern shore of the lake, of which I had never met with any description,—with the exception of Burckhardt, who only visited the south-eastern extremity, and a few other gentle-

men who travelled as Arabs, dread of the inhabitants had hitherto deterred Frank travellers from venturing thither; but we were a numerous party, well armed—times too were changed—and we determined therefore on making the complete tour of the lake, *en route* for Oom Keis and Jerash; some humbug was talked to us, not about the inhabitants, but the roads, which our guide declared absolutely impassable,—truth is a rare bird in this country; there is as beautiful and easy a footpath along the whole eastern shore of the lake as across a meadow in England.

About an hour north of Tiberias, and at the bottom of a deep bay, unnoticed in the map, we entered the plain of Gennesareth, of which Josephus gives such a glowing description, nor do I think it overcharged. It is excessively fertile, but now for the most part uncultivated; the waste parts are covered with the rankest vegetation, reeds, sidr-trees, oleanders, honeysuckles, wild flowers, and splendid thistles in immense crops; I saw a stunted palm or two, and there *are* fig-trees, though I did not see them,—once they were numerous. A broad clear stream and innumerable rapid little rivulets cross the road. Medjdel, a wretched village, probably represents Magdala, the birth-place of Mary Magdalen, both names implying a “tower” in Arabic and Hebrew,—but of Capernaum no traces remain, not even, so far as I could ascertain by repeated inquiries, the memory of its name. Truly, indeed, has Capernaum been cast down to Hades—the grave of oblivion. I think it must have stood on the northern extremity of the plain, close to the sea; its position on the shore cannot be doubted,—it was also very near the mountain on which our Saviour preached his sermon, for, descending from it, he entered into Capernaum; now the hills to the south of the plain are very

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Sea of Galilee

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rugged and barren—no one would for a moment dream of climbing them for such a purpose as our Saviour had in view,—those that bound the plain to the west are too distant from the lake to answer the conditions,—while that to the north, which we crossed on our road to the head of the lake, agrees with them in every point, the summit, an easy walk from the town, supposing it situated as I conceive it was, being perfectly smooth and covered with fine grass, though the sides are rocky.*

Beyond this hill, in another small plain, flow several very copious streams of warm mineral waters, and there are extensive ruins of Roman baths and aqueducts. After traversing a succession of sloping meadows, and some of the finest thickets of oleander I ever saw, in full flower, we reached the head of the lake, four hours after leaving Tiberias.

I could hear nothing of Chorazin and Bethsaida, though I named them to almost every one we met. Bethsaida, indeed, was discovered by Pococke in ruins, and called by the same name, rather out of this immediate district, but Chorazin ought to be somewhere hereabouts. Dr. Richardson was informed that both Chorazin and Capernaum were near, but in ruins—no one, however, that we met seemed to know anything about them. Some future traveller may be more fortunate in this interesting inquiry.⁽²⁵⁾

After riding up the Ghor, or Valley of the Jordan, about an hour, we halted for the noontide rest under two large branching sidr-trees, laden with fruit—a thick grove of oleanders overspreading the moist plain below, wherever the Jordan flowed, or the little stream-

* This is the position fixed upon by Dr. Robinson as the site of Capernaum. *B. Researches*, vol. iii, p. 251. [1847.]

lets, that branch off from and reunite with him, find their way. The river was flowing very swiftly, and of considerable breadth, but not deeper than the horses' knees, at the point where we forded it; it was a charming evening, and I do not think I exaggerate in saying that thousands of birds were singing in the thickets as we crossed the Ghor—but the noise they made was horrible.

Reaching the foot of the eastern mountains in an hour and forty minutes, and turning southwards, we rode for nearly two hours and a half as far as the mountain El Hussn, beyond Wady Sumuk, where we pitched for the night near a Bedouin camp. So far from finding the road rugged or difficult, it was far easier than that on the western bank—in fact, by far the best we had ever travelled on in Syria—lying entirely through meadows, covered with corn, that descend in a gentle declivity to the water's edge,—and this description applies to the whole eastern side of the lake; the western is much more rugged and precipitous. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the lake and of the opposite mountains at sunset; the view from Tiberias is quite tame in comparison,—though, 'tis true, you do see Mount Hermon.

Next morning we climbed up the mountain El Hussn, which, at a distance, so strongly resembles the hump of a camel, that I think there can be little doubt of its being the ancient Gamala, described by Josephus as resembling, and named after, the said protuberance. It has been a place of tremendous strength, and no slight importance. Valleys, deep and almost perpendicular, surround it on the north, east, and south. On the south side the rock is scarped angularly for defence; on the eastern, it is built up, so as to bar all

approach from below; to the south-east a neck of land, of much lower elevation, and scarped on both sides, connects it with the neighbouring mountains, and communicates by a steep descent with the southern valley; travellers from the east and west appear to have met at this neck of land, and thence ascended to the city; in fact, the southern valley is still the high road between the lake and the country east of it—but no one now, save the curious Frank, turns out of his path to visit El Hussn.

Ignorant of the shorter road, we ascended it in almost a direct line from the lake. If, as I conclude, the houses were built on the steep face of the mountain, Josephus might well describe them as hanging as if they would fall one on the other. All traces of them have been swept away, and the mountain is now covered with thick grass. The top is sprinkled with trees; we found many ruins on it, apparently of the citadel, but not very interesting.

Passing a ruined wall, and advancing eastward, we came to the picturesque remains of a gate, built of massive stones; granite columns were lying about,—one, at a little distance, partly erect—and quantities of polished stone strewn in every direction. Further on, we found a curious cone of basalt—then a well, and the remains of a bath—and another gate on the eastern brow of the hill, by which we descended to the above-mentioned neck of land, and thence into the valley. Many sarcophagi, part of a cornice, and the disunited stones of a water-course, were lying on the isthmus; and in the face of the mountain to the south, overhanging the valley, are many tombs—the only ones I saw on the east side of the Sea of Galilee. Descending the valley towards the lake, we met a party of

Arabs, bound for Feik, the town which gives its modern name to all this district, the ancient Gadarene.

What the old name of El Hussn was—Gamala, or Gadara—I do not pretend to decide, but I felt the strong conviction, as I descended the valley, that this was the city of the Gadarenes,* to which our Saviour had crossed from Capernaum (just opposite) when, “immediately on coming out of the ship, there met him out of the tombs a certain man possessed with devils, exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass that way”—the high road of the country then, as now. Our Saviour, on the people of the city entreating his departure, returned to Capernaum, his object in crossing having merely been to avoid the importunity of the multitude, though doubtless he had foreknown from all eternity the miracle of mercy there to be performed by him on the wretched demoniac. Moreover, below the hill, as you descend towards the lake, are certain steep eminences, on which the swine may have been feeding when the devils begged leave to enter into them; “running down a steep place into the sea” cannot imply a precipice immediately overhanging the lake, for there is none such on the whole eastern shore, and, if one of these steep declivities be not the scene of that stupendous miracle, I know of no place that answers the description. I was glad to find in conversation with my friend Mr. Farren, after arriving at Damascus, that the conviction of this being *the* city of the Gadarenes had struck him just as forcibly as myself.†

After reaching the southern extremity of the lake,

* Otherwise called, “of the Gergashites.” [1847.]

† “Between El Hussn and the extremity of the lake, we passed to the right Herbe Summera, a village of mud huts, built (Dr. Mac Lennan observed) in the shape of tents, exactly like the small tents called in India rowties.” *Orig. Journal.* [1847.]

and traversing for a short while the valley of the Jordan, we reached the banks of the ancient Yermuck, a fine swift-flowing river, about as wide as the Jordan, but considerably deeper, four or five feet at least,—but we forded it without difficulty, and then struck into the hills to the east, which we ascended for about an hour and a half, when, to our surprise, instead of having to descend again, we found ourselves on an extensive plain, on which stand the ruins of Oom Keis—in all probability, Gadara.

These ruins are very considerable. Besides the foundations of a whole line of houses, there are two theatres, on the north and west sides of the town—the former quite destroyed, but the latter in very tolerable preservation, and very handsome; near it the ancient pavement, with wheel-tracks of carriages, is still visible. Broken columns and capitals lie in every direction, and sarcophagi to the east of the town, where the tombs are,—and these tombs are by far the most interesting antiquities to be seen in Oom Keis. They are almost all inhabited, and the massive stone doors, that originally closed them, still move on their hinges, and open or shut at the option of the present owners. These doors are usually about five or six inches thick. The best specimen I saw was beautifully carved in four deep pannels, with a false knocker; a wreath between two roses was sculptured on the lintel, and the sarcophagus still retained its place within. We saw numbers of stone doors afterwards in the Hauran, all the Roman houses there having originally been furnished with them, but nowhere any so handsome as those of the sepulchres at Oom Keis. Over one of them I was shown a Greek inscription, claiming it as the tomb of Gaius Annius Gaaniph, a curious mixture of Hebrew and profane names.

These tombs have been supposed to be those haunted by the demoniac of Scripture, but surely they should not be looked for at an inland town, some miles to the south-east of the sea of Galilee; besides, it is clear that, as our Saviour did not enter the "city of the Gadarenes," the tombs lay to the west of it; whereas these are to the east of Oom Keis.

The guide we procured here, though after a great deal of difficulty, led us quite astray to a village called Melka, or Meltsha, where our arrival excited great astonishment and many *mashallahs* at our maps, guns, &c.; they probably had never seen Franks before. Taking another guide from this place, the following morning, we pursued our way through scenery, for the most part extremely ugly and void of interest, (but good soil, and not a little under cultivation,) to Erbad, where we found the secretary and suite of an officer of Ibrahim Pasha, absent in the neighbourhood on duty; they pressed us most cordially to alight and drink their master's coffee, but we had not time, and declined their kindness. The secretary, however, obliged us in another way by procuring us a far more efficient guide in Sheikh Suleyman, Sheikh of the Christians of El Hussn, the next village we came to.

On arriving there, the Sheikh insisted on our resting in his house, and there was no evading his hospitality. It was the largest in the village, and everything about it betokened him a man of consequence. A number of women and children were ejected to make room for us. Our carpet was spread on a raised dais, or platform, at one end of the large arched apartment of which the whole house consisted; he sat down with us, and the Christian villagers sat below and on the edge of the platform; some were old men, all wore the kefieh, or

Bedouin head-dress,—the turban is very seldom seen east of the Jordan.

I asked after Mousa Hakim, M. Seetzen, the first European who travelled in these regions, about thirty years ago; an old man replied that he had carried his saddle-bags; they inquired if I was his son, and another added I was very like him. He was here, they said, nineteen days, making El Hussn his head-quarters, and visiting the different places in the neighbourhood,—naming them in succession. Abdallah ul Ganem, “Seetzen’s hospitable old landlord,” as Burckhardt, who was also his guest, calls him, is still living; they talked in very high terms of Ibrahim Beg—evidently a Frank traveller—can it have been Burckhardt? The Arab *nom de guerre* he commonly assumed was Sheikh Ibrahim.

Our host’s coffee was very good; he had some difficulty, however, at first, in procuring water, and, to our surprise, we learnt that, except a spring which produced only two skins a-day, there was none drinkable in the village, and they were obliged to bring the surplus from a considerable distance. On our return to El Hussn, several days afterwards, the Sheikh’s son visited us, and inquired whether our English books mentioned the existence of any spring there,—such an opinion have these orientals of Frankish learning.

In our ride that afternoon, the old Sheikh pointed out many fine fields as his property; the land, he said, was very rich, and, if the English would but come and take possession of it, they would join heart and hand with them, and drive out the Turks with the sword. This feeling is almost universal among the villagers east of the Jordan, and no wonder, for their state is

wretched, scorched as they are by that iron furnace—Egypt.*

Two hours beyond El Hussn, we encamped at the large village of Naimi. The moment we arrived, the Greek priest came down, and implored us to lodge with him; we excused ourselves with all civility, saying we always slept in our tent in the fresh air. After we had pitched and settled in it, he brought us a goat as a present; we told him we had killed a sheep the night before, and had plenty of meat; nothing would satisfy him,—he had given us the goat, he said, and it was impossible for him to take it back. Punch accordingly took possession. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of this good man; hospitality, east of the Jordan, is dreadfully embarrassing, and one is obliged sometimes to be almost rude in evading it, but the horrors acceptance would involve one in are too awful to contemplate with equanimity. We did not forget next day to recompense the priest for his goat through the medium of his child; he convoyed us some distance out of the town, and we parted.

The wood-scenery spoken of in such high terms by Buckingham, Irby and Mangles, &c., began to appear about a quarter of an hour after leaving Naimi—trees, thinly scattered at first, but which soon became numerous; and the road henceforward was extremely pretty, winding over hills and through vales and narrow rocky ravines, overhung with the valonidi oak and other beautiful trees of which I knew not the names. Approaching Jerash, (Souf lying considerably to the west,) the woods had suffered much from fire; the whole mountain-side had been burnt; the herbage was quite con-

* The insurrection, in fact, broke out the year afterwards, 1839, rendering the whole of the country east of the Jordan inaccessible [1847.]

med, many trees had perished in the conflagration, some were standing, half alive, half dead, while others, in the midst of the desolation, had quite escaped.* Jerash lay before us,—after a steep and rocky descent, we reached the bank of a beautiful little stream, thickly shaded by tall oleanders, and, passing through hundreds of sheep and goats watering at it, ascended to the summit of a hill in the midst of the ruins, near a spacious oval colonnade, which forms the termination of the principal street, and was once, probably, the forum of Jerash. We pitched on the top of the hill, and, re-descending, forthwith commenced our examination of the ruins.

We visited the south-western section first, and, passing through the oval colonnade, ascended to the remains of a fine temple, once surrounded by a peristyle of Corinthian columns, of which one broken one only remains erect; capitals, of good execution, and fragments of the frieze, are lying about. I may as well remark here, once for all, that almost all the finest works of architecture in Syria are of the Corinthian order. Close to the temple stands a theatre in excellent preservation, the seats often quite perfect for many rows together; there are thirty rows. The galleries are now the private dwelling-houses of the Arabs, and we did not enter them from the blended fear of intrusion and fleas. The buildings behind the stage, with the three front doors, (filled up with rubbish,) and the

* I remarked the same phenomenon at Hamburgh, after the fire—the number of black withered trees which remained, not mere stumps, but skeletons calcined as they grew—every branch and twig perfect, and cutting distinct and sharp against the sky as in winter, but with a blackness that told the tale of their destruction, even had there not been almost always others of bright green in the same line of prospect, affording a most extraordinary contrast. [1847.]

side-entrances, remain unusually perfect, and many of the pillars are still standing. A large circus without the south-western gate, and, beyond it, the remains of a large heavy triumphal arch, are the only other objects worth notice in this direction.

Returning through the remains of the south-western gate, to the oval colonnade, (of the Ionic order and in very good preservation,) we proceeded along the principal street, running N.E. and S.W. along the side of the hill on which Jerash is built, and lined with Corinthian columns; at its point of intersection with another street running down to the river, (on the right, east of the town,) stand four square pedestals, ornamented with niches for busts on each side, and once probably surmounted by pillars or statues,—they are much handsomer though smaller, than those we afterwards saw at Palmyra, and at Shoaba in the Hauran. The cross-street leads to a bridge, and on the other side of the river (where a suburb appears to have been built) stand a large Christian church and the ruins of a temple. Proceeding along the principal street, we came to a semicircular recess, on the left, of very rich architecture, but much injured,—probably an ancient temple, as four fine columns, much loftier than their neighbours, stand in front of it. An inscription records the name of M. Aurelius Antoninus.

Farther on, still to the left of the street, stands the propylon or gateway to the temple of Baal, or the Sun, the principal edifice of Jerash. It is a very handsome building; the pediments and friezes are particularly rich. A long inscription is lying on the ground in fragments; I could make enough of it out to conclude that the temple was built by or under the reign of one of the Antonines. A flight of steps led originally from the propylon to the brow of the hill, and a central

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colonnade from thence to the temple. It stood in the centre of a large court surrounded by columns, of which only, on the north side, remain perfect. The columns of the portico are in very good preservation, but not of the best execution; one of them, the second from the south, rocks in the breeze,—we saw it distinctly. The inside of the temple is quite plain. Baal's worship was universal over this country; the finest temples existing in Syria, those of Baalbec, Palmyra, and Jerash, were all dedicated to him.

Opposite to the propylon, another cross-street runs down towards the river, bordered by columns, erect only on the south side; traces are discernible of the ancient pavement, which was raised in the middle of the street, with a trottoir on a lower level. It ends in a semicircular platform, built up over the river.

Beyond the propylon, following the course of the main street, and to the left of it, stands another theatre (for the combats of wild beasts) with a colonnade in front of it, from which a third cross-street runs down to the river, meeting the High Street at a rotunda, (which has suffered much from the recent earthquake,) and ending in an immense accumulation of vaults and arches overhanging the stream—probably baths. The High Street runs on in a north-easterly direction, till it ends at the gate of the town. The ancient pavement is in singular preservation beyond the baths.

Here ended our explorations, and now for the result. I am glad I have seen Jerash, and think it well worth visiting, but I confess it fell far short of my expectations. No one building gave me the impression of perfect grandeur or perfect beauty,—there is none that stamps itself on the memory and the affections; the conception and execution of the ruins are in general poor, without dignity or grace; the eye is perpetually

offended by the want of harmony and proportion—capitals too large or too small for their shafts, shafts sloping too suddenly to their capitals, and others, new to them, in the same building, maintaining the same stumpy thickness throughout; while, in the colonnade of the principal street, columns of different sizes are united in the same row, and those on the opposite sides of the street do not face each other. The Ionic oval colonnade is pretty enough as a whole, but the pillars, in themselves, are very poor and diminutive. The sculptures of the recess or temple in the High Street, and the frieze of the propylon of the great temple, are certainly very rich, but neither gave me the delight I expected. The theatre, indeed, pleased me most of all the monuments of Jerash. I cannot conceive how any one could have named it on the same day with Palmyra. I should call Jerash a very fair specimen of a second-rate provincial Roman town, and such Pella was, the town the Christians fled to on the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, and with which Jerash seems much more identifiable than with Gerasa, similar as are the names; for Gerasa lay to the east of the sea of Galilee. And if Jerash *be* Pella, what an interesting place would it be to the Christian pilgrim, even were the site as bare as that of Jerusalem herself, after the plough-share of Terentius Rufus had torn up her very foundations!

Now, though I have said all this, I would not for the world dissuade any traveller from visiting these ruins. I was disappointed, I allow, but my expectations had been too much excited. Coutts, some day, remembering my disappointment, yet following my advice, or rather the dictates of his own good sense, in seeing and judging for himself, may probably be as agreeably surprised with Jerash as I was with Palmyra, after all I had heard to its disparagement.

Jerash has suffered much from the late earthquake; we saw many recent ruins; Mr. Moore was here at the time, and he described the columns as *chattering* on their bases. But many a previous earth-throb has aided the scythe of Time in the work of destruction; the pillars consist, for the most part, of several courses of stone, and in repeated instances every course has been shaken out of its place,—and that many a year ago.

With what different views do Franks now visit these Syrian wilds! I dare say Baldwin and his chivalry thought little of the temples and theatres of Jerash when they tore down the fortress that the Soldan of Damascus had had the impudence to build so near their territory. It was built, we are told, of large squared stones; many a Roman edifice, I fear, suffered to supply the materials. (³⁶)

The heat was very great at Jerash. By day, the ruins were absolutely alive with lizards, and at night the tent swarmed with insects—harmless, however, and old acquaintances, except a large creature like a spider, armed with four powerful nippers which drew blood; there were scorpions too, but none of them visited us,—and land tortoises, rustling through the long grass, as we rambled among the ruins.

It was our original idea, after determining on the tour of the Hauran, to cross the desert from Jerash to Bozrah, a journey of about ten hours, but we found that route impracticable for horses, there being no water the whole way. We were therefore under the necessity of returning to El Hussn, and following the usual road of the country people. We quitted Jerash however in a southerly direction, unable to resist the temptation of visiting Ammon and Assalt.

Rabbath-Ammon, the capital of the children of Ammon, the city Joab was besieging when Uriah was

sacrificed at the command of David, and subsequently named Philadelphia by the Greeks, still retains among the Arabs its original name, pronounced Ammān, with the broad Italian *a*.

In less than an hour after leaving Jerash, we crossed the Nahr el Zerka, the ancient Jabbok, a very shallow river, into which the stream of Jerash flows; its position in the map (in mine, at least) is quite wrong. The trees became fewer and fewer as we receded from Jerash, and disappeared altogether about two hours north of Ammon. We passed many ruined sites, and the country has once been very populous, but, during the whole day's ride, thirty-five miles at least, we did not see a single village; the whole country is one vast pasturage, overspread by the flocks and herds of the Anezee and Beni-Hassan Bedouins. In the fine large valley El Bega, six hours from Jerash, we passed three large camps of the latter, and near Ammon a still larger one of the former tribe. Their camels were indeed without number, grazing by hundreds, and nothing could be more picturesque than the chivalry of the Clan Anezee riding about, the little banderoles attached to the heads of their long lances streaming in the wind,—the Beni Hassan tribe carry guns only. None of the women were veiled. The Sheikh's tent was always distinguished by a spear reared in front of it, reminding us of an interesting incident in the early history of David.

The scenery waxed drearier and drearier as, at ten hours and a half from Jerash, we descended an *akiba*, or precipitous stony slope, into the Valley of Ammon, and crossed a beautiful stream, bordered at intervals by strips of stunted grass; no oleanders cheered the eye with their rich blossoms; the hills on both sides were rocky and bare, and pierced with excavations and natural caves. Here, at a turning in the narrow valley,

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commence the antiquities of Ammon. It was situated on both sides of the stream; the dreariness of its present aspect is quite indescribable,—it looks like the abode of death; the valley stinks with dead camels—one of them was rotting in the stream, and, though we saw none among the ruins, they were absolutely covered in every direction with their dung. That morning's ride would have convinced a sceptic; how runs the prophecy? “I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks; and ye shall know that I am the Lord!”

Nothing but the croaking of frogs, and screams of wild birds, broke the silence as we advanced up this valley of desolation. Passing on the left an unopened tomb, (for the singularity in these regions is, when the tombs have not been violated,) several broken sarcophagi, and an aqueduct—in one spot full of human skulls, a bridge on the right, a ruin on the left—apparently the southern gate of the town, and a high wall and lofty terrace, with one pillar still standing, the remains probably of a portico—we halted under the square building, supposed by Seetzen to have been a mausoleum, and, after a hasty glance at it, hurried up the glen in search of the principal ruins, which we found much more extensive and interesting than we expected,—not, certainly, in such good preservation as those of Jerash, but designed on a much grander scale. Storks were perched in every direction on the tops of the different buildings; others soared at an immense height above us.

We examined the ruins more in detail the following morning. The Mausoleum, externally, is a very handsome square edifice, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters and an elegant cornice, the greater part of which is lying broken on the ground; the interior is circular, an arched window, elegantly carved with roses and

fretwork on the suffit, opening on the river, under an ornamented frieze,—and a smaller, in the adjacent wall of the building, surmounted by a sculptured shell. The corresponding windows and walls of the edifice are quite destroyed. The first ruin we came to beyond it, (the valley bending eastwards,) was a large well-built Christian Church, with a steeple, which we ascended by thirty-three steps, in excellent preservation.* Beyond it, alongside the river, are the remains of a lofty portico, consisting of a central arched recess, from which wings, with smaller recesses, seem originally to have branched, curving irregularly according to the bend of the river, and ornamented in front with lofty Corinthian columns, of which four, much injured, and without their capitals, are still standing. Viewed from the other side of the water, the back of this portico (if it really was one) has the appearance of a fortress, being supported by two lofty round towers, united by a bastion, projecting angularly. At the time of the floods, the water of the river was conveyed by an arch under this building through the town.

The river, throughout the valley, has been confined, and, in many places, still flows within a channel of masonry, as a safeguard against inundation. From this artificial bank a handsome bridge, of one broad arch, still quite entire, is thrown across the stream beyond the portico. We crossed it to the southern bank, there being nothing more on the northern worth seeing, except the remains of a temple of florid Corinthian architecture and sculpture, sadly injured by time and wind. A few moments, and we reached the noblest ruin at

* "They end in a broad step, admitting of a view through four windows to the four points of the compass. The steeple, to above the windows, is built square, above as an octagon." *Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

Ammon, a most magnificent theatre, built in the hollow of the southern hill. A quadrangular colonnade, of the Corinthian order, extended in front of it,—twelve of the pillars, forming the south-western angle, are still standing; eight perfect, with their entablature, in front of the theatre, and four, without capitals, running towards the river. Between the colonnade and the south-west horn of the theatre, the ancient pavement remains very perfect; the raised pavement of the proscenium, or platform behind the stage, is also in good preservation, but this part of the building is much ruined. Many Corinthian capitals are lying on the ground, and traces of modern Arab houses are discernible in the area. Bones and skulls of camels were mouldering there, and in the vaulted galleries of this immense structure. We counted forty-three tiers of very high seats, divided by three galleries; but several more, probably, are covered by the accumulated earth. Behind the highest gallery, a wall is built up against the rock, in the centre of which a doorway, receding rather more than three feet, with a semicircular recess on each side, gives access to a square vaulted apartment,—the whole, inside and outside, overgrown with creepers, and the architectural decorations very chaste; it produces a beautiful effect from below, the mountain crags towering over it. This, according to Arab tradition, was the summer seat of the Prince of Ammon in Solomon's time—the theatre was his palace.*

Beyond the theatre—and the last building in that direction, is a curious nondescript pile; vaulted galleries and arched entrances from without, and a mass of ruins within; I could not tell what to make of it. Nearly opposite the theatre, on the northern hill, stands

* See Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes East of the Jordan, p. 95.

the large building, called by Burckhardt the Castle; I did not visit it,—Dr. Mac Lennan did, and discovered moreover very extensive ruins on a table-land at the summit.

There are many other ruins in the valley of Ammon, but in such utter decay, that it is difficult to say what they have been. Near the Corinthian temple, on the north side of the river, stands the broken shaft of a very noble column, larger in its diameter than any at Jerash—as are also the columns in front of the supposed Portico.

Such are the relics of ancient Ammon, or, rather, of Philadelphia, for no building there can boast of a prior date to that of the change of name. It was a bright cheerful morning, but still the valley is a very dreary spot, even when the sun shines brightest. Vultures were garbaging on a camel, as we slowly rode back through the glen, and re-ascended the *akiba* by which we approached it. Ammon is now quite deserted, except by the Bedouins, who water their flocks at its little river, descending to it by a *wady*, nearly opposite the theatre, (in which Dr. Mac Lennan saw great herds and flocks, and, if I recollect right, considerable ruins,) and by the *akiba*. Re-ascending it, we met sheep and goats by thousands, and camels by hundreds, coming down to drink,—all in beautiful condition. How—let me again cite the prophecy—how runs it?—"Ammon shall be a desolation!—Rabbah of the Ammonites...shall be a desolate heap!—I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks, and ye shall know that I am the Lord!" (²⁷)

Godfrey of Boulogne's last expedition was a raid into this country of the Ammonites; he was driving home an immense booty, when a Saracen Emir, bold in war, good knight and true, and one that would have wept

over a gallant enemy as over a friend, overtook him with a noble train of followers. He had heard much of Godfrey's personal strength, and had now come from a great distance with the sole view—not of trying it by a personal encounter, as a knight of Frangistan would have done, but of begging him to kill a large camel he had brought with him, in order that he might be able to speak as an eye-witness of the strength he had heard so highly vaunted. The courteous Godfrey drew his sword—struck—and the camel's head fell to the ground. The astonished Arab, attributing the facility with which the deed was done to the temper of the blade, asked whether he could do the same thing with another man's weapon? Smiling at the question, and taking the Saracen's own scymetar, he struck off another camel's head with the same ease. The grateful Emir, convinced that all that he had heard of the Frank leader was true, thanked him, offered him presents of gold, silver, and horses, and then returned to his own country, while Godfrey went on to Jerusalem, where he died almost immediately afterwards.

The year after this singular interview, Baldwin of Edessa, Godfrey's brother, and the second Latin king of Jerusalem, made another successful foray on the Arabs beyond the Jordan, surprised their tents in the middle of the night, and carried off their women and children prisoners, besides an innumerable multitude of asses and camels. The men, seeing their approach, had all leaped on their horses, and plunged into the desert.—The Franks immediately commenced their retreat, the captives and cattle marching in the van. Among the former they presently recognised an illustrious lady, the wife of a powerful prince of the country, and who was in hourly expectation of making him a father. The moment he heard of her situation, King Baldwin

stopped, had her taken off the camel on which she rode, prepared a comfortable bed for her of part of the spoils, and gave her a supply of provisions and two skinfuls of water,—picked out a maiden to attend her, and two she-camels to give her milk ; and, lastly, wrapped her carefully up in his own cloak—sprang on his horse, and departed.—That very evening the Arab Prince, following the track of the Christians, his heart bleeding for the loss of his dear wife, and under such peculiarly painful circumstances, came unexpectedly to the very spot where she lay—with her new-born child! —We may imagine the rapture of such a meeting.

Few months elapsed before he had an opportunity of manifesting his gratitude. Baldwin, who, with a train of two hundred horse, had imprudently attacked an army of several thousand Egyptian invaders, had been forced to take refuge with the remnant of his little band in the Castle of Ramla, the fortifications of which were too weak to allow of even a hope of their making good their defence on the morrow. The Arab prince, however, who acted with the Egyptian army as an auxiliary, remembering Baldwin's kindness, stole out of the camp by night, and approaching the Castle walls, and speaking in a stifled tone, besought instant access to the King as the bearer of a most important secret. Admitted, he told him who he was, reminded him of the act which he now rejoiced in the prospect of requiting, and, promising that the Egyptians had determined that evening to put every soul within the Castle to death, offered to conduct him himself to a place of safety. The offer was accepted—the Saracen guided the king (with as many of his followers as he judged he could save without risk of discovery) to the mountains, and quitting him there, with renewed professions of his gratitude and personal good wishes, returned to his camp, while Bald-

win, with the utmost difficulty, and after much suffering, from thirst and hunger, found his way to his friends at Arsur.*

We were now cutting right across country, in the direction of Szalt, or, as it is commonly pronounced, Assalt, supposed to be Machærus, the scene of John the Baptist's execution, and six hours and a half distant from Ammon. In two hours and a half, we re-entered the woody region, which continued at intervals all the rest of our morning's ride. An hour afterwards, we observed traces of an ancient paved road, running nearly in the same direction as our own. We saw no village between Ammon and Assalt; but several fine and very extensive crops of corn, which we were nearly half an hour riding through, made us suspect we were in the neighbourhood of one. We descended to Assalt by a steep craggy ravine, expanding, as we advanced, into a rich valley, terraced with vineyards; gardens of figs, olives, and pomegranates, of the most refreshing green, succeeded them; and presently, a turn in the road introduced us to Assalt,—a very pretty place, excellently built for an Arab town, and looking extremely well, as it rose, tier above tier, on the side of a steep hill, crowned with a large Saracenic castle. We halted in front of it, under the olive-trees, for two or three hours.⁽²⁸⁾

Between Assalt and El Hussn, the scenery is most lovely. We crossed Gebel Gilād, the ancient Mount Gilead, at its western extremity, where it takes the name of Gebel Osha, from the prophet (as they consider him) Joshua, whose tomb we saw in a mosque on the summit of the mountain where we encamped that night. The tomb is a long narrow trough, about twenty-five or thirty feet long, (the prophet's traditional stature,)

* For the first of these anecdotes, see the ninth—for the second, the tenth—book of William of Tyre's History of the Crusades.

but not more than three broad,—screened by a rail, covered with a dirty cloth, and filled near the aperture with votive offerings. The view from Gebel Osha was by far the grandest we had seen in the Holy Land; it burst upon us unexpectedly, after about an hour and twenty minutes' ascent from Assalt,—we had no idea we were on such elevated ground; the whole country lay below us, as far as the Jordan and the lofty mountains beyond it, the Jordan winding his way through the Ghor at the distance of about fifteen miles as the crow flies; at least thirty miles of his course must have been within our view. Our guide pointed out the bearings of different places from Riha near Jericho, as far north as Besan, the Bethshan of Scripture. Nablus, he said, (retaining the Greek final vowel,) was directly in the eye of the (setting) sun. He talked much of Tsiferada,* a ruined town in this neighbourhood, the “shops” of which, probably excavations, ran along the hills. This guide of ours, who accompanied us from Assalt to El Hussn, was a very intelligent man, full of anecdote, and with a hunter's eye,—almost indeed a Bedouin.

It is almost a continuous descent from the tomb of Osha to the foot of Gebel Ajeloon, and every minute introduces you to some new scene of loveliness. I fancied I distinguished three stages in Mount Gilead,—the upper, chiefly productive of the prickly oak and arbutus,—the central, of prickly oak, arbutus, and fir,—the lower, gently sloping northwards, of prickly oak and valonidis. The path wound through thickets of the most luxuriant growth, and of every shade of verdure, frequently overshadowing the road, and diffusing a delicious coolness, though a delightful fresh breeze so allayed the heat that it was never oppressive; while the cooing of wood-pigeons, the calling of partridges,

* Probably *Cafr Iuda*, i. e. a “city of the Jews.” [1847.]

(magnificent birds, as large as pheasants,)—the incessant hum of insects, and hiss of grasshoppers singing in the trees as happy as kings, after breakfasting on the dews of Mount Gilead—and the thought that gave a zest to it all, that this *was* Mount Gilead—made up a full cup of enjoyment, which I did quaff with my very soul.*

A gentle slope, about an hour in length, intervenes between the foot of Mount Gilead and the last steep descent to the Zerka, or ancient Jabbok,—there the valonidis, the last tree that forsook us as we descended, cease almost entirely. Gebel Ajeloon was a very grand object, as we began the descent to the river—its lower ridges thickly dotted with trees—the upper and more northerly, which we soon lost sight of, quite black with them.

The Zerka, as laid down in the maps, does not exist. It is the river named, I know not on what authority, Nahr el Zebeen and Kerouan, which we crossed within an hour after leaving Jerash. It flows here in a deep ravine, formed between the lower ridges of Gebel Ajeloon on the north, and Gebel Gilad on the south. It is a rapid stream, but not clear, nor deeper than the horses' knees—shaded with tall reeds, willows, and oleanders. This was the ancient boundary between Ammon, the country of Sihor, King of the Ammonites, and that of Og, King of Bashan—which we now re-entered. It was on the banks too of this river that,

* “At two hours and forty-five minutes from Gebel Osha, passed the ruined village Ullan; while the mules went on to water at an excellent spring, our guide led us to the right of the road, and leading the way on horseback through a pointed archway, we found ourselves in an old church, its groined roof supported by two rude pillars, one square, the other round—with two pointed arch windows.”—*Orig. Journal*. [1847.]

previous to his affecting interview with Esau, Jacob wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant until the ascent of the morning, and received his new name of Israel.

We rested here, immediately after crossing the river, for two hours and a half, in a large cave formed by overhanging rocks, with the river in front of us, and a wild almond tree near its mouth, which supplied us with a welcome addition to some raisins, the best we ever tasted, that we had procured at Assalt. It was oppressively hot in this ravine, but delightfully cool again as we ascended Gebel Ajeloon, through scenery of more grandeur than that of Mount Gilead, and to the full as beautiful. After three quarters of an hour of steep ascent, the valonidis re-appeared on both sides of a very beautiful ravine, running up into the mountains,—not valonidis only, but it was clothed to the very summit with prickly oaks and olive trees, tufted among the crags,—superb oleanders blossoming in the dry bed of a torrent, alongside of the road. Views more and more magnificent, towards Mount Gilead, opened upon us the higher we ascended; corn-fields, ready for the sickle, revealed the vicinity of a town, to wit, Bourma,—which we reached after an hour and twenty minutes' ascent; the olives ceased a little beyond it, but arbutuses, firs, ashes, prickly oaks, and a species of the valonidi with a larger leaf than the usual sort, perhaps the oak of Bashan, succeeded. After two hours and a half, we reached a beautiful broad terrace of about twenty minutes in length, and completely covered with corn, just below the highest point of Gebel Ajeloon, which towered up most majestically on the left, its noble crags almost hidden among beautiful trees. From the termination of this plain, or terrace, we descended, in half an hour, to Zebeen, through noble

r trees, far finer than those of Mount Gilead,—many of them blasted, and in ruins; the *sugh* of the wind among their lofty boughs was quite Scottish. The beauty of the descent surpassed, if possible, that of the ascent, and the northward view was most splendid. But a painter only could give you an idea of these scenes of beauty and grandeur.

Maps we found of little use in this country; we wished to have seen Ajeloon, where there is a fine old baraccenic castle, (³⁰) but it lay on the west side of the mountain, and we found it our best plan to bid our guides go *dogri*, straightforwards, to the places we were most anxious to reach, or we might have missed them altogether.

It was a sweet evening.—We encamped on a grassy spot surrounded by trees, on the hill-side, near a delicious spring, and, as usual, at some little distance from the village. The Sheikh ul Belled, however, soon made his appearance, with most pressing entreaties, as we had already pitched our tent, that we should dine and breakfast with him; on our declining his hospitality, he sent a large bowl of meat for the muleteers. The village, he told us, consisted of about thirty houses, or families, all Nuzzera, or Nazarenes,—no Mahometans residing there. These Oriental Christians seem always pleased at meeting European professors of the same faith; an oppressed race themselves, they feel the high account in which the Christians of Europe, the English especially, are held, as reflecting dignity on themselves.

Our next day's route was through very lovely but quieter scenery,—valleys full of olives, corn-fields reclaimed from the forest, and villages. At the bottom of the hill below Zebeen, we crossed the brook Nahalin, shaded by magnificent oleanders; there is a ruined village of the same name near it. You will find Chetti,

or Katti, in the maps, two hours and ten minutes beyond Zebeen, and Souf, a place of considerable importance, which we passed on the right, an hour and ten minutes beyond Chetti,—in sight of the hill we had crossed some days before, descending to Jerash. Mr. Farren tells me there are some Phœnician monuments near Souf, one of which he showed me a drawing of—as decidedly Druidical as Stonehenge. It is an interesting but not surprising fact, for the God of the Druids was the Baal of the Phœnicians—sun-worship, that earliest of idolatries.

A quarter of an hour further, we filled our *zumzumias* at the last spring we were to find till we reached El Hussn. Half an hour afterwards, a beautiful narrow glen ushered us into a broad valley, richly wooded to the summits of the hills with noble prickly oaks, a few pine trees towering over them; I never should have thought that the shrub I had seen covering the hills at Hebron could have attained such size and beauty; yet the leaf of the largest tree is not larger than the shrub's. I saw an occasional *degub* tree, or arbutus, but the prevailing trees were oaks, prickly and broad-leaved,—it was forest scenery of the noblest character—next to that of Old England, with which none that I ever saw can stand comparison. On our journey to Jerash, by a different route from that of Irby and Mangles, Banks, and Buckingham, we wondered at the encomiums lavished by those gentlemen on the woodland scenery of these regions; we now thought that enough had scarcely been said in their praise.

After about four hours' ride, the forest died gradually away, and, beyond Summut, a village we passed on the left, an hour and twenty minutes before arriving at El Hussn, entirely ceased. We had a fine desert view eastward, towards the Hauran, as we descended, be-

ween bleak stony hills, to El Hussn. Harvest was going on, and here we first met with a rural custom, which, I think I have heard, prevails also in some parts of England; a reaper, detached from the band with a few ears of corn, presented them to us, in expectation of a *bagshish*, or present,—which was seldom refused, unless the piastre-purse chanced to be empty. We were repeatedly afterwards subjected to this petty rural tax, which it always gave me pleasure to pay.

There was no water to be had, next morning, so we were obliged to start without breakfast; the country was covered with locusts,—the stream we reached, after three hours' ride, was full of their dead bodies, and the breeze that passed over it absolutely putrid; we got some excellent water, however, from the source, but stayed only long enough to eat a little bread with it, and water the animals. The map will give you no idea of our route; we passed Tura on the left, Bumtha and Uxerr on the right, proceeding over a rich undulating plain, in an almost easterly direction from El Hussn, till, after six hours' ride and a quarter, we reached Daara, the first Hauran town we saw, and, of course, an object of great curiosity to us.

The Hauran is an immense plain, very rich and fertile, sometimes slightly undulating, sometimes flat as a pancake,—with, here and there, (if you will excuse another culinary simile,) low rounded hills, like dumplings, conspicuous from a great distance, and excellent landmarks. The plain is covered in every direction with Roman towns, built of black basalt, some of them mere heaps of rubbish, others still almost perfect, the Arab villagers dwelling under the same stone roofs, and entering by the same stone doors, as the old Romans,—stone doors, and stone roofs, owing to the want of timber in the Hauran, which obliged the colo-

nists to employ the more durable material. The doors are generally plain thick slabs, fixed into their sockets at the time the houses were built; the roofs are constructed on a very curious principle,—a handsome arch, springing at once from the ground, is thrown across every large room; small slabs of stone are laid on the wall above it, projecting a short distance on both sides, and on these again are laid other slabs, much longer, well cut, and closely united, which form the ceiling, while the smaller on which they rest, resemble plain cornices, the lower angles being smoothed away.

Most of the chief towns of Auranitis exhibit traces of the architectural magnificence of Rome, so freely lavished on her remotest colonies, but what most struck me here was the consideration evinced and pains taken, even during the last ages of her decay, to promote the real welfare and comfort of her people. There is scarce a village without its tank—its bridge; plain, solid structures, so substantially built, that they are still almost invariably as good as new.

The view over the Hauran is at all times striking,—at sunset, especially from an elevation, extremely beautiful. Gebel Sheikh, or Mount Hermon, the last mountain of the chain of Antilibanus, is always visible to the N.W.; Gebel Hauran, a range of hills, of which the Kelb Hauran is the most prominent, running N.W. and S.E., limits the view to the east; but to the south-east it is boundless. The soil, I said, was excellent; numerous corn-fields surround every village, while other districts serve merely for pasturage, and are grazed by the flocks of the Anezee and Beni Hassan Bedouins.

The majority of the villagers are, I believe, Arabs, but we visited many towns exclusively inhabited by Druses, akin to those of Mount Lebanon; they seemed by far the most superior race in the country; their

heikhs and elderly men were always well—often handsomely—drest, and their women neatness itself, in their veils of white, pendent from a silver horn projecting from the forehead, reminding one of the “coiffure à pain de sucre,” fashionable in France, and in England too, during the 14th and 15th centuries, and still more interestingly, of many Scriptural images derived, it would appear, from the prevalence of this costume, four thousand years ago, in Edom and the Holy Land. It is still the principal ornament of the fair sex, Christian as well as Druse, in Mount Lebanon. (⁴⁰) The Arabs, almost invariably, wear the Bedouin kefieh,—the Druses adhere to the turban; the women of the former seldom veil their faces,—those of the latter always,—some of them, however, we could see were very handsome; their complexion is remarkably fair, and their children are uncommonly pretty. Thus much premised, and that the present inhabitants are a mere handful in comparison with the immense population the country once maintained, I will travel on in as few words as possible. -

At Daara, where we have been resting all this time, there is a very large ruined tank, and a handsome five-arched Roman bridge, in perfect preservation, thrown across the valley; it has been a very large town, but the houses are now almost entirely ruined. An hour and ten minutes farther, we passed Naimi, in much more perfect condition, and halted at nightfall in the plain, having missed the village Kerek, which we were in search of, and failed in an attempt to reach another, which we fancied we saw at a distance.

Next morning, passing numerous villages *en route*, though the whole country looks like a desert in the map, we encamped, after six hours' ride, among the ruins of Bozrah.—“Who is this that cometh from

Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?—this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" "I, that publish righteousness, mighty to save!"—At no place, during my tour, did I feel more vivid pleasure from the mere consciousness of being at it; ignorant of Arabic, and unaware of the great, though perhaps only temporary, political change, that, for the present, enables a Frank to visit these countries openly and without disguise, I had never supposed the possibility of visiting it,—yet there are few places so interesting, both to the admirer of sacred literature, and the student of history; for Bozrah, the northern capital of Arabia Provincia under the Romans, and the birth-place of the Emperor Philip, is yet more memorable, as dear Anne will recollect, in the early annals of the Saracens, as the first town the arms of the Caliphs subdued in Syria; while every one must remember the sublime passage in which the name is introduced in Scripture, in prophetic reference to a period, now, perhaps, not very far distant.

Our first visit was paid to the castle of Bozrah, to the south of the town, outside of the walls,—an immense Saracenic pile, of the time of Saladin, built *round* a magnificent Roman Theatre, by far the most interesting ruin in Bozrah—and not only *round*, but *in* it, for the area, or pit, is completely filled with buildings, which communicate with the exterior fortress by the ancient galleries of the theatre. The diameter of the theatre is said to be two hundred and eighty feet; the plan is noble, the decorations are chaste in design, and beautifully executed, and it is, upon the whole, in excellent preservation. The seats were very commodious, flights of steps leading to them on each side of the vomitories; the uppermost row was surmounted by a beautiful

colonnade of Doric pillars, many of which are still standing. Six Doric semi-columns, continued in a line from the colonnade, ornament the upper stories of the parascenia, or side-scenes, which remain quite perfect, though the lower stories are concealed by the accumulation of more modern building. The space between the parascenia has been filled up by the Saracen architect with a rude façade, miserably contrasting with the masterly masonry of his Roman predecessor. Yet there is much beauty in many parts of the Saracenic additions; one of the apartments within the area is of very large dimensions, thirty-two paces by twenty-three, treble vaulted, the arches springing from two rows, of three massy pillars each,—the galleries also of the fortress outside the theatre are very noble.

From the theatre we proceeded to four lofty Corinthian pillars, standing N.E. and S.W., with a considerable space between the second and third, as if for a doorway, but no traces remain of any edifice to which it could have belonged. Near these stand two other columns, supporting a rich entablature, their shafts out of all proportion,—and a third column, a little further on, deserves the same censure.

From thence we proceeded, in the direction of the mosque of Omar, down a narrow street, between ruined Roman houses. The mosque stands on the left of the street; three or four feet only are visible above ground of a mean Ionic colonnade that runs beneath it. The interior is a heap of ruins, though on the S. and E. sides the colonnade is still standing; the pillars are of miserable execution, all orders and none, but several of them are of beautiful variegated marble, and, from inscriptions on the shafts, have evidently been pil-

laged from some Christian church. The view from the minaret is very fine; you enter the staircase by an ancient stone door, adopted from some Roman house.

There are two or three ancient churches and other ruins beyond the mosque*—never mind them, and turn with me eastward from Omar's mosque to that called El Mebrak, outside the town, built by order of Othman, at his return from the Hedjaz, on the spot where the camel that carried the Koran lay down. This celebrated building is now quite in ruins. We entered through a plain stone door; it was spanned by two handsome arches, from which sprang a dome with windows and recesses, now fallen in. Few or none of the faithful seem to visit it now.

Farther eastward of the city are two immense *birkets*, or reservoirs for water, the work, it is said, of the Saracens, and worthy of any nation. I found the length of the most northerly, within its walls, 130 of my long paces, and it looked about the same breadth; the other I made 173 by 129.

* "Opposite to the mosque, on the opposite side of the street, is a large vaulted building with niches, built with white and black stone intermixed, probably a bath. East of the mosque stands an ancient Christian church—the span of the great arch, inside, is beautiful. The Greek cross is sculptured over the door, and to the left of it is inserted a tablet with an inscription. Proceeding north, we came to a building square without and circular within, with some small dependent chapels—the plan tolerably regular, and crowded with windows, of all shapes and sizes—enclosing within its area a Christian church, once fronted by columns, and still surmounted by a beautiful arch; this inner church is approached in front by a wretched colonnade of four Corinthian columns, and has two Ionic on each side, with door-ways opening between them; the back of the choir, or absis, (the roof or dome of which has fallen in) is a semi-hexagon. We climbed to the top of this inner church, and enjoyed a superb sunset view over the Hauran." *Orig. Journal* [1847.]

Between these reservoirs, our guide showed us a noble old Roman road, thirty-three of my paces broad, and which ran, he told us, straight as a gun, as far as Bagdad; no caravans, he said, go by it now, though you come to water every day; there are no towns on the road, except an old one deserted, and there is no peace.—This must be the *strata*, or paved road, mentioned by Gibbon as extending for ten days' journey from Auranitis to Babylonia, and which was appealed to, "as an unquestionable evidence of the labours of the Romans," in that memorable dispute between the Saracen King Almonzar and Aretas, the chief of the tribe of Gassan, which precipitated the war between Rome and Persia, Justinian and Nushirvan,—a dispute about a sheep-walk in the desert south of Palmyra, grazed by the Gassanites. (⁴¹)—Mr. Moore told us of this "queen of roads," as running from Bozrah to Salkhat, and thence, straight as an arrow, (so he was informed there,) to Bagdad. It probably ran to Seleucia or Ctesiphon, for Bagdad is quite a modern town comparatively. What a genius these Romans and Saracens had for utility!

There is something very sad in the fate of Bozrah. The town was strong, garrisoned with twelve thousand horse—the citizens were brave, and, but for the treachery of the Roman governor, might have long held out against the Saracens. Suspicious of his loyalty from his advice to yield to the enemy, the high-spirited citizens deposed him, and chose in his stead the general of the garrison, desiring him to challenge Caled, the Saracen general, to single combat, which he did.

When Caled was preparing to go, (I quote poor Ockley's narrative,) "Abd'orrahman, the Caliph's son, a very young man, but of extraordinary hopes, begged of him to let him answer the challenge. Having ob-

tained leave, he mounted his horse, and took his lance, which he handled with admirable dexterity, and when he came near the governor, he said, 'Come, thou Christian dog, come on!' Then the combat began, and, after awhile, the governor, finding himself worsted, having a better horse than the Saracen, ran away and made his escape to the army. Abd'orrahman, heartily vexed that his enemy had escaped, fell upon the rest, sometimes charging upon the right hand, sometimes upon the left, making way wherever he went. Caled and the rest of the officers followed him, and the battle grew hot between the Saracens and the miserable inhabitants of Bostra, who were at their last struggle for their fortunes, their liberty, their religion, and whatsoever was dear to them, and had now seen the last day dawn in which they were ever to call anything their own, without renouncing their baptism. The Saracens fought like lions, and Caled, their general, still cried out, 'Alhamlah! Alhamlah! Aljannah! Aljannah!' that is, 'Fight! Fight! Paradise! Paradise!' The town was all in an uproar, the bells rung, and the priests and monks ran about the streets, making exclamations, and calling upon God; but all was too late, for his afflicting Providence had determined to deliver them into the hands of their enemies.

"Caled and Serjabil (for the Saracens could pray as well as fight, and England, as well as Arabia, has had some that could do so too) said, 'O God! these vile wretches pray with idolatrous expressions, and take to themselves another God besides thee; but we acknowledge thy unity, and affirm that there is no other God but thee alone; help us, we beseech thee, for the sake of thy Prophet, Mahomet, against these Idolaters!'

"The battle continued for some time; at last the poor Christians were forced to give way, and leave the

field to the victorious Saracens, who lost only two hundred and thirty men. The besieged retired as fast as they could, and shut up the gates, and set up their banners and standards with the sign of the cross upon the walls, intending to write speedily to the Grecian Emperor for more assistance."

That night, however, as Abd'orrahman, who was the officer on guard, went his rounds, he saw a man come out of the city, "with a camlet coat on, wrought with gold." He instantly levelled his lance—"Hold!" cried the man, "I am Romanus, the ex-governor—bring me before Caled the general."—He came to say (treacherous dog!) that he had ordered his sons and servants to dig a hole in the wall, (for his house stood upon the town-wall,) and that he was ready to introduce any number of trusty men into the city. Caled forthwith despatched Abd'orrahman with a hundred Saracens; Romanus introduced them through the breach, entertained them in his house, and disguised them in the Christian uniform.

"Then Abd'orrahman divided them into four parts, five-and-twenty in a company, and ordered them to go into different streets of the city, and commanded them, that as soon as they heard him and those that were with him cry out, 'Allah Akbar!' they should do so too. Then Abd'orrahman asked Romanus where the governor was which fought with him and ran away from him? Romanus proffered his services to show him, and away they marched together to the castle, attended with five-and-twenty Musselmans. When they came there, the governor asked Romanus, what he came for? Who answered, that he had no business of his own, but only came to wait upon a friend of his, that had a great desire to see him. 'Friend of mine!' says the governor—'What friend?' 'Only your friend

Abd'orrahman,' said Romanus, 'is come to send you to hell !' The unhappy governor, finding himself betrayed, endeavoured to make his escape. 'Nay, hold !' says Abd'orrahman, 'though you ran away from me once in the daytime, you must not serve me so again,' and struck him with his sword and killed him. As he fell, Abd'orrahman cried out, 'Allah Akbar !' the Saracens, which were below, hearing it, did so too ; so did those who were dispersed about the streets, that there was nothing but 'Allah Akbar !' heard round about the city. Then those Saracens which were disguised killed the guards, opened the gates, and let in Caled with his whole army. The town being now entirely lost, the conquering Saracens fell upon the inhabitants, and killed and made prisoners all they met with ; till, at last, the chief men of the city came out of their houses and churches, and cried, 'Quarter ! quarter !' The general, Caled, immediately commanded them to kill no more, 'for,' said he, 'the Apostle of God used to say, If any one be killed after he has cried out, quarter ! 'tis none of my fault.'

"Thus was the condition of Bostra altered on a sudden, and they, which had been before a wealthy and flourishing people, were now brought under the Saracenic yoke, and could enjoy the Christian profession upon no other terms than paying tribute."*

Bozrah was very nearly retaken by the Christians, and in precisely the same manner, five hundred and thirteen years afterwards, when the Turks were in occupation of Syria. As the expedition to Wady Mousa was the first, so this to Bostra was the second enterprise of Baldwin the Third of Jerusalem, then in his fifteenth year,—the graceful, affable, wise, generous, gallant

* History of the Saracens, vol. i, p. 27, sqq. edit. 1757.

young prince, whom William of Tyre speaks of with such affectionate enthusiasm (and with such candour too) in his charming history. Imagine him seated beside his mother Melisenda, in his palace-hall at Jerusalem, giving audience to a noble Armenian, the Governor of Bozrah, who, having fallen under the displeasure of Ainard, Regent of Damascus, and apprehending punishment, had come to offer to deliver up that city and the dependent town of Salkhud to the Christians.

The Council assembled to debate on this proposition. That the recapture of a town so important to the Christian cause as Bozrah could not but be agreeable to God, was assumed at once as unquestionable. But then, most unfortunately, a truce subsisted between the King and the Soldan—how could they break it without dishonour? They struck a medium by accepting the offer of the Governor and summoning the lieges to attend the royal banner to Bozrah, and by sending the Regent word of their intentions, that he might prepare for his defence. Within a few days, the chivalry of Palestine were assembled at the bridge over the Jordan above the Lake of Tiberias, and, at the expiration of a month, they started for Bozrah, the venerable Archbishop of Nazareth, with a fragment of the true Cross, attending them, to ensure a blessing on the enterprise.

Ainard, meanwhile, an excellent man, who had always shown himself friendly to the Christians, and sincerely desired peace, had offered to pay all their expenses, if they would abandon their unjust enterprise—for unjust it was; many—the wisest of the Franks—disapproved of it, and urged the acceptance of these terms, but all in vain—the voice of the multitude carried the day. They little knew what a force Ainard had assembled to oppose them.

Traversing the deep valley of Boob, the Christian army entered the plain Medan, (^a) and were instantly surrounded by swarms of Turks and Arabs, far more numerous than they had expected, and who kept up such an incessant shower of darts and arrows, that those who had been most ardent for the expedition would now willingly have given it up, and retraced their steps. They determined, notwithstanding, to proceed boldly towards Bozrah, deeming it shameful to retreat, and impossible, even were they willing to incur such a disgrace.

Slowly and painfully they toiled on all the next day, yet still in good courage, the enemy hovering around and harassing them, but finding no opportunity of breaking their close columns, the knights kept guard over them so carefully. Indeed, says the Chronicler, high and low, knights and men-at-arms, they were united in love as if but one man. The knights took the tenderest care of their comrades on foot, often leaping from their horses to assist them in their duty, or relieve them by a ride when faint and fatigued. The heat of the weather, the weight of their armour, the blinding, choking dust, burning thirst, and the scanty supplies in the water-tanks—all poisoned too by the putrified bodies of locusts—completed their hardships.

They arrived that evening, about sunset, at Adrate, the Edrei of Og King of Bashan—the ‘city of Bernard d’Etampes’ of the Crusaders—and after two days more of unparalleled sufferings, marching under a constant hail of arrows and missiles of every description, the enemy seemingly multiplying every hour, and every hour their own strength failing—they reached Bozrah, and after chasing the enemy from the springs near the Bab el Howa, as it is now called, or the western gate

at the city, pitched their tents there and lay down, anxiously hoping for the morrow.

But, alas! in the middle of the deep silence of the night, a man came out from the city, traversed the enemy's camp, and came to the Christian army, desiring to speak with the king. The princes assembled, and the Armenian noble, who had conducted the Franks through so many dangers, was also called in; when the messenger announced that the city was already in the hands of the enemy, having been given up to Noureddin, the illustrious son-in-law of the Regent Ainar, by the wife of the very man who had offered to betray it!—Thus ended their hopes of Bozrah!

Sad and disappointed, and in despair of making good their retreat, their first anxiety was to ensure their young king's safety, and, drawing him aside, the principal nobles implored him to take the fragment of the true Cross, and a horse belonging to Sire Jean Gomain, the fleetest and strongest in the army, and save himself by flight. "No," cried the gallant boy, with the spirit of Saint Louis,—“never will I save myself, and leave the people of God to perish so miserably!”

Nerved by despair, and animated by the very difficulties that surrounded them, these brave men commenced their retreat at daybreak, cutting irresistibly through every battalion that attempted to impede them, and carrying their weak and wounded men on camels, that the Turks, seeing no proofs of their arrows having taken effect, might believe them the men of iron they really were, and thus be discouraged. This expedient, however, suggested a worse annoyance—setting fire to the thorns and dry stubble of the country; the wind blew towards the Christians,—scorched by the flames, blinded and choked by the smoke, hope sunk in

their hearts. "Pray for us," cried they, turning with streaming eyes to the grey-haired Archbishop—"pray for us!" He did so, extending the cross towards the enemy, and, lo! the wind changed in a moment, and blew back the flames and smoke on the enemy!

Another incident much encouraged them at this juncture. Four illustrious Arab brothers, with their followers, had joined the Turks, and, hovering on the flank of the Christian army, terribly harassed them by their repeated flying attacks, which they endured without resenting, as everything depended on their keeping their ranks and maintaining the strictest discipline. At last, however, one of the followers of the ex-governor, losing his patience, broke from the ranks, and, spurring his horse, fell sword in hand on one of the Arab brothers, struck him down on the spot, and retired in perfect safety among his companions. Amidst the groans of the Turks, and the involuntary applause of the Christians, he must have died the death of young Manlius, had not his being a foreigner, and ignorant of the language in which the order not to quit the ranks had been issued, pleaded his excuse and secured his pardon.

They had now, after five days' march, arrived once more at the Valley of Roob, but, fearful of ambuscades, hesitated on entering so dangerous a pass. That there was another and a safer road over the mountains they knew, but were lamenting their ignorance of the country and want of a guide, when suddenly an unknown knight, mounted on a white steed, and carrying a red banner, became visible at the head of the army,—whence he came they knew not—whither he led they followed. Taking the shortest roads, halting always at fountains till then unheard of, and pointing out with unerring sagacity the fittest places for encampment, he

conducted them, says the historian, like the Angel of the God of Hosts, for three days, as far as Gadara—the Oom Keis evidently, from his description, of the present day; and on the morrow, weary and worn out, they arrived at Tiberias.—No one, adds William of Tyre, knew their guide; as soon as they arrived at the place where they were to encamp, he suddenly vanished—“like a blink of the sun or a whip of the whirlwind,” as Lindsay of Pitscottie would have added—and no one saw him again till he re-appeared on the morrow at the head of the army.

No man living, concludes the chronicler, remembers an expedition of such peril to the Christians, and yet of such little positive advantage to the Infidels, since the Latins established themselves in the East.*

Two curious pages these in the history of Bozrah! A few years afterwards, the citizens, of their own accord, submitted to Saladin, and little or nothing is known of her history—at least, from Frank authorities—intermediate between that event, and Burckhardt's visit in 1812.

Bozrah is now for the most part a heap of ruins, a most dreary spectacle; here and there the direction of a street or alley is discernible, but that is all; the modern inhabitants—a mere handful—are almost lost in the maze of ruins. Olive-trees grew here within a few years, they told us—they are extinct now, like the vines for which the Bostra of the Romans was famous.—And such, in the nineteenth century, and under Moslem rule, is the condition of a city which, even in the seventh century, at the time of its capture by the Saracens, was called by Caled “the market-place of Syria, Irak,† and the Hedjaz.”—“For I have sworn by myself, saith the

* History of the Crusades, book 16.

† Mesopotamia.

Lord of Hosts, that Bozrah shall become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse; and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual wastes!" And it is so.* (^a)

From Bozrah,—passing the remains of fifteen towns on the right and left—(on the eastern declivity of Gebel Hauran there are above two hundred in ruins, at a quarter or half an hour's distance from each other)† —we rode to Ere, or Aere, and thence to Sueda, the capital of the Druses of the Hauran, in rather more than five hours.‡ We halted under a Doric tomb, the chief curiosity of the place; a solid heavy mass of building, ornamented with six semi-columns on each side,—the intercolumniations sculptured with coats of

* Dr. Robinson thinks that the village el-Busaireh, a diminutive of Bozrah, between Tufileh and Kerek esh Shobek, N. of Petra, was probably the ancient capital of Edom,* spoken of by the prophets Isaiah and Amoz, and elsewhere in the Old Testament. *B. Researches*, vol. ii, p. 570.—Granting this, the prophecy in the text would equally have received its fulfilment. [1847.]

† Burckhardt.

‡ An extract from my original journal, descriptive of the ride from Bozrah to Aere and Sueda, will give a better idea of the rapid succession of objects in this singular region than aught else can do, short of an actual visit:—"Started at 17 min. p. 7, with a guide, for Aërā or Ere—passed successively the Bab el Howa, or western gate, the springs, the spot where Ibrahim Pasha's troops encamped, and the dry bed of the Djedeir,—fine view of Bozrah, looking back—you see all the public buildings in succession, the castle, the four tall pillars, the similar group of two, the mosque of Omar, the upper windows of the church, and the mosque El Mebrak. At 5 m. p. 8, reach Gūmmārīn, Ghīmārī, Mūrrē, as the town was indifferently named to us—a brook runs W. and N. of it—on the right, entering, a house two or three stories high, with windows just like a ruined English one—stopped to examine the last house in the town, three stories above an entrance hall, marked externally by a cornice, the hall entered by an archway, ornamented with a slab (bearing an

* As distinguished from the Bostra, joint capital with Petra of Arabia Provincia, under the Romans. [1847.]

mail, shields, (round, and oval—with a boss in the centre, like the hippopotamus-hide bucklers of Nubia,) and helmets. On the east of the town are the ruins of a fine temple, surrounded by a peristyle, of which ten columns are still erect; the capitals, singularly enough, are of overlapping palm-leaves. The temple itself is quite ruined; two fine doorways, in a line with each other, are buried almost to the lintels,—and fragments of a beautiful frieze of grapes and vine-leaves lie near them. The principal street of the town descends in a south-westerly direction; near its commencement stands a very neat semicircular building, facing the south,—a semi-dome, with a large and two smaller niches under

Arabic inscription, probably of more recent date) of white stone surmounted by a graceful scroll, with two other friezes on either side, all taken from some older building. Crossed the brook by the ancient bridge of three arches, beyond which we crossed an ancient paved road. At 5 m. to 9, past Deir Zebeir, close to the right. At 10 m. p. 9, Wate, a ruined site, at some distance to the right, and Kārābā, Ghoöte, and Alii, to the left,—and subsequently, Ghuzzan to the right.—At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 9, pass Mujaimi to the right, situated on a round hill; and some time afterwards pass through the eastern extremity of Ere, built on the slope of a hill, and commanding a beautiful view of the Hauran, bounded by the snowy Gebel Sheikh,—cross the brook of Ere, and at 15 m. to 10, pass Shakeh, a ruined site, to the left, close to the road. At 11, have Zehhow, Kherebet Risheh, Resas, and Errahha to the right, all situated between the road and the Gebel Hauran—Sueda in front, rising on (apparently) the farthest projecting point of the Gebel Hauran. At 20 m. p. 11, cross the dry Wady Thaleth,—at 17 m. to 12, through the village Omjēda, where we saw some Druse women,—at 6 m. p. 12, cross the dry bed of a brook, and begin ascending the lower part of the town of Sueda. At 15 m. p. 12, turning out of the road to the left, visited remains of a large church to the S. of Sueda,—going down a few steps, a sort of altar or font, covered with votive offerings—some pomegranate-trees in flower growing round the walls. At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 12, cross the town wall, and proceeding through the town, crossing a dry rivulet, reach and halt, exactly at I, under a Doric tomb, the chief curiosity of Sueda," &c. [1847.]

it, separated by Corinthian pilasters. From this building we followed the course of the ancient street to its termination—between rows of Roman houses in ruins, opening by arches on the street, the ancient pavement remaining in excellent preservation wherever visible, but the street is in many places choked up with rubbish, and we then clambered over the roofs, and through the apartments of the old houses ; fig-trees grow wild among them.

We started about a quarter past four—a lovely evening—for Ateel ; nothing could be more delightful than the weather all the time we were in the Hauran, —sunny, but not too hot,—with fresh westerly breezes. The ascent to Ateel, through prickly-oak bushes, is very pretty ; the young Druse Sheikh, who was superintending the harvest, came up, and, saluting us, led the way to the village, never questioning our intention of staying with him all night ; we explained our wish of proceeding to Kennawat, and he acquiesced with the civil regret of a finished gentleman. We reached El Kasr, as he called the little temple south of the town, at half-past five ; it is the most beautiful little building I saw in the Hauran ; the portico is supported by two Corinthian pillars, the portal adorned with beautifully sculptured friezes of vine-leaves, and the cornice is very handsome. Niches, with semi-domes sculptured like shells, relieve the deadness of the wall on each side of the door. A Druse family live in the temple. The other El Kasr, or temple, to the north of the town, is neat, but far inferior to this. The Druses here struck us as particularly respectable and gentlemanlike.

We reached Kennawat in three quarters of an hour, by a stony ascent overgrown with prickly-oak bushes—(ever since leaving Sueda we had been advancing into

the Gebel Hauran)—and encamped on a smooth green-sward, close to the ruins of a beautiful Corinthian edifice, raised on a platform supported by arches,—standing east and west, and commanding a most magnificent view over the plain of the Hauran; Mount Hermon, with his crown of snow, towering, as usual, in the distance. The sun went down a few minutes after we arrived—a ball of fire, gorgeous indeed—and such were all the sunsets we saw in this country. Of the temple, tomb, or whatever it was, seven columns are still standing round a central platform, which perhaps supported an altar open to the sky; the capitals and bases are well sculptured, but neither capitals nor diameters are uniform,—none, I think, in the Hauran are so.

Next morning the venerable Druse Sheikh ciceroned us over the ruins of Kennawat,—it is entirely a Druse population. Ascending to the village, we proceeded in a southerly direction along an ancient paved street, commanding a very pleasing view of the valley, on the western bank of which Kennawat is built. Passing a plain ancient temple, we crossed a beautiful paved area, in singular preservation, to an extraordinary building, called Deir Eyoub, where we were shown a dark semi-vaulted chapel, or rather hole in the wall, as the tomb of Neby Eyoub—the prophet Job.

A low door, to the east, ushered us into a wretched colonnade, of no order at all, and this into another pillared piazza, (equally execrable,) by one of the most beautiful doorways I ever saw,—a piece of patch-work, indeed, the door-case being composed of a superb frieze, broken up, and adapted to the spoiler's purpose by the interposition of two wretched Corinthian pilaster capitals. Mr. Moore showed us a beautiful drawing of it at Jerusalem. It was probably stolen

from a fine temple to the south of the Deir—but you will be sick of temples; I will spare you as many as in conscience I can.

We returned by the way we came—traces of the ancient pavement are to be seen in every direction, often as perfect as when first laid down.

We reached Sheaba, another Druse town, in about three hours, and, entering by the southern gate, rode for ten minutes up a broad handsome street, better paved, and the pavement in better preservation, than any in London—as far as four oblong masses of masonry, quite plain and solid, and probably surmounted, like those of Jerash and Palmyra, by statues or columns. Here, at the intersection of the streets, we turned westwards, up the principal street of the city; the public buildings lie on each side of it. We first came to five fine Corinthian pillars, the survivors of the colonnade of a temple, of which part of the back-wall is the only remnant,—then to a square building in ruins, now a mosque, with a beautiful pavement in front of it; not only the streets, but all the open spaces, or piazzas, in these towns were paved. Approaching an arcade, thrown across the street, we turned, through a door in the wall, southwards, and had, immediately on our right, an extraordinary octagon building, and, in front of us, a plain square edifice, its entrance blocked up with very large stones. Immediately behind it stands the theatre, small and quite plain, but solidly built, and the buildings behind the stage almost perfect.

Returning to the main street, we found the Druse Sheikh under the arcade, and got some useful information from him about the roads. This arcade runs some distance westwards, with recesses in its walls, but not deep or wide enough for burial places, as Burckhardt

thought, nor, if they were so, could they have been intended for such—in the middle of the town as these are. The pavement of the street, above and below the arcade, is beautiful. There is nothing of interest beyond it. The streets are regularly laid out and distinctly traceable, and many of the houses are in very good preservation.

Nedjraun, which we reached in the evening, is surrounded by a perfect labyrinth of rocks,—broad sheets and rugged masses, like the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius, inside, as I found it in 1880, than anything else to which I could compare them. Rocks of the same description extend all over that part of the country, skirting the Ledja, or stony district of the Hauran, ancient Trachonitis.

Next morning, Dr. Mac Lennan and I walked up to the town, in search of the Roman mansion mentioned by Mr. Banks in his interesting letter to Mr. Buckingham, published in the appendix to that gentleman's travels. It proved highly interesting, having evidently belonged to one of the chief men of the place. The plan is seen at a glance, though modern buildings have intruded themselves into its spacious court, and the front-gate, by which that court was entered, has disappeared.

The court was probably nearly square; the house-door, nearly buried, occupies the centre of the front; there is a square window above it, with a slit between it and the door, and two other windows, one on each side. To the right and left of the principal door are two other doors, each of which opens on a moderately sized apartment, each lighted by one of the side windows above-mentioned. The entrance-hall, eleven paces wide by about eight and a half deep, and spanned by a beautiful arch, communicated, till the door was

walled up, with the chamber to the left of the hall, which I entered from the court. From the chamber to the right of the hall, a stone staircase ascended to the upper story of the mansion. Externally, a plain moulding marks the separation of the stories. The upper rooms are small, very numerous, and still inhabited. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the owners in showing us their dwellings, and allowing us to pry wherever we liked. The upper story recedes the depth of the hall, leaving a small terrace, on which the doors of the several apartments open. The wings are also full of rooms; the ground-floor of that to the right is, in great part, occupied by a beautiful stable, with mangers of stone, ten paces long by nine deep, and spanned from right to left by a beautiful arch. The Arabs stable their steeds this very day where the old Romans did. The whole mansion is extremely well built, of hewn stone, plain and substantial,—and all the rooms are entire. On the road to this house I hastily copied—(too hastily, for in this and many other instances I depended on Burckhardt's having preceded me, whereas he seems never to have been at Nedjraun) an inscription in Greek hexameters, commemorative, so far as I can make it out, of Tironus, "the eloquent and the happy," having built a new tomb for himself, in order that when, obedient to the common necessity of death, his soul should join the company of immortals, his dead body might sleep alone and apart from others under the palm-trees in front of his hall. His wish belies him,—he cannot surely have been a happy man. (")

Starting from Nedjraun at twenty-three minutes to seven, we reached Ezra at eleven,—one of the most interesting towns of Auranitis, and one of the very few of which we know the ancient name, Zarava. We

took up our quarters in an old Roman house, one of the ordinary sort, quite perfect except two fractures in the roof, and unoccupied. The town is of great extent, and the houses were in much better preservation than any we had yet seen; we walked between whole streets of them, seemingly in good repair, and almost all untenanted. But there is no pavement, and the masonry, generally speaking, is of a very inferior description.

To the south-east of the town, is a row of houses which have evidently belonged to the grandees of the place; they are now called the Palace of the Yellow King, *i. e.* the Emperor of Russia,—and our guide pretended to point out the harem, &c., &c. They are all in ruins; the plan, however, of the most perfect is still traceable. Entering a large courtyard, you pass to the house door, and, through it, into a large arched hall, with five recesses at the further end—taking up, with two smaller rooms on the right and left, and the upper story, the whole front façade; the room to the left of the hall, which has no direct communication with it, is furnished with a double row of square cupboards all round like cellars; indeed there are recesses (cupboards, surely) innumerable in most of the rooms of this and other houses of the country. The wing to the left is all in ruins, but probably corresponded to that on the right, which is perfect (externally) and built with exact symmetry—two doors of entrance, (precisely corresponding, in height and width, to those of England,) between two vaulted niches, or rather false doors, with three windows ranging over each door,—and a smaller door at each extremity of the wing, over which a staircase was carried outside the building to the roof—always flat in the East. The rooms in this wing resemble those in the front,—most of them about

eight paces square; staircases, projecting from the walls of many of the apartments, led to the upper story.

Dr. Mac Lennan, my companion in this exploration, leaving me here, I went on, with Hassan and an Arab guide, in search of a mansion which he said he could show me, *kebeer, kebeer!!* large, large—and quite perfect. He led the way down alleys, up streets, through ruined arches, and over the roofs of houses, now in this direction, now that, till in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, after I had lost all idea whereabouts I was, I found myself in the courtyard of a large house, which well repaid me for the trouble of my walk, being all but perfect and quite unoccupied. The plan is very irregular,—the court five sided, arched chambers, generally about eight paces square, opening into it; the second, on the right, appears to have been the stable,—there is a manger for three or four horses, and the corner of the room, built round in the segment of a circle, served for a water-trough. The rooms in the upper story are small, with plenty of cupboards. Two staircases were carried outside the building, from the farthest angles of the court, to the roof, which on four sides is quite perfect, and carpeted with grass. From this elevation I saw the roofs of numberless smaller houses, quite entire and just as green. The house is well and solidly built, though not with the elegance and symmetry of that at Nedj-raun. It stands to the right of a ruined church called Deir Wahi. I think, as architects, you and my father will be interested with these descriptions, if I have made them intelligible.

We slept at Tebne that night, and visited Sunamein the following morning, to see a temple which Mr. Bankes considered the prettiest in the Hauran.

it is pretty, but he could not, I think, have been at steel.

We pushed on to Kessone that evening, nine hours from Tebne, having nothing to eat, our rice having failed us,—the latter part of the journey was across a dreary wilderness of large black stones; and reached Damascus in three hours the next morning, Saturday the 3rd of June,—the twenty-third day from Jerusalem.

SECTION III.

We called on Mr. Farren in the evening, to inquire whether we could start for Palmyra on Monday,—not before Tuesday, he said, for it would be advisable to take a guard of five or six soldiers, that we might be ostensibly under the protection of Government. Till Ibrahim Pasha's recent conquest of Syria, the Bedouin chiefs were in the custom of receiving large sums from travellers for permission to visit the ruins, and for escort during the journey. Two or three recent visitants had been robbed, though not otherwise ill-treated, and it appeared to me not unlikely that the Arabs wished to frighten travellers back again into the old system of purchasing their protection. But we had no idea either of playing false to the Pasha or giving up Tadmor; Mr. Farren declared the route perfectly safe, and we found it so.

Mr. Pell, of Devonshire—Mr. Alewyn, a Dutch gentleman—and Mr. Schranz, a German artist travelling with them, had just arrived at Damascus from Greece and Asia Minor. I met them on Sunday morning, and, finding they had entertained the intention of visiting Palmyra, but given up all hope of it, in consequence of the smallness of their number, I proposed their joining us,—and we found them most agreeable, en-

lightened companions. Pell is an Oxford man, of a generous inquiring spirit, fond of the fine arts, and antiquity; Alewyn, thoroughly our countryman in feeling, and very amiable, speaks English perfectly, and enjoys Shakespeare; Schranz was born at Majorca, of German parents, and brought up at Malta,—speaks German, Spanish, Italian, and Maltese, (a dialect of Arabic, by which he can make himself easily understood by the natives here,) as his mother-tongues,—Greek, and uncommonly good English,—besides being a most accomplished draughtsman. Mr. Davey, an English gentleman residing at Damascus, also joined us.

We formed, therefore, a very numerous caravan, mustering, when fairly embarked on the desert, seven gentlemen, four servants, two muleteers, four camel-drivers, five Turkish soldiers,—bestriding twenty-one horses and mules, two donkeys, and five camels. But numbers are little thought of among the Bedouins; they reckon by the number of guns, and ours were well eyed and accurately counted in the course of the journey. I should not be surprised if the absence of the greater part of the Bedouins in the Hauran at this season, and our being so numerous and well-armed a party, contributed more than we are aware of to our success in this expedition. The soldiers we found a great incumbrance, but their five guns were valuable for show,—on leaving Karietein, the last inhabited place till you get to Palmyra, two days beyond it, they desired us to take a guard of twelve Bedouins—and, on our absolute *la*, no! refused to proceed any further, so we went off without them; they followed soon afterwards, but were in great alarm, cowardly dogs—bullies, too, as they were, like all cowards; Clarke gave one of them a good licking for flinging a stone at the leg of a

poor Bedouin who was guiding us,—the slave fawned like a spaniel afterwards.

At Karietein we hired the five camels enumerated in the above list, with their drivers, and loaded them with twenty skins of water, there being none on the road between that place and Tadmor. Were I to go again, I would ride dromedaries the whole way; one would reach the goal in half the time, and avoid a great deal of trouble in hiring skins, serving out water to the horses, and most disagreeable of all—restricting the men from drinking too much; they have no providence, the present moment is all they think of, and their lips are generally glued to the zumzummas. We slept in a deserted garden at Karietein.* The *belladeen* hereabouts have much of the look and spirit of Bedouins, but the bitterest enmity and constant warfare exist between the two races.

Beyond Karietein,† the track lies through a desert

* Kirjathaim, *Heb.*

† The preceding account being very brief and unmethodical, I subjoin an extract from my journal, describing the journey thus far to Palmyra:—

“*Tuesday, 6th June.*—Our guards not having returned to the convent, we started without them at 3, riding for a considerable time through the beautiful plantations that engirdle Damascus. We then followed a line of barren hills, of no very great elevation, descending from Antilibanus, behind which the sun set in great beauty. Halted nearly an hour afterwards near the village Adra, where we found excellent water, but the ground was damp, marshy, and foggy—we were quite wet in the tent at night, the dew was so heavy—malaria is very prevalent here.

“*Wednesday, 7th June.*—William, having passed a bad night, and not feeling well this morning, returned to Damascus with a guide. The road here turns up into the mountains—very bleak and desert-like. About an hour beyond the village Katifi, reached another named Ul Haibi, where we lunched in a public building—unlike an ordinary khan, but which could only be intended for strangers, con-

valley, perhaps ten miles broad, called Wady Kebeer or the Great Wady,—sand and stone mixed, and very scantily clothed with shrubs of a dirty clay colour—no variety. We marched eleven hours till six o'clock P.M.; slept, dined, drank tea, and slept again till midnight, and then rode on by starlight till sunrise, when we rested again for two hours, and breakfasted,—five hours more, and then Palmyra! The long range of hills became more irregular and picturesque, and, as we ascended the Wady, appeared to meet at its termination; they are separated, however, by the valley of tombs—the cemetery of Palmyra—bare and glaring to the eye; the tombs on the hills, lofty towers, had for hours been conspicuous on the horizon.

sisting of a court, stalls for horses, an open divan, and a single apartment, all very neat and clean. Many Bedouins and villagers came to look at us, and count our guns. Beyond Ul Haibi we proceeded over the hills, two Anezee Bedouins preceding us on horseback with their long spears—through a valley, with a salt lake on the right, and Nasaria, a ruined town on the other side of it. We stopped, after about five hours, (a long range of blue hills on the right,) at Jërūd, a village prettily surrounded by orchards, almost invisible behind their high walls. We found our guards here, who had ridden on thus far without stopping, on learning we had left Damascus. We asked Alew̄yn to share our tent, as he was suffering from a severe cold, and Pell's was less comfortable,—we dined in it altogether, a large party. A delightful day.

“ *Thursday, 8th June.*—Bitter cold night—saturated with the dew. Started at sunrise—in about an hour came to the village Unta, and got a Bedouin as a guide—passed an Anezee camp on the move, the only encampment of Bedouins we saw on the route. The *belladeen* here have much the look of Bedouins, wearing the kefiéh, &c., but bitter enmity subsists between them, particularly near Karietein. Proceeded for some hours through a broad desert Wady, covered with shrubs—few incidents—a soldier licks the Bedouin, for which Clarke licks the soldier—the valley gradually expands, and we cross a rising ground of considerable length before we reach Karietein, after about twelve hours' ride, exclusive of stoppages and time lost on

Presently, emerging from the valley, we came at once in sight of Palmyra, her countless columns of white marble ranging over the plain in distinct symmetrical colonnades, with the boundless desert stretching far, far away beyond them towards the Euphrates,—the most magnificent field of ruins I ever witnessed; you remember how I used to pore over the folio engravings of Palmyra at Muncaster? the word has been music to my ear ever since,—the report, however, of some later travellers made me dread being disappointed, so that it was with fear, as well as curiosity, that I drew near to the goal my wishes had so long pointed to; great and joyous was my disappointment; I shall never forget the first sight of the ruins; I know nothing to liken it to—it must be seen;

the road. Halted, as last night, in a deserted garden. Sent for the Sheikh, and presenting our *teskeray*, engaged five camels with four drivers, and fourteen waterskins, each holding seven or eight basons-full, in addition to six we had brought from Damascus. For twenty-four hours, we were told, we should find no water.

“*Friday, 9th June.*—Started about six. The soldiers wished us to take twelve Bedouins as a guard:—‘No.’—Stayed behind, and said they would not come—went off without them—they followed soon afterwards. Broad desert plain bounded by hills,—to the right, rather a picturesque range. At seven hours from Karietein arrived at Khan Khair, the ruins of a lofty tower sculptured with Maltese crosses. At a saddle-backed mountain two hours to the right from this tower, is a spring of excellent water, called *Ain Woon*; by keeping nearer the southern side of the valley travellers might make it a convenient halting place,—we were told, however, that the spring yields but little water, and was some distance up the mountain. We lunched at the tower, and then proceeded along the valley—the ground of sand and stone mixed, and very scantily clothed with shrubs of a dirty clay colour, very little variety—the hills that bound it probably eight or ten miles apart—they call it *Wady Kebeer*, or the Great Valley. . . . The mirage was seen this morning very distinctly, resembling a lake with an island in it.” &c.
[1847.]

I felt no fatigue at Palmyra, and oh! the luxury of remembrance!

Descending to the plain, we stopped to drink at a well, near the outer wall of the Temple of the Sun, and then pitched under an olive tree, in a deserted garden. There are many palm trees still at Tadmor, probably, however, of recent importation, for the few survivors of the ancient stock, that flourished there at the end of the seventeenth century, had all, save one, disappeared sixty years afterwards, at the time of Wood's visit.⁽⁴⁵⁾

The Temple of the Sun stands in the centre of an immense court, nearly seven hundred feet square, which is now entirely filled by the noisy houses of the Arab Palmyrenes. The court-wall, externally, presents a lofty dead surface, relieved by pilasters, and false doors with pediments in the intermediate spaces; within, a couple of niches for statues, surmounted by very handsome pediments, adorn, or rather *did* adorn, the angles of the enclosure, which there rose like semi-towers, while similar niches, with neat but plainer pediments, run along the connecting walls. A handsome colonnade ran all round the court; many of the columns are still standing, especially six at the south-west angle, very beautiful at a distance, but which lose on a nearer inspection.

The Temple itself, sadly, alas! dilapidated, was surrounded by a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns, with bronze capitals, all of which have disappeared, most pitiably exposing the naked surface of the stone to which they were attached. Eight columns, in this sad condition, are still standing on the east of the temple; those on the north have lost their capitals entirely; one only on the west supports its entabla-

re ; even the bronze clinches that secured the stones of the temple have been carried off.

Two fine Ionic semi-pillars, flanked by Corinthian pilasters, adorn the south end of the temple ; the chief ornaments of the other walls are the pediments surrounding the windows, which are very elegant.

The great gate is the most beautiful I ever saw, next to the matchless one at Baalbec ; the devices are very beautiful, but the design is superior to the execution ; they are not cut deep enough, and the stone, moreover, has suffered much from exposure. A smaller door, that of the temple itself, introduced us into a mosque, which fills up a great part of the interior ; we saw a very curious ancient ceiling in one of the side apartments. Proceeding through other modern structures, we reached a gate or doorway ornamented with double fluted pillars, of no very chaste design, the ceiling displaying a Zodiac, and the suffit of the architrave the winged vulture soaring among the stars,—an interesting proof, of which I observed similar instances at Baalbec and in the tombs of Palmyra, of the affinity of the Egyptian and Syrian sun-worship. I was much pleased with this temple, but it is not to be compared with the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.

Quitting the Court, and proceeding towards the ruins, all of which lie westward of the Temple, the first building we approached was a ruined mosque, only remarkable for a beautiful little pediment, and part of an ancient ceiling, built into the wall.

Between the mosque and the great arch of the colonnade lie some curiously sculptured stones, that seem to have belonged to, and perhaps mark the site of, an ancient temple. The great arch is richly sculptured, particularly on the western, or inner face ; the central

ornament of the pilasters, leaves connected by interlacing stalks, is particularly beautiful. Two smaller arches adjoin the large one. The plan, however, viewing them from the east, is confused and unintelligible. This colonnade, running nearly from east to west, is of great length and very beautiful; the columns are in good proportion and excellent preservation, each shaft consisting of three courses of stone, admirably jointed, with a bracket for a bust or statue interposed between the second and third,—while the portico of a ruined temple, (six beautiful columns, each shaft of a single stone, and still surmounted by the tympanum,) terminates the vista. This portico, however, is not visible from the arch of entrance, owing to the street deviating from the straight line.

Advancing up this noble avenue, temples and public edifices attract the eye on all sides, all more or less in ruins; except a small temple, of the time of Adrian, considerably to the north, and the most entire at Palmyra, but its columns and richly sculptured portal have suffered wofully from wind and time. Beyond it,

“O'er the still desert gleaming from afar,”

stands a lofty, solitary, nameless, column.

The ruined temples seem to have been very elegant; one of them, the first on the right, walking up the colonnade, was surrounded by columns, of which six on the W. and five (besides a pilaster) on the S. side are still standing,—their shafts are each of one single block of stone. South of this, in a minor colonnade, branching off north-westwards from the principal one, stood an arch, ornamented with four granite pillars, each shaft also of a single stone, but the bases and capitals of ordinary marble; one only remains upright. Another building, to the south of the great colonnade,

Palmyra, Great Colonnade and Temple of the Sun in the Distance.

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and exactly between two arches that open from it in that direction, seems to have been a stoa, or public portico. Beyond it, to the S.W., is the largest building (except the temple) at Palmyra; we set it down at once as Zenobia's palace, without the least authority for doing so. Passing the four cubical masses of masonry, which I have already mentioned, in speaking of Jerash and Shoaba, as marking the crossing of streets in these towns, we came to a third temple, now lying a heap of ruins; but remains of beautifully sculptured friezes, and fragments of large statues in alto-relievo, as execrable as the friezes are beautiful, and fragments of a long and deeply cut inscription in Greek and Palmyrene, show what a noble pile it once was. Lastly, behind the portico which closes the colonnade to the west, the remains of the temple it belonged to—friezes of vine-leaves, and beautiful network designs, and sarcophagi from the adjacent tombs—are heaped together in utter confusion.⁽⁴⁶⁾ Besides these distincter ruins, innumerable fallen columns and mouldering fragments of sculpture lie in every direction—traces of edifices to which it is impossible even for fancy to assign any plan.

It is indeed a most striking scene; an awful stillness, a lifelessness pervades the ruins, which I never felt anywhere else, except, perhaps, at Pæstum,—I do not even recollect hearing a bird sing there; no huts encumber them, no filthy Arabs intrude on you; they stand as lonely and silent as when the last of the Palmyrenes departed, and left the city of Zenobia to silence and decay; the fall of pillar after pillar has been the only note of Time there, and that uncounted, for centuries.—One cannot occupy oneself with petty architectural details at Palmyra—*within* the temple-court I could criticise—*without* it admire only; and, at

sunrise, at sunset, in the morning glow, or in the evening calm, wandering among those columns, so graceful in themselves, so beautiful in their sisterly harmony, I thought I had never seen such loveliness—such awful loveliness!—lovely and yet awful; at times you almost feel as if Palmyra were a woman, and you stood by her corpse, stilled in death, but with a sweet smile lingering on her lip.

How different all this from Baalbec! *Here* one's eye is free as air—how could it be otherwise at Tadmor in the wilderness? *There* it is cooped up within lofty walls; you cannot see the temple to advantage till you are close to it, and the details force themselves on your admiration,—and, as for the great temple, which many travellers seem not to be aware is a temple—unfinished, as it was left by the ancients; marred, as it has been, by the intrusion of modern buildings; covering the whole platform; and hidden by the walls, so that from no one point within or without is it possible to view it as a whole—the eye is at first utterly bewildered, and even at last unable, except with imagination's aid, to estimate its grandeur.

But we have not yet done with Palmyra. Leaving the portico, we clambered up a steep hill, to the N.W. of the colonnade, from the top of which, as from the crater of a volcano, rises a very large and strong castle of the middle ages, built of stone cut out of the mountain all round it, so as to form a deep fosse. The view from this hill is very fine.

Alewyn and I then proceeded, in a southerly direction, along the western hills, exploring the tombs which are very numerous and extremely interesting resembling none I had ever seen before, except (externally) those in the Hauran; they are almost all of them towers, two, three, four, and in one instance, (and

but one, I think,) five stories high. That of Manaius, (which I had entered before reaching Palmyra, unable to resist my curiosity, it being only twenty or thirty yards to the left of the road,) is peculiarly interesting—in some respects, indeed, the most curious building at Palmyra; it is in wonderful preservation, and a description of it will give you some idea of the others, as they are almost all built on the same plan, though far less beautiful.

It is a lofty square tower, lessening by three courses of stone, like steps, at about a third of its height. An inscription in honour of the deceased is engraved on a tablet over the doorway. The principal apartment is lined with four Corinthian pilasters on each side, with recesses between them for mummies, the Egyptian mode of interment prevailing here,—each recess divided into five tiers by shelves, only one of which retains its position. A statue in a reclining posture lay at the end of the tomb between two semi-pillars; busts, with inscriptions in the Palmyrene character, range between them, just below the cornice, and this again supports a false sarcophagus, sculptured with four busts, and covered by an embroidered cushion, on which the effigy of a dead body seems once to have lain. Two smaller Ionic pillars flank the sarcophagus. Several other busts, all with Palmyrene inscriptions, are sculptured in relief over the door of entrance, and that of the staircase which leads to the upper story. The ceiling, broken through in the centre, but perfect at both ends, is sculptured all over with a beautiful pattern, tastefully coloured, of white flowers on blue grounds, enclosed within small squares, and they within larger, formed by lines of deep brown crossing each other, with yellow knobs at the points of intersection. Towards each extremity of the ceiling are two male

busts, in Roman costume, on a blue ground, the colour as bright as if laid on yesterday. The cornice is beautiful—the echinus or egg ornament, and roses between projecting modillions,—the same as that in the library at Haigh, and which is found on almost every building at Palmyra and Bealbec. The upper and lower apartments display little or no ornament, except a pediment or two in the former,—a doorway from the east led down by a flight of steps to the latter, the roof of which, forming the floor of the principal chamber, has fallen in; it has four large recesses for burial, on each side. The date of this edifice is A.D. 103. (^u)

The tomb of Iamblichus, mentioned by Wood, eighty years ago, “as the most perfect piece of antiquity” he ever saw, is now dreadfully dilapidated, its stairs crumbled away, and the floor of the fourth story entirely gone. It is five stories high, and was built in the third year of the Christian era. Like that of Manaius, the principal chamber is ornamented with four pilasters on either side. The ceiling is the chief object of attraction, beautifully disposed in deep diamond-like compartments, filled with mythological devices on blue grounds, all much defaced—the diamonds occupy each the centre of a square, and the triangular spaces formed by the prolongation of their angles are ornamented with heads and the winged vulture of Egypt. The roof of the second story is sculptured with a very curious and complicated device,—stars composed of diamonds touching at their sides, within large squares, &c. &c.—These are the best preserved tombs at Palmyra,—two others, however, much interested me—the second from that of Iamblichus, which leads to a sepulchre excavated in the rock—and one completely hollowed out of the hill, on the left, going up to the castle; I crept into it by a hole like the entrances to

the tombs of the oldest Theban Pharaohs at Quoornet Murraee, but there was no queen of Sheba within to repay me for the trouble. There are some other tombs, partly built, partly excavated, and these appear to me the most ancient monuments of Palmyra.

It was excessively hot all the time we were there; to avoid the heat, vary the aspect of the scenery, and, in case there should be any mischief imagined against us by the Bedouins, to baulk their measures, we determined on turning night into day, and travelling by star-light only, on our return to Damascus. We mounted accordingly, at half-past eight on Sunday evening, the twelfth of June, and quitted Palmyra by the necropolis, the sepulchral towers sternly glooming through the darkness. We halted for the day at half-past six the next morning, but got little sleep on account of the intense heat of the sun, and a hot wind that brought quantities of sand into the tent; moreover, the whole party were in peculiarly high spirits, and, when we composed ourselves to an attempt to sleep, found it impossible. After supping on rice and strong tea, we started again at half-past eight, and reached Karietein at half-past seven on Tuesday morning; it was a lovely night; the summer lightning gleamed in the distance, and about midnight a most splendid meteor, brighter than the moon, sailed majestically across the heaven, and disappeared like a rocket,—such was Palmyra's glory. (⁴⁸) This was shortly before arriving at Khan Khaïr, a lofty ruined tower, romantically interesting as the spot where former travellers had been robbed, but to us only as a landmark,—for, travelling at the hour we did, we had no apprehension of an attack. When we first reached it, however, coming from Damascus, the appearance of a Bedouin, reconnoitring us on the horizon, was rather startling; and, as we rode past a

small caravan that presently appeared, we presented as martial a front as we could, riding all in file, with guns displayed, &c.

We were all very sleepy this second night; I walked and rode alternately, which kept me awake, but one of my friends fell off his horse, and hurt his hip, which detained us some time, so that we were eleven hours in doing what ought to have been performed in ten. I was not so sleepy or tired as I expected, got eight hours' repose during the day, and felt quite fresh during the following night.—We started shortly after sunset, at twenty minutes past seven—a lovely moon, but, as usual, bitterly cold; the horses went extremely well at first, but flagged the latter part of the night. At sunrise we passed a ruined Khan on the left, and at seven minutes past eight reached Anta, which for two or three hours had been provokingly visible in the distance, and which it seemed destined we were never to reach,—nor was it, after all, to be our resting-place—we pressed on, and halted at last, at a quarter past nine, after a ride of fourteen hours, at Jerud, where we breakfasted, slept, and dined as usual, and started again at eight in the evening—striking towards the Aleppo road, and riding (especially towards daybreak) through mist and fog, noxious exhalations, damp and cheerless, the road seeming to lengthen as we journeyed,—and passing large fires from time to time, flaring wildly to the right and left of the track, with groups of Arabs gathered round them, moving in the flames, as it seemed to my excited and wearied brain, like demons. We reached Damascus at last, at a quarter past seven in the morning, after a ride of eleven hours and a half.

[It was on my arrival at Damascus, that I learnt, from my kind and deeply sympathizing friend Mr.

Farren, the mournful intelligence that Mr. Ramsay had fallen a victim to the cholera during my absence. He had accompanied us as far as our first encampment at Adra, five hours from Damascus, but returned the following morning, having been unwell during the night, and not feeling sufficient interest in the excursion (which he had never fancied) to induce him to come on with us. On re-entering Damascus, symptoms of cholera became apparent; all remedies proved ineffectual, and at three on the morning of the 8th of June, my poor friend was released from suffering.

I cannot refrain from inserting the closing lines of his Journal, and the supplement which I observe has been added in pencil since it left my hands: "We had sent on Missirie to Mr. Farren's, to ask for rooms in his house for strangers, but this had been destroyed by the earthquake, so we found our way to the Convent, where . . ." "in less than three days afterwards, the writer of this Journal, dear William, ended his earthly career, leaving us good hope to believe that he has entered the New Jerusalem, and is there enjoying the blessing of that rest prepared for the people of God."]

SECTION IV.

Several weeks having elapsed, and all my sad arrangements being completed, there being nothing more to detain me here till the time of ultimate departure—my friends Pell and Alewyn proposed my joining them in an excursion they meditated to Baalbec and the cedars of Lebanon. I felt low in spirits, I was sick too of Damascus, the heat even of Salhyieh was intense, and I longed for the snow and the mountain streams and breezes; I went with them therefore, and I am glad I did

so, for I have been better both in mind and body ever since. I had another reason for wishing to leave Damascus for a while; I was living all this time in Mr. Farren's house; his kindness would not allow of my quitting it for my own apartments at the Sheikh's, and I saw no way of effecting an exit, unless by leaving Damascus altogether, and returning to my own quarters,—yet even this I was obliged to relinquish before my departure, and declare myself Mr. F.'s willing prisoner during the whole time I should be detained here.—I have not words to tell you how kind he has been to me, how attentive to save me pain, and provide me with every comfort.

I told you, I think, that Mr. Farren had been attacked by cholera a day or two after my return from Palmyra. He has been living almost ever since at his tents, leaving me his *locum tenens* here. The day we were to start for Baalbec, my companions being detained by the decamping of one of their grooms, who had been paid forty piastres in advance, I rode on by myself, expecting them to overtake me at the noonday halting-place. In half an hour, reaching the brow of the hill, I bade adieu to the plain of Damascus—a most lovely spectacle—the city, with her picturesque minarets, sailing like a fleet through a sea of verdure. The view in the Landscape Annual (I think) is taken from this spot, or rather from a Sheikh's (Saint's) tomb a little off the road, which I climbed up to, but found the artist had, innocently enough, taken the liberty of altering the position of the Arch, which in the original cuts the view in two.

Nothing can be conceived more dreary than the ravines near Damascus, except when streams flow through them, which are always fringed with green.

Thunberg.

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In about an hour after starting, I reached the Barrada or ancient Pharphar, ("lucid stream!") rapidly flowing over its bed of rocks,—and followed its course for several hours among the loveliest groves of poplars, figs, walnuts, olives, pomegranates, and vines; innumerable bright and clear streams spring from the rocks close to the road side, and run merrily down to the river; but raise your eyes above them, and all is barrenness,—glaring white walls of stone, without even cragginess to relieve their ugliness.

After about an hour and three quarters' lonely ride, I was encountered by a janissary of Mr. Farren's, who invited me, in his master's name, to pay him a visit.—I found his tents pitched in a most lovely glade, a little above the river, but so sequestered in the woods, as to be utterly invisible to the passing wayfarer. It was a singular approximation of the East and West, of the extremes of refinement, and—I will not call it barbarism, but anti-civilization; Mrs. Farren was seated at her work-table in a charming recess, completely shaded by trees; Mr. F.'s mat lay on the ground opposite her, and a Bedouin of the Waled Ali tribe of Anezees, who had brought despatches from Bagdad in seven days and a half across the desert, squatted in eastern immobility beside it. After half an hour's delightful and most refreshing converse with my kind friends, I rode on.

At five hours and three quarters from Damascus, we entered a wild mountain pass, through which the Barrada comes foaming down like a maniac. We saw tombs, high in the rocks, and the remains of a temple below, and of an aqueduct excavated in the rocks above, the bridge by which we crossed it. Presently, after passing a very beautiful waterfall on the left, we emerged

into the upper valley of the Barrada, where he flows as gentle as infancy, yet diffusing verdure and fertility all around him. Every stream, indeed, that descended from the hills was made available to the irrigation of long strips of green that marked its course. The soil of the valley is very rich and well cultivated; harvest was going on, the reapers plucking up the corn by the roots, like the old Egyptians.

The scenery became more and more beautiful as we advanced, and very English too; the vineyards were protected, each by its low wall and hedge; cross-barred gates, which it would puzzle even James to clear, secured every field,—had I been James himself I could not have seen them with more pleasure; while our approach to Zebdani, our halting place that night, was through green lanes, bordered by lofty hedges of wild roses and other flowers, as shady and cool as those of old England that Miss Mitford loves so dearly and describes so well. Here, according to Arab tradition, Cain slew Abel—Adam was made of the red earth of Damascus, the plain El Ghoutta in which it stands being Paradise; and the tombs of many other patriarchs, giants, and men of renown, are found in the neighbourhood.

Next morning, we crossed Antilibanus; the scenery is very grand,—lofty crags, covered with prickly oaks and dwarf valonidis. We reached the highest point in rather more than three hours and a half, and the snowy Lebanon stood before us in all his grandeur,—a long mountain ridge, extending N.E. and S.W. as far as the eye could reach, and separated from Antilibanus by the Bekaa, a beautiful valley, several miles broad, well cultivated, and covered with villages. The first we reached was called Nebe Sheet, after the prophet Seth, son of Adam,—then Britani (its name was a

pleasant surprise to us), (•) then Taibi; not one of which you will find in the maps. Possibly this may be the “valley of Baca” of the Psalmist, both names implying the vale of mulberries.

At last, after a tedious ride through the uninteresting hills that intervene between the plain and the actual foot of Antilibanus, we caught sight of a long line of trees, marking the course of a stream towards the centre of the valley, and, (as it seemed,) a castle rising above them, with a lofty tower, which resolved itself, as we drew nearer, into six stately columns,—it was Baalbec; but more than an hour elapsed before we reached the quarries that supplied the material for those wondrous pillars—and, a little farther on, within three or four hundred yards of the Temple of the Sun, were stopped by quarantine officers (common soldiers) with words and gestures tantamount to “On ne passe pas ici.”

Could anything be more provoking? A strong detachment of Ibrahim’s cavalry is quartered at Baalbec, and, from an absurd dread of the cholera, as a contagious disease, this cordon had been ordered round the place. Arguing was of no use—we said we did not want to enter the village or approach the camp, but merely to look at the old stones, which were quite unconnected with either, and desired them to go and say so to their commanding officer, and beg him to give us leave to enter, or else to come out and speak with us himself; Englishmen, some one said, were not accustomed to be treated in this sort of way,—no one moved, and “Ingles kelb!” “the English are dogs!”—was the only reply. Now, infidel, thought I, I have thee on the hip! and forthwith commenced manœuvring after my friend Clarke’s system of tactics. I made noise enough about the word that the soldier might see I understood him; he tried hard to equivocate, but it would not do

with so short a sentence; I slowly pulled out my notebook, and eyeing the man attentively, pretended to write down a minute description of his person—asked him his name, which he refused to give—no matter—then pulled out and opened my firman, crackled it, and uttered the words “Mahommed Ali”—“Ibrahim Pasha” several times with much austerity; it answered! off went the message—back came plenary indulgence to enter—and up, as I rode on, came the soldier bully, to kiss my hand, (he made a dash at it, or he would not have touched it,) and fawn for pardon.

Had I seen the commandant, I would most undoubtedly have complained of the man, not that I cared a fig about my nation being accused of puppyism, but that this habitual insolence towards Franks ought in every way to be resisted. A marked distinction is already made by the Turks between Ingles and Frangi, all in our favour, and I have never let an opportunity slip of upholding our national character, as quite distinct from that of the Franks. The Levant has always been overrun by Italian and French adventurers, from whom the Turks, till within these few years, formed all their ideas of Europeans, confounding every nation under the term Frangi; the English they have now learnt to distinguish from the herd, to respect and fear us, to look up to us as wiser than themselves, and to esteem, I believe, if they do not like us. “The word of an Englishman” is almost proverbial in Syria. In fact, a singular change is taking place in the character of the people; prejudice is gradually wearing away; the extension of the Egyptian dominion over Syria, productive, as it has been, of incalculable individual suffering, may eventually be the cause of much general good. The English are summoned to the breach; I do not think (I hope I am not speaking presumptu-

ously) that much can be done openly as yet, but the way seems to be paving for a great moral revolution, in which we must be active and zealous in our master's cause,—or woe betide us! The eye of Providence is visibly watching this land—all Turkey indeed; and, as its counsels are unfolded in the progress of events, I doubt not we shall see cause to admire and praise the unsearchable wisdom of God in preparing the way, and affording the means for the revival of his Gospel in the land it first rose upon

We pitched our tent near a beautiful walnut tree, at the N.W. corner of the platform on which the Temples are built.

The ruins of Baalbec consist of two very large temples, the smaller and best known of which was sacred to the Sun, Baal, while the larger, dedicated to “the Great Gods of Heliopolis,” seems never to have been finished. With the help of Pococke's description, which was as unintelligible to me as I fear mine will be to you, till I stood on the spot, I made out its plan most satisfactorily, and have been wondering at its grandeur ever since; the architect must have been the Michael Angelo of antiquity.

As a site for this magnificent pile, a lofty platform was built of very massive stones, supported by two parallel vaulted passages, running from east to west, lofty, and of most beautiful workmanship, and connected with each other by a third passage, running at right angles to them from north to south. The grand entrance was from the east, by a flight of steps, leading to a portico flanked by handsome pavilions on the right and left. A lofty doorway introduced the visitor into a polygonal court, from which, passing into a second, three hundred and fifty feet square, and ascending a flight of steps, he proceeded under a double colonnade to the

grand portico of the temple, consisting of two (or, perhaps, three) rows of columns, fifty or sixty feet in height, while the peristyle consisted, or was to consist, of sixteen, in length, on each side, and eight at the west end—all of the same gigantic proportions. Of the temple itself, if it was ever built, not a trace remains, except a line of stones that perhaps marked the cella. From the eastern landing-place to the western extremity of the temple, I found it three hundred and thirty-six paces, or more than a thousand feet.

Such was the idea of the architect—the Plato of architectural antiquity ; modern additions have done much to obscure the plan of what *was* executed, but, after careful examination, and rejection of the adventitious parts, as distinguished from those which, at first sight, resemble them, but are in reality unfinished walls pertaining to the original design, it all comes out clear, and your fancy builds up the pile as beautiful and sublime as it gleamed before the mind's eye of the architect.

And who was that architect ? Might it not have been Apollodorus of Damascus, who threw Trajan's Bridge across the Danube, and who was put to death by Hadrian, for a witty criticism on one of his own Imperial designs ? Left imperfect, we may be very sure that the jealous Emperor would not have finished the work of his rival.

I reconcile this idea with the assertion of the Byzantine, John of Malala, that Antoninus Pius built a temple to Jupiter, one of the wonders of the world, at Heliopolis—and with the fact of the singular resemblance that exists between the architecture of the two temples—by the reflection, that the unfinished temple, there can be no doubt, was dedicated to the Deities of Heliopolis collectively, (⁵⁰) and that one can no more be sur-

prised that the reverence of the pious Antoninus for his benefactor's memory should have ensured its neglect, than that his taste and candour should have done justice to the talents of the unfortunate Apollodorus, in adopting his design of the larger temple for that of the smaller—confessedly dedicated to Jupiter or Baal, and which might well be described in the language of any age—much more in the inflated style of the lower Empire—as a wonder of the world.

A few words now on the actual condition of the larger temple.—Of the grand staircase no vestige remains, and a modern wall has been built in the place of the portico, overtopping the landing-place. Of the pavilions, that on the right remains in tolerable preservation; you enter under an arch, flanked by square Corinthian pillars, each of two large blocks of stone, lessening towards the capital; these extraordinary columns give an Egyptian character to this part of the building—which is rather confirmatory of my theory as to the age and the architect; there was a strong bias to the Egyptian style in the architecture of Hadrian's time. Within the pavilion you find beautiful niches for statues, with pediments, &c.

Neither the sculpture of the grand Portal, (which had two smaller entrances on its right and left,) nor that of the wall of connexion between the two pavilions, was ever finished. The polygonal court seems also to have been left very imperfect; the great court, however, is surrounded by chambers for the priests, and *exedrae*, or pillared recesses, for the philosophers to sit and lecture in—decorated with most beautifully sculptured niches and pediments, friezes and cornices,—niches for idols, richly ornamented, project between each chamber or recess. The beauty of some of the friezes is beyond all praise; in one of them I discovered the orb with

wings and serpents, precisely the same as that which figures on every Egyptian temple.

In front of the recess in which this device occurs, lie fragments of most beautiful granite columns; probably all the *exedræ* were faced by them. The central colonnade which existed in La Roque's time (1688) has now completely disappeared; the platform on which it stood remains. A large semicircular building has been built by the Saracens in front of the portico,—the bases, indeed, of the eight columns of which the first row consisted, are built into it. We determined the number of columns the peristyle consisted of, by supplying losses and omissions from the opposite sides,—on the S. there are distinct traces of ten—the three most westerly fallen, the six next standing, and the base of the tenth still in its place, while beyond it the platform has been completely broken down since Pococke's time, when nine of the great pillars were standing.* Opposite this tenth base, stand the base and broken shaft of the column that corresponded to it on the other side of the temple, beyond which we distinctly traced six bases in their original places, built into the modern wall, making up the number of intended columns sixteen,—while, beyond them, there appeared to have been two, or, perhaps, three more, belonging to the portico; the seventeenth is wanting.

Of the three most westerly columns, on the north side of the temple, there are no traces—not even their bases, and it struck me that the three immense blocks of stone, from sixty-three to sixty-seven feet in length, and twelve feet thick, which lie in the outer wall of the platform at this very spot, and below its level, and which Dr. Richardson conjectures were lowered to

* The same number that Belon found in 1549.

their present position by the workmen who found them lying useless on the top of the platform—were the intended material for these very pillars, never worked upon. In the quarry we passed, approaching the town, lies another block, undetached from the rock, of still more stupendous dimensions, sixty-eight feet in length, and from twelve to fifteen thick.

The six surviving columns are the glory of Baalbec; they are the principal object in every view of the ruins, but the most pleasing aspect, I thought, was from a little Corinthian temple to the south of the platform, where the wall has been broken down. Viewed, however, near or far, they are equally worthy of love and admiration,—whether you watch them from a distance, or, looking upward from their feet, criticise their details, the chaste ornament of their suffit, their rich frieze, their superb cornice—and pronounce them faultless.—Palmyra at sunrise, and Baalbec at sunset, are Claudes treasured in the cabinet of the memory, which neither accident can injure, nor beggary deprive one of.

The Temple of the Sun stands directly south of the great Temple, and the best view of it, commanding its northern and western façades, is from underneath the six pillars. The platform, on which it stands, adjoins the great one, but is considerably lower; indeed it appears to me built up against it—a later construction.

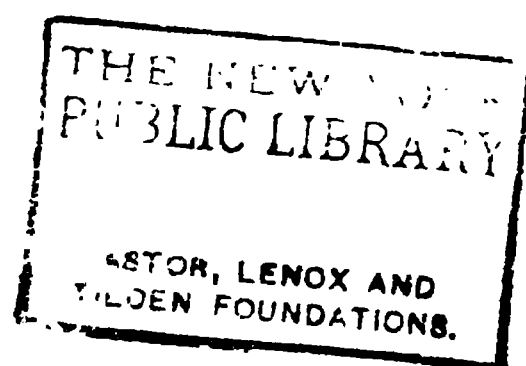
It is only by comparison, however, that either platform or temple can be spoken of as small. The N. and S. sides were ornamented by fourteen magnificent pillars, of which nine on the N. and four on the S. are still standing,—the W. end, by eight, of which the three most southerly are perfect, the next four broken, and the last, towards the N., prostrate. The ground,

between the temple and the western wall, is heaped with broken shafts and capitals. All the columns of this peristyle are Corinthian, with smooth shafts, each of three pieces of stone—like the six great columns—admirably joined. The frieze, cornice, &c. most beautiful. The lacunari, or panels of the suffit of the peristyle, are sculptured in imitation of network, a series of large busts and mythological designs running down the centre, each in the middle of a large diamond, and smaller busts occupying the angles formed by the interlacing compartments,—a most intricate and indescribable design, but very beautiful. On the N. side, under the nine columns, these lacunari remain very nearly perfect.

The walls of the temple, within the peristyle, are, as usual, quite unornamented except by pilasters at the angles, and by the cornice, which, on the south side, is seen to great advantage from below the platform. The grand staircase, mentioned by La Roque in 1688, has been destroyed.

Of the portico, four columns only remain perfect—at the S. E. angle. It consisted of two rows of columns, all fluted, except the two last on either side, belonging to the peristyle. The frieze and cornice above these four columns are most beautiful; a battlemented tower has been built over them by the Saracens, who have also most barbarously reared a huge wall directly in front of the great gate of the temple. Creeping through a low gateway, we found ourselves before this matchless portal; every ornament that could be introduced into Corinthian architecture is lavished on it, and yet it is perfectly light and graceful. It is composed of nine vast stones, six forming the sides, and three the top; each must be some tons weight. The keystone has slipped partly through, and hangs ominously over

Portal of the Temple of the Sun, Baalbek.



head, as one passes under it. An eagle is carved on the suffit, holding in his talons what has been called the Caduceus, and ribbons in his beak flowing towards a winged genius—"a messenger of Heaven," Anne would call him—"sailing upon the bosom of the air,"—and holding a wreath of fruits; his brother, once to be seen to the right of the eagle, has been defaced.

The ornaments of this door-case are exquisitely delicate, especially the ears of corn and the grapes and vine leaves,—it was not till a second or a third visit, that we distinguished the little elves or genii lurking among the leaves in the lower compartments formed by the intertwining vine. The rolling frieze, the cornice, the surviving scroll—I have no words to express their beauty.

The interior of the temple is also very richly ornamented,—six fluted pillars adhering to the walls on each side, with an arch of most delicate sculpture, surmounted by a niche and rich pediment, between each pillar. Two other arches, beyond the sixth pillar on either side, and separated by pilasters, appear to have belonged to a small arcade on each side of the great altar—now utterly destroyed. The double row of pillars, added by Theodosius, when he converted this temple into a church, was still visible at the commencement of the last century.

But turn to Wood, dear mother—I should not be surprised if he has omitted all mention of a curious Saracenic building, directly facing the temple,—(the whole ruins, in short—and I ought to have mentioned it before—were turned by them into an immense castle;) its semi-vaulted portals, scooped shell-wise, like the ceilings of the Alhambra, lead to staircases, one running down into the platform, but filled up with rubbish,—the other leading to the roof. Peeping

through the chinks of a door a few steps up, I saw a large chamber with pointed arches, now used, apparently, for a magazine.—Ibrahim Pasha's soldiers are, I fancy, the utilitarians who have turned the vaults and halls of Baalbec to such profitable account. We passed their camp on the east of the ruins; they were watering their horses at the brook of Baalbec,—I never saw such a number of fine animals.

Leaving the platform by the southern breach, and crossing the stream, we proceeded to a beautiful little Corinthian temple among the trees, circular within and without, and pierced externally with handsome niches, each flanked by two columns,—the architraves, cornices, &c. curving inwardly, so as to give the building the appearance of an octagon. Wreaths are gracefully suspended from the cornice over each niche. A more elegant little edifice I have seldom seen. Earthquakes have sadly shaken it, and four pillars only are standing. The door-posts are of single blocks of stone.—But everything is on a grand scale at Baalbec,—the blocks of the great platform frequently measure from fifteen to thirty feet in length.

We observed three Arabic inscriptions in the walls of the platform—one on the east side, near the N. E. angle,—another, in large and beautiful characters, on a fallen stone near the S. E. angle,—and a third at the S. W. corner; all in the modern character. Baalbec made a noble defence against Abou Obeidah, the Lieutenant of the Caliph Omar, and, on surrendering, was condemned to pay two thousand ounces of gold, four thousand of silver, two thousand silk vests, and a thousand swords; she was very powerful too under the Omniades—Now, how fallen!—How hath the fine gold become dim, the City of the Sun ceased!

But the brook of Baalbec still wimples on,

“Its silver streams glittering in the sunny beams,”

brightly as the Tweed—transparently as the rill immortalized by Ben Yousef:—

“So smooth the pebbles on its shore

That not a maid can thither stray,

But counts her strings of jewels o’er,

And thinks the pearls have slipped away!”

About half an hour’s walk W. of the ruins, stand eight stumpy columns of most beautiful Egyptian granite, highly polished, and, for the most part, without a scratch on them; all, except three, standing on their heads—no capitals, and supporting a most clumsy superstructure of calcareous stone, the fallen roof of which covers the floor. A very large massive *slipper bath* (at least liker one than a sarcophagus) has been stuck, feet upwards, between two of the pillars, and is retained in its position by a thin slab, awkwardly interposed between it and the architrave. I never saw such a jumblement. It is probably some Sheikh’s tomb; no Moslem would have ever thought of building it for the sake of preserving the pillars; *they*, doubtless, were removed from the Great Temple.

Thus much for Baalbec! ⁽⁵¹⁾

“Now upon Syria’s land of roses

Softly the light of eve reposes,

And, like a glory, the broad Sun

Hangs over sainted Lebanon,

Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,

And whitens in eternal sleet,

While Summer, in a vale of flowers,

Is sleeping rosy at his feet.” ⁽⁵²⁾

Such was the evening—calm and beautiful, as we rode slowly away from Baalbec across the Bekaa, in a

north-westerly direction, towards Deir el Akhmar, a village on the lowest slope of Lebanon, three hours distant; we encamped there near the ruin of a Corinthian temple.* (⁵⁸) The only object of interest on the road is an isolated Corinthian pillar, that rises nobly in the middle of the plain, nearly, if I mistake not, west of Baalbec. It looks best from a distance, and was evidently intended to be so seen; the shaft consists of fourteen courses of stone, the capital of one, and the base of two,—the whole elevated on a platform of four courses, projecting one beyond another, like steps; we saw no inscription, nor any ruins near, to which it could have belonged. It might have been surmounted by a statue, like Pompey's pillar at Alexandria.

At Deir el Akhmar, we first found ourselves among the Maronites, a Christian nation of Syrian descent, but, by adhesion, a branch of the Church of Rome, who inhabit the central regions, chiefly, of Mount Lebanon. They speak Arabic, but write it in the ancient Syriac character; they are an industrious, hospitable, estimable race, I believe, and we were much pleased with what we saw of them.

Three other tribes live on the mountain—ever a refuge for the oppressed:—the Anzairies, a remnant of the ancient Pagan inhabitants of Syria, (some of whom, the Ismaylys, or Assassins of the old writers, are *said* to retain the most abominable superstitions of Egypt

“It was originally ornamented with pillars and pilasters of the Corinthian order; one of the latter remains, at the N.W. corner, and the fragment of a column,—several bases are worked into a modern wall which has rendered this ruin habitable; the foundation stones are just visible above the ground, by following which I ascertained that it had been $29\frac{1}{2}$ paces long by $11\frac{1}{2}$ broad.” *Orig. Journal.* [1847.]

and Greece,) live to the north of the Maronites; south of them, dwell the Metoualis, hated by Turks and Arabs as belonging to the Persian sect of Mahometans called Shiites, who consider the first three Caliphs as usurpers,—many of this race live in the Bekaa—Baalbec *was* their stronghold, but they are a scattered people, and their territories much diminished; lastly, the Druses occupy all the Gebel Sannin, or southern chain of Lebanon, including the maritime district of Kesrouan, as far south as Deir el Kammar, where the Emir Beshir, their Prince, resides,*—they are a sect of Moslems, who believe that the Deity became incarnate in the person of Hakim, the fanatic Caliph of Egypt,⁽⁴⁾ and expect his return as the Moehdy or Saviour—from China! to establish his universal worship, and the exclusive dominion of his followers. They are divided into two classes, *akhals*, and *djahels*, the initiated, and non-initiated into their mysteries, which seem, however, to be very simple, for even children are intrusted with their secrets. These religious chameleons adopt the external religion of whatever people they live amongst, affirming that they are commanded to do so till the Moehdy return.—These are the people whose cleanliness and pleasing manners so much charmed me in the Hauran; I have seen little or nothing of those in Mount Lebanon. Great numbers of Maronites live intermingled with them, particularly in the Kesrouan.

About two hundred years ago, a general belief prevailed in Europe that these Druses were descendants of a party of Crusaders, who had remained in Syria under a Comte de Dreux; their famous Emir Fakr-ed-din, the guest of the de' Medici,⁽⁵⁾ favoured the delusion;

* When the *ferdi* tax was imposed, the Druses were reckoned in the Government's return at 15,000 males; the Maronites at the same number; the Metoualis at 1200; and the Anzairies at 20,000.

yet never had a theory less foundation. You meet with traces of the Franks, reminiscences of the Crusades, everywhere in Syria, but — while the Bekaris, or descendants of Abubekr, (Mr. Farren showed me their pedigree,) are still flourishing at Damascus, as well as the houses of many of the Companions of Mahomet — the descendants of the Berengers, Bethunes, Lusignans, D'Ibelins, and other Syrio-Norman families recorded in the Lignages d'Outremer, Duchesne's folios, and the old Chronicles, have sunk — if indeed any of them remain — into mere *fellahs*, or cultivating Arabs, — so quickly does the race degenerate in this clime of the sun! — And yet never was a rule proved by a more interesting exception — the discovery made a few years ago by a Frank traveller, to whose eyes, like mine, a landscape in Lebanon had scarcely more attractions than a bundle of old parchments, that the village Sheikh, in whose possession he found them, was the descendant of one of the oldest crusading families in France! — Ignorance would have been bliss in his case, poor old man! he started forthwith on pilgrimage to Paris, and got as far as Alexandria, but falling ill there, and other obstructions being cast in his way by a kind Providence, he returned to his village — Gausta, and was living there in extreme old age about two years ago. Mr. Farren tells me that, along the mountains of Safeta, there is a line of feudal towers from Tripoli to the plain of Homs, evidently built by the crusaders as a means of defence and communication between those points, and completely commanding Lebanon. The splendid castle of Hosn is in the range, and Mr. Farren is strongly of opinion that the very large Convent of Mar Georgius, which is in its immediate vicinity, and the most celebrated of the Greek ecclesiastical possessions in Syria, is the Convent at which that celebrated

conflict took place, when a detachment of the Arabs who were then besieging Damascus carried off the daughter of the Governor of Tripoli, who, with her bridegroom and a gallant train, had gone there to be wedded.⁽⁵⁶⁾ A distinct and warlike race of Christians still live in that neighbourhood, though the greater part of what they once possessed has been wrested from them by the Sejoote, a very bold and martial race, of Arab descent, among whom too some Curdish settlements have been made.—There, Mr. Farren thinks that traces of the Crusaders or their descendants might be sought for with most likelihood of success, but all his own inquiries have hitherto proved fruitless.⁽⁵⁷⁾

Now let us cross Mount Lebanon—it bears the same name still, Gebel Libnan; it is spelt Limanon in the Theban sculptures of the invasion of Osirei.

Starting from Deir el Akhmar, at a quarter past four in the morning, and ascending through woods of prickly oak and valonidi, we reached, in three hours, the ruined village Ainnet, from which begin the steep ridges of Lebanon. All the trees ceased now, except a species of dwarf cedar, emitting a delicious fragrance, which replaced them, and continued, though diminishing in number, almost to the summit. The rocky slope of the mountain is covered with yellow, white, red, and pink flowers, affording delicious food to the bees of Lebanon—their honey is excellent. At eight, we came in sight of Lake Leman of the East, or Yemouni, as every one pronounced it, lying to the south, embosomed between the upper and lower ridges. An hour afterwards, we reached an immense wreath of snow, lying on the breast of the mountain, just below the summit—and from that summit, five minutes afterwards, what a prospect opened before us!—Two vast ridges of Lebanon, curving westwards from the central spot where we

stood, like the horns of a bent bow or the wings of a theatre, run down towards the sea, breaking in their descent into a hundred minor hills, between which—unseen, unheard—and, through as deep and dark and jagged a chasm as ever yawned, the Kadisha, or Sacred River of Lebanon, rushes down to the Mediterranean—the blue and boundless Mediterranean, which, far on the western horizon, meets and mingles with the sky.

Our eyes coming home again, after roving over this noble view, we had leisure to observe a small group of trees, not larger, apparently, than a clump in an English park, at the very foot of the northern wing or horn of this grand natural theatre; these were the far-famed cedars. We were an hour and twenty minutes reaching them, the descent being very precipitous and difficult. As we entered the grove, the air was quite perfumed with their odour, the “smell of Lebanon,” so celebrated by the pen of inspiration.

We halted under one of the largest trees, inscribed with De La Borde's name on one side, and De La Martine's on the other. But do not think that we were sacrilegious enough to wound these glorious trees; there are few English names comparatively, I am happy to say—I would as soon cut my name on the wall of a church.

Several generations of cedars, all growing promiscuously together, compose this beautiful grove. The younger are very numerous,—the second-rate would form a noble wood of themselves, were even the patriarchal dynasty quite extinct,—one of them, by no means the largest, measures nineteen feet and a quarter in circumference, and, in repeated instances, two, three, and four large trunks spring from a single root,—but they have all a fresher appearance than the patriarchs, and straighter stems—straight as young palm trees.

Cedars (the Patriarchs) of Lebanon.

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Cedar (Younger Growth) or Lebanon

Of the giants, there are seven standing very near each other, all on the same hill,—three more, a little further on, nearly in a line with them,—and, in a second walk of discovery, after my companions had lain down to rest, I had the pleasure of detecting two others low down on the northern edge of the grove—twelve therefore in all, of which the ninth from the south is the smallest, but even that bears tokens of antiquity coeval with its brethren.

The stately bearing and graceful repose of the young cedars contrast singularly with the wild aspect and frantic attitude of the old ones, flinging abroad their knotted and muscular limbs like so many Laocoons, while others, broken off, lie rotting at their feet; but life is strong in them all,—they look as if they had been struggling for existence with evil spirits, and God had interposed and forbidden the war, that the trees He had planted might remain living witnesses to faithless men of that ancient “Glory of Lebanon”—Lebanon, the emblem of the righteous—which departed from her when Israel rejected Christ; her vines drooping, her trees few, that a child may number them, she stands blighted, a type of the unbeliever! And blighted she must remain till her second spring, the day of renovation from the presence of the Lord, when, at the voice of God, Israel shall spring anew to life, and the cedar and the vine, the olive of Carmel and the rose of Sharon, emblems of the moral graces of God, reflected in his people, shall revive in the wilderness, to “beautify the place of his sanctuary, to make the place of his feet glorious”—to swell the chorus of Universal Nature to the praise of the living God.

We had intended proceeding that evening to Psherré, but no—we could not resolve to leave those glorious trees so soon—the loveliest, the noblest, the holiest, in

the wide world. The tent was pitched, and we spent the rest of the day under their "shadowy shroud." Oh! what a church that grove is!—never did I think Solomon's Song so beautiful, and that most noble chapter of Ezekiel, the thirty-first—I had read it on the heights of Syene, Egypt on my right hand, and Ethiopia on my left, with many another denunciation, how awfully fulfilled! of desolation against Pathros, and judgments upon No—but this was the place to enjoy it, lying under one of those vast trees, looking up every now and then into its thick boughs, the little birds warbling, and a perpetual hum of insect life pervading the air with its drowsy melody. Eden is close by,—these are "the trees of Eden," "the choice and best of Lebanon,"—these are the trees (there can be none nobler) which Solomon spake of, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall,"—the object of repeated allusion and comparison throughout the Bible,—the emblem of the righteous in David's sabbath hymn,—and, honour above honour, the likeness of the countenance of the Son of God in the inspired Canticles of Solomon.

Our encampment was very picturesque that night, the fire throwing a strong light on the cedar that o'er-canopied us; those enormous arms, of ghastly whiteness, seemed almost alive and about to grasp and catch us up into the thick darkness they issued from. (⁵⁸)

The direct road from the cedars to the village of Eden is little more than two hours; we were desirous, however, of seeing the famous Convent of Canubin, (or Anubin, as they pronounce it, always dropping the initial C,) and accordingly, on arriving at Psherré, after an hour and twenty minutes' ride, we sent on the baggage direct under Ale^Wyn's care, who was not well enough to accompany us.

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Convent of Mar Sarkis (St. George) Lebanon.

The descent to Psherré (the Beshirai of the maps) was very precipitous, but nothing to what awaited us beyond it; the village lies in a lovely vale, all verdant with vines and fruit trees, and musical with cascades; and the breezes of Lebanon—who that has ever quaffed can forget them?—To the east, on the slope of the valley, stand the Convent of Mar Serkis, almost concealed among thick groves, with a very remarkable pointed rock rising over it. Our route lay westward, along the edge of the ravine, broken every now and then by deep gullies, descending from the northern Lebanon,—each with its torrent dashing down from the mountains, and sometimes forming beautiful cascades over the rocks, light clouds of spray hovering over their descent. We passed the village Hatsheit, at nine, and that of Belausi, at ten,—both situated on the edge of the chasm; looking eastwards from this point towards its head, we saw the river Kadisha, like a silver thread, descending from Lebanon. The whole scene bore that strange and shadowy resemblance to the wondrous landscape delineated in ‘Kubla Khan,’ that one so often feels in actual life, when the whole scene around you appears to be re-acting after a long interval,—your friends seated in the same juxta-position, the subjects of conversation the same, and shifting with the same “dreamlike ease,” that you remember at some remote indefinite period of pre-existence; you always know what will come next, and sit spell-bound, as it were, in a sort of calm expectancy.—One would almost have thought Coleridge had been here in some such vision, or at least that some description of the valley had been unconsciously lingering on his memory,—the general resemblance between the scene he has painted and that before us was so striking. I dare not insist on the coincidence of there being “a sacred river” in

both landscapes, in proof of their identity,—“there is a river in Macedon, and there is a river at Monmouth; ’tis called the Wye at Monmouth; it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river, but ’tis all one, ’tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both !”*

Beyond Belausi, we began the descent to Canubin by a very difficult path, occasionally hewn into rude steps. This magnificent ravine (I speak of it generally, as we viewed it from different points) is of immense depth, broken into vast hollows, overhung with trees, chiefly prickly oaks, and shooting into pinnacles, between which the mountain torrents rush down on all sides, some of them forming beautiful cascades, many hundred feet in height. At Canubin, however, the voice

* “The most imaginative bard of our time, he whose poetry may be considered as the matrix of that of Byron, has favoured us, by way of a psychological curiosity, with a picture of one of his dreams, the result probably of opium, which a recent traveller has declared to be so exact a transcript of the scenery viewed from Mount Lebanon, that, when halting under the hoary cedars of the antique world, he could find no truer description of the landscape before him than the celebrated verses of Coleridge.

“Are we to infer that to the inspired brain of the poet that Oriental beatitude was literally manifested? ‘There are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of’ in the philosophy of Horatio. But there are more things in the human mind than were dreamt of even by Hamlet, even by Shakspeare. May there not even exist senses still imperfectly defined by physiological science? May there not be mysteries of the soul still undeveloped, indicated only by the divining rod of the initiated, a mockery to the learned, but of profound conviction to more delicate organizations, conscious of magnetic influences—such as might be esteemed a supernatural visitation, did aught in our frail and miserable nature seem to entitle us to communication with the invisible world?” *Cecil*, vol. ii, p. 40.—Memory, however—the remembrance of some description of Lebanon in the old travellers, mingling with that of Kubla Khan’s palace in Marco Polo, might have suggested the vision in question to the poet’s fancy. [1847.]

even of the Kadisha is scarcely heard; a profound silence reigns—all is grandeur, but grandeur in repose,—the choicest place in the world for dreaming away one's life in monastic inactivity. The convent hangs about two-thirds down the precipice, partly built up against, partly excavated in the rocks; it looks as if held by cramping-irons in its present position, so deep is the abyss below, so menacing the rocks that overhang it.

Here, in winter only, resides the Batrak, or Patriarch, of the Maronites; we had expected to see him, but were disappointed to hear that he had flown off with all the brethren to Adiman, their summer residence, on the top of the mountain opposite.

Several leaves of the Syriac Bible alighted at our feet as we rode up to the gate, and a lay Maronite, who made his appearance at the window above it, seemed quite indifferent to their fate. He informed us, in addition to the unwelcome news of the Batrak's absence, that there was absolutely nothing in the Convent for man or beast,—this did not at all coincide with our plans, which were to rest there a few hours, feed our horses and ourselves, and then proceed in the afternoon to Eden; we, therefore, the gate being open, took possession of the monastery, searched and discovered corn in abundance, fed our horses, established ourselves in the pleasantest place we could find, and then tried to persuade the Maronite that food for man was also producible, assuring him, as we did from the first, that we had *feloush* enough to pay for it. All persuasion was in vain till a sort of major-domo arrived, to whom intelligence had been sent of the capture of the Convent; from that moment all was cordial hospitality,—he unlocked a small room, furnished with mats—produced some of the sweet red wine of Lebanon—and.

by degrees, the most sumptuous *dejeuné à la fourchette* we had seen for many a day made its appearance,—salad, cheese, eggs, honey, and dibs—a syrap expressed from grapes,—and delicious Arab bread; a meal for princes!

During the glow of victory—for we virtually resigned our conquest, the moment that hospitable thoughts were evinced by the rightful proprietors,—we explored the Convent as thoroughly as a lingering respect for bolts and bars permitted. There is nothing worth seeing, except the church, which is a large and beautiful grotto cut lengthways in the rock that overhangs the monastery. The portraits of the Patriarchs, mentioned by old travellers, no longer line its walls, but there are several paintings of a character superior to what one would expect to see in such an out-of-the-way place—daubs, but done in Italy; the best of them was an Assumption of the Virgin over the altar. In, and on a press in the church, lay many books and MSS., the former chiefly printed at Rome by the Propaganda, some of the latter most beautifully written—all in Arabic, I suppose, but in the Syriac character. The Bible, to which the leaves that flew out of the window with such *empressement* to welcome us belonged, lay in a small apartment at the end of a long gallery built up against the rock, and overlooking the gate.⁽²⁰⁾

After a hearty meal and comfortable siesta, we remounted, and, with the major-domo as guide, a merry good-humoured fellow, re-ascended the gorge we had come down by, but up its western side. We presently passed a small chapel cut in the rock; the whole valley, indeed, is full of the excavated dwellings of ancient hermits. The scenery was still more beautiful at this evening hour, the southern declivity all shadow, except the salient points of rock.

After about an hour's ascent, we came in sight of the vale of Eden, with the village on the N. W. side of it, so that we had to wind round the head of the valley to reach it,—there is no cutting across country in Mount Lebanon—and who would wish to do so, and abridge his enjoyment? Above, below, around you, wherever you cast your eyes, Man and Nature vie with each other in beautifying and enriching the landscape—Man affording Nature a field to display her bounty upon, by terracing the hills to their very summits, that not a particle of their soil may be lost,—Nature, in rewarding his toil by the richest luxuriance, pouring grain into his lap, and wine into his cup, without measure. The slopes too of the valleys, one mass of verdure, are yet more productive than the hills, thanks to the “springs of Lebanon,” that come gushing down so fresh and cool and melodious in every direction,—vines twine around and hang in garlands from every tree; mulberries are cultivated in immense quantities, with houses for the silkworms—of dry branches or matting, bound with reeds—built between the trees; they never pluck off the leaves, but cut whole boughs off for the silk-worms,—the trees, however, are little injured in appearance, as many boughs as are seen on a young fig tree being left untouched on each. The fig trees are beautiful, the apricots delicious, and as common as apples in England. Walnut trees, of majestic growth and beautiful produce, flourish beside the deep torrent-beds, along with the weeping willow and Lombardy poplar, the only unfruitful trees in this garden of Eden—for all I have said, though descriptive generally of the valleys of this part of Lebanon, applies strictly to that we have just ascended to from Canubin.—And then the cordial greeting of the country people—poor, but all seemingly happy and contented, and as like

each other in features as brothers and sisters—a smile on every woman's countenance, all of them unveiled, and some very pretty—the steeples of the village-churches peeping out through the trees, and the bells answering each other across the ravines every morning and evening—were moral charms that doubled the attractions of the scenery; we *felt* ourselves in a Christian country, and almost among brethren.

Eden is built on a lofty ridge, extremely precipitous, its sides supported by terraces, wherever it has been possible to introduce them, planted with vines, mulberries, and corn. A considerable torrent, augmented in its course by minor rills, flowing in cascades from the hills, rushes down a deep ravine towards the south. We reached the village after a quarter of an hour's ascent from the bridge, and found our friend Alewyn encamped near a cascade, in a magnificent grove of walnut trees. Pell and I, pursuant to his advice, started off immediately on foot for the brow of a hill about twenty minutes distant, to catch the sunset view of the western side of Lebanon; it was superb; Tripoli was concealed by the rising ground, but the headland, the port where the merchants reside, the vessels, the towers—remnants of the old fortifications of the knightly Berengiers—were clearly visible, and the sea-ward course of the Kadisha, distinguishable at intervals by its snow-white foam. More to the south, we saw the bold headland near Batroun, the mountain that hid Djebail, &c. &c., and—beyond all, the Mediterranean.

A crowd of the villagers congregated under the trees in front of our tent that night; children were romping about,—some one was modulating the shepherd's reed not unmelodiously,—it was a more cheerful scene than I ever witnessed in the lowlands of Syria, or Palestine,

where the merry-hearted sigh, and the mirth of the tabret has almost ceased in the land.

The old Sheikh of Eden was absent, but Yousef, his second son, paid us a visit—a very fine intelligent boy, about twelve, who speaks Italian beautifully, and understands French; these languages he has learnt from the Bishop, who was educated at Rome. His cousin, also, a son of Sheikh Latouff, the Sheikh's brother, speaks French with great fluency, but I did not like him half so much. The whole family bear a very high character.

The population of Eden is estimated at about two thousand; there are eleven churches.—I have often had a present of a nosegay in the East; a Maronite brought me one that morning of pinks and jessamine, which he called *yesmin*, evidently the same word.

We returned to Psherré, by the direct route, the following afternoon, with the intention of proceeding to Zachle, by Akoura and Afka, along the heights of Lebanon—and thence to Damascus. Burckhardt is the only traveller I know of who has taken this route, and a most sublime and beautiful one it is, so far as Akoura and Afka, beyond which I cannot speak of it, the guide having led us, either ignorantly or knavishly, into another road.

Leaving Psherré, the fleecy clouds that had been hovering all the day on the heights of Lebanon began to sink lower and lower, and, as we passed under Mar Serkis, completely concealed one of the lofty crosses erected on the peaks of the mountain, while the other, encircled by them, appeared as if undergoing translation to heaven. We crossed a bridge over the Kadisha, at the head of the Wady, and then proceeded westwards along the opposite or southern

bank,—passing a large Convent, Mar Elisha, on the right, hanging about half way down, like Canubin, (°) and the village Ka Koffere, high on the left. Soon after passing through Bur Osha, we saw an immense roofless cavern on the other side of the valley,—a ravine, in fact, in the process of formation, the torrent not having completed the work of clearance. Between this and a vast gorge on which stood the village Hatsheit, which we passed the day before, descended a beautiful and very lofty waterfall, from the very summit of the ravine.

We halted at Hasroun, nearly opposite Hatsheit, after four hours' ride—a straggling village, like Eden, almost lost in its groves of mulberries,—the houses of stone, very large and substantial, without windows, and serving, apparently, each for several families.

After fixing on a spot for the tent, Schranz and I hastened down to the edge of the valley, and, from a projecting rock, enjoyed one of the grandest and most beautiful spectacles I ever witnessed. The thick clouds resting on the valley and the northern ridge of Lebanon were gradually beginning to ascend, terraces beyond terraces receding into the clouds like an immense staircase leading to some unknown shrine of glory; and a shrine indeed, of unspeakable grandeur was soon revealed to us in the heights of Lebanon, unveiled in all their magnificence, and glowing in the rays of the evening sun—invisible to us below; but in a few moments all was gloom again—heavy, moist, fleecy mist swept in a torrent down the valley, and you could scarcely see, as old Homer says, so far as you could throw a stone. It cleared toward sunset—a superb sunset after all; and a most delicious green tint diffused itself over the sky after his departure, such as we have seen in Nubia. I found such a pretty little garden in a

crevice of the rock we stood on,—about six feet long by three or four broad—just the size for my little May-flower.

Next morning, the church bells, answering each other from the opposite sides of the chasm, proclaimed the festa of Saint Peter and Saint Paul; no one was visible when we emerged from the tent, but, just as we finished breakfast, the whole population issued from the churches and collected under the mulberry trees, to witness our departure, and bid us good bye. After winding round the ravine, on the edge of which, overhanging the great Wady, Hasroun stands, we commenced the ascent—at first very short and steep—then, long and gentle—of the Southern Lebanon. In an hour and a quarter we lost sight of Tripoli, the Wady, and the theatre of mountains that encompass it, and proceeded along the western heights towards the snowy peaks above Afka, repeatedly catching glimpses of the lower ridges of the chain descending to the Mediterranean.

We passed through fine rocky scenery, but saw little cultivation, except in a plain which we passed at a great depth below us, lying in the southern side of a rocky valley, and where we saw Mar Antonios Hoop, a convent, on one side, and the village Tanurin on the other. This part of Lebanon is quite abandoned to pasturage; we passed two or three small camps of Bedouins, the most barbarous I think I ever met with—no curiosity, no intelligence; they had a good many camels, sheep, and goats,—the sheep lugging after them the immense tails that are seen all over Lebanon; these tails, like the humps of camels, are accounted great delicacies in the Arab kitchen.

After an hour and a half's steep and continual descent, we reached Akoura, a Maronite village, beauti-

fully situated among gardens of mulberries, at the eastern extremity of Wady Metouali, a very deep vale, which completely separates the mountain range we had just traversed from that on which Afka stands, which we saw directly in front, as we descended to the Wady.

We dined and rested at Akoura, under a magnificent walnut-tree, and then started again for Afka, winding round the head of the valley, under crags of most surpassing grandeur,—one of them peculiarly noble, with a projecting ledge on one of its lower peaks, evidently designed by nature for a Dive's or a Genie's castle—I sighed for Aladdin's lamp! This noble Wady derives its name from the Metoualis, once, I believe, its sole proprietors, but Maronites and Metoualis now share it in common, and are very good friends notwithstanding. A torrent flows from under a large semi-hexagonal cavern at the head of the vale under the rocks; we crossed it by a beautiful natural bridge, and, soon afterwards, crossing the intermediate hills into a collateral wady, descended to Naitri, Nitri, or Minetri, (for they gave it all these names), a village at its eastern extremity, inhabited by Metoualis, a most uncourteous set,—before reaching it, we passed the remains of an ancient building of hewn stone. We halted there, unable to get on further that night.

We passed great numbers of dwarf cedars this day, and rode through whole woods of them the following morning, commencing our ascent of Lebanon directly eastwards, the guide assuring us that the road we wished to go did not pass through Afka. In two hours we reached the highest point of ascent, and, after an hour's ride among low undulating hills, came in sight of a vast and beautiful plain, far below us, which we presently recognised as the Bekaa, with Baalbec in the distance. It was evident our guide had brought us

quite a different route from Burckhardt's,—here, he said, his knowledge of the road ended, so we sent him back to his village.

And yet I am glad now that we took this road, for on this eminence Raymond of Tripoli and his followers must have halted, after ascending from Minetri—the ruined building there being evidently the fort of Ma-naithere, the only station mentioned by William of Tyre as occurring on their route from Gebail—halted there, I say, and looked down on the rich fields of Baalbec, before descending to commit them to the flames.—Baldwin of Jerusalem, meanwhile, (not the young prince, whose chivalrous expeditions to Petra and Bozrah I have already mentioned, but his nephew, the leper,)—acting in concert with Raymond, and crossing the mountains from Sidon, had descended into the Bekaa by Messara, (the Meshgara, evidently, of the maps,) and commenced a similar work of devastation, each advancing towards the other, till they met—

“These flaming comets with their fiery tails,”

in the centre of the valley, and, turning to the east, stood side by side, awaiting the chivalry of Damascus, who, under Saladin's brother, were rushing down from Antilibanus to check their ravages. The Moslems fought well, nor was it till after a long and bloody conflict that the crescent sank, and the victorious Franks departed with their plunder. (61)

We descended slopingly along the mountain, through beautiful woods of oak and cedar, towards Zachle, and, after entering the low hills that, on this as well as the other side, intervene between the foot of Lebanon and the Bekaa, passed villages innumerable—Shmuster, Beitshemi, Bednein, Temnein, Zernubbi, (which lies out of the road to the right, on a hill, but we found the

remains of a temple there, built with very massive stones—traces of four columns in front, and the three steps of entrance perfect, which I hardly ever saw elsewhere, except at Pompeii),—Habla, Karak, Malaka—blazing with furnaces, for it was already dark—and Zachle beyond it, a short distance up a valley. Its lights, gleaming through the trees, reminded us of the approach to a great manufacturing town in England. Dark as it was, we managed to discover a resting-place and pitch the tent, in which we were glad to lie down at half-past eight at night.

Zachle derives considerable importance from its trade of dyeing cloth; the inhabitants are calculated at five thousand, the greater number Greek Catholics. The town lies on the southern slope of a very beautiful valley, well watered by the poplar-shaded stream of Berdowni, with extensive vineyards and mulberry-groves on the hills; up the glen there is a large Greek-Catholic Convent, Mar Elias—and, beyond it, at its extremity, a little village among the rocks, El Uedi.*

Next morning, sending the baggage in advance, across the Bekaa, we rode back to Kerak to visit the tomb of—Noah!!—thirty-eight paces long, by about one and a half wide, and elevated on a platform. It adjoins an old mosque, and is surrounded by a wall with grated windows. In a ruined building contiguous to the mosque, and apparently ancient, we found a Latin funeral inscription.†

From Kerak we crossed the Bekaa, in about three

* Zachle was burnt, and its inhabitants ruined, during the recent war, which mingled the tears of the natives with every fountain in Lebanon. [1847.]

† Cn. Julius L. Fab.

Rufus P. P.

Hic situs est. Vix.

annis lxxxiv.

hours, south-eastwards, towards Medjdel, a ruined tower conspicuous on a hill on the eastern side of the plain, with a large village below it—crossed Antilibanus—I could expatiate on its fine rocky scenery, but will only tell you that we traced a Roman road, still the line of communication between Damascus, Auranitis, and the Bekaa, for many hours—halted for the night at Dimes, after nearly eleven hours' ride, and reached Damascus in five hours the next morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Farren were still at their tents, when I arrived at Damascus, but returned a few days afterwards to keep me company during the remainder of my stay.* Nothing could exceed their kindness; no inter-

* “5 July.—Visited the palace of the Mufti of Damascus, the representative of a family surnamed Murad, originally of Tartar extraction, and which has supplied the city with muftis for many centuries,—the present Mufti is a most respectable man. After paying our respects to him in his ordinary divan, we visited the mosque attached to the house,—all the outer buildings are very plain and ordinary, but the harem, or residence for the women, (to which we passed through a small garden,) quite delighted us. The apartments open on a very large rectangular inclosure, paved with marble and interspersed with tanks of water and parterres of flowers—with a large open alcove, or divan, at the upper end. The surrounding buildings are two stories high, and a gallery or balcony runs all round, on which the upper story opens. The ladies had retreated to this upper story—but by an indirect glance we saw them peeping at us through the blinds. The rooms of the ladies were very beautiful—the floors inlaid with variegated marble—the ceilings richly gilt, and painted in fanciful devices, with inscriptions from the Koran, &c.—Most luxurious divans, sofas, and English chairs occupied the upper part of every room, and a fountain, overflowing into a marble reservoir, the lower. Woodcarving and *marqueterie* work abounded, excellent in design and execution; and there were some pieces of embroidery, views of Mecca, &c., worked by the ladies.—The Mufti's own bedroom was luxury itself. The ladies' baths were nothing very particular.”—*Orig. Journal*. But the tomb of Saladin, sadly neglected now, was the most interesting thing I saw at Damascus. [1847.]

mittent spring, but ever fresh and constant, flowing from the heart—I can scarce express to you the extent of my obligations to these kind friends—to Mr. Farren especially, who, from the first, *insisted* on relieving me of all those painful, but necessary, interviews, arrangements, &c., which, under the circumstances, I should have been obliged to go through myself. He is indeed the man of all others to represent the British nation in a country like this, and, indeed, what he has effected in dispelling Turkish prejudice, and raising the character of Englishmen, is marvellous,—’tis, in great measure, to *his* personal character, *his* courtesy, *his* decision, that we owe the respect in which we are now held.⁽⁶²⁾

I am now writing from Beyrout; I left my kind friends on Thursday the thirteenth, and arrived here on Saturday afternoon; the last day’s journey was beautiful, but the heat while descending towards Beyrout, and that of the town itself—(poor little Julie de Lamartine’s death-bed)—exceeds anything I ever felt before; the perspiration rolls down one’s face very nearly as fast as it does in a vapour bath.⁽⁶³⁾

It is long past midnight, and by this time to-morrow I hope to be many a league from Syria. You, my dearest mother, will be more thankful for me than, I fear, I am for myself, but, in closing this long letter, and reviewing the scenes I have wandered over during the last few months, I cannot but feel how deep a debt of gratitude I owe to Divine Providence, for the unvarying health, bodily strength, and good spirits, that have never failed me during so many months,—for preservation from accidents and perils, known, and often probably unknown, to me,—and for the accomplishment of every wish I formed before and after commencing my Tour in Egypt and Syria, relative to its extent; so that I have seen all and more than I pro-

View in Lebanon, near Beyrouth.

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posed at starting. Everywhere I have received the kindest attentions from men in and out of authority.— And if the loss of poor William, my companion through so many instructive and interesting scenes, impress me as it ought, and as I trust it will, even that too will prove a blessing!—Adieu.

NOTES.

EGYPT.

NOTE 1, PAGE 10.—Missirie.

I feel great pleasure in bearing testimony to the merits of this excellent man. During the whole time he travelled with us as courier, we never once had occasion to find fault with him, except for exerting himself too much. He kept our boatmen, muleteers, native servants, &c., in perfect order; we had not the slightest trouble with them. With other gentlemen he has travelled over most parts of Europe, in North America, and Mexico. He speaks Greek, (his native tongue,) Turkish, Russian, Walachian, Arabic, English, (which he has taught himself to read and write,) French, Italian, Spanish, and, I believe, can make himself understood in some other languages.

Of his personal character, intelligence, activity, energy, and those more important points, honesty, sobriety, and Christian principle—it would be impossible for me to speak too highly.

I cannot refrain from mentioning (what would never have come to my knowledge directly) his having ransomed from Turkish slavery, and sent home to their native country, (Argos,) a mother and a daughter. Nor is this the only instance, as I have reason to know, of his having stood the friend of the fatherless, and caused the widow's heart to sing with joy.

[Since this was written, Missirie has settled at Pera, and opened an hotel, which Mr. Warburton describes as “most comfortable and excellent . . . the last comfort one enjoys in going to the East, and the first in returning from it.”—*Crescent and the Cross*, vol. ii, pp. 368, 381. 1847.]

NOTE 2, PAGE 15.—Cleopatra's Needle.

Its companion lies beside it, almost covered by the sand. Both appear to have been standing when Abd'allatif wrote his account of Egypt, A.D. 1203.

NOTE 3, PAGE 15.—Pompey's Pillar.

“Nulla sane columnarum huius similis!”—EDRISI.

This noble column appears to have stood in the court of a large quadrangular edifice, popularly called the School of Aristotle, and supposed to have been built by Solomon, till the reign of Saladin, when the governor of

Alexandria destroyed it. We learn this from Abd'allatif.—Edrisi, about the middle of the twelfth century, describes this building as supported by sixteen columns at each extremity, and by sixty-seven at either side; and Benjamin of Tudela, the last writer who speaks of it as an eyewitness, (A.D. 1160,) says it contained twenty colleges, divided from each other by marble columns, (*exedrae*?) “whither men flocked from all parts of the world to learn the philosophy of Aristotle.”—Abd'allatif saw the remains of the columns on the shore, whither they had been carried by the governor, and traces of them all round the pillar, within thirty years after their destruction.*

The central pillar was cut in the quarries of the Said, or Upper Egypt. “Il en existoit originairement,” says an Arab writer of the twelfth century. “sept, de la même dimension, qui servoient d'ornement à un palais immense nommé *Maison de la Sagesse*, qui n'avoit pas son pareil sur la terre.”—“Sept géants de la famille de Aad apportèrent chacun une de ces colonnes sous leurs bras, depuis le Mont Bérin au midi d'Eçouan jusqu'à Alexandrie.”—*Langlès, notes to Norden's Travels*, vol. iii, p. 181.

Pompey's pillar has at different times been represented as a monument reected by himself to his own glory, (*Breydenbach*, 1483,) and a memorial of Cæsar's triumph on his rival's defeat. (*Belon*, 1548; *Sandys*, 1610.) In 1507, when that “pious, honourable, and magnanimous knight,” Martin à Baumgarten, visited Egypt, it was popularly supposed that Pompey's head was buried under it.

“Elle étoit surmontée, je crois, d'une statue colossale d'airain, placée sur un énorme stylobate, et qu'on nommoit *chérakhyl*; elle regardoit la mer, et avoit le doigt dirigé vers Constantinople. Un receveur général des impositions d'Egypte, Açameh ben-Zeid, demanda au khalife El-Oualyd ben-Abdoul-melik ben-Merouan, la permission de faire fondre cette statue pour en frapper une grande quantité de *fels*, petites pièces de billon.”—*Langlès, ut supra*.

This sacrilege must have been perpetrated between A.D. 714 and 717—the duration of El Walid's reign.

Every one has heard of persons ascending Pompey's pillar by means of a rope-ladder and a kite, but perhaps the most extraordinary achievement of the sort was that of a famous rope-dancer, who climbed up by a knotted rope with a donkey on his shoulders, left it there to pass the night, and brought it down again the next morning.—*D'Arvieux, Memoires*, vol. i, p. 191.

Some beautiful porphyry columns were standing at a little distance from

* See *Edrisi*, Geogr. Nubiensis, p. 214.—*Ben. Tud.* Itin. p. 214, ed. Elsev. 32mo.—*Abd'allatif*, Relation de l'Egypte, and a very interesting note of M. de Sacy, p. 182, and pp. 230 sqq.—or in Pinkerton's Collection, vol. xv. p. 828. Perhaps the columns seen on the shore by Abd'allatif were the same as those described by Paul Lucas a hundred years afterwards, as follows:—“Je découvris au pied des murailles, sur le bord de la mer, plusieurs blocs de porphyre, qu'il seroit fort facile d'enlever pour en faire d'excellens ouvrages. Il y en a qui pesent assurément deux ou trois milliers; j'en enlevai un de 150 livres, que j'ai envoyé en France, et on peut juger par cet échantillon de la beauté du porphyre, et de l'usage qu'on en pourroit faire.”—*Troisième Voyage*, (1714,) tom. ii, p. 29.

the pillar in 1658, when D'Arvieux visited Alexandria—perhaps the same as the “six pillars of marble, twenty spans about, and three fathoms high without the ground,” mentioned in Grimstone's ‘Estates, Empires, and Principalities of the World,’—London, fol., 1615*—a work, the title-page of which, engraved by Elstracke, may be ranked for beauty along with that of Purchas's Pilgrims.

NOTE 4, PAGE 16.—Remains of Alexandria.

“Je vis aussi, en passant dans le milieu de la ville, un rang de colonnes de marbre granite, d'une hauteur et d'une grosseur extraordinaires, dont il y en a encore une qui conserve son chapiteau; ces colonnes, qui sont sur une même ligne, s'étendent près de 500 pas, et ne sont pas aujourd'hui dans une égale distance l'une de l'autre, parce que la plus grande partie en a été enlevée ou abattue, et l'on en voit encore beaucoup de renversées. Entre celles qui subsistent, il y en a qui ne sont éloignées que de dix ou douze pieds, ce qui fait juger qu'il y en avoit sur chaque rang plus de 150. Encore faut il supposer que la première et la dernière de celles qui se trouvent sur cette ligne étoient effectivement aux deux extrémités de ce rang; ce qui n'est pas vraisemblable, puisque vis-à-vis de ces colonnes on en voit à deux cents pas delà d'autres semblables qui leur sont opposées; et quoiqu'il n'en reste aujourd'hui que trois ou quatre, il est visible, par la disposition des lieux, par le même ordre, la même grosseur, qu'elles ne faisoient qu'un même tout avec celles dont je viens de parler. Il paroît aussi par d'autres colonnes, qui sont à une égale distance de ces deux rangs, qu'il y avoit autrefois en cet endroit une superbe fontaine; l'édifice de brique, et les bassins où l'eau tomboit, se voient aujourd'hui manifestement. Ainsi on peut conclure qu'il y avoit là une place superbe, dont la figure composoit un quarré long, large de 200 pas, et long de 500. Les principaux Palais de la ville faisoient sans doute les quatre faces de cette belle place, puisque derrière ces colonnes, du côté où il en reste un plus grand nombre, on voit quantité de murs de brique, les uns renversés, les autres encore entiers, qui laissent juger de la grandeur et de la beauté des edifices qui étoient en cet endroit. On distingue même, parmi les masures, des bains presque entiers, et j'en ai vu un dont les murs étoient faits d'un ciment si dur qu'il ressembloit à du marbre. Les Turcs en détachent tous les jours quelques morceaux pour faire servir à leurs bâtimens. Mais comme ces ruines sont presque entièrement couvertes de sable, ils n'enlèvent que ce qui paroît en dehors; et s'ils vouloient se donner la peine de creuser jusques aux fondemens, ils decouvriroient bien des choses curieuses.”—*Troisième Voyage de Paul Lucas*, vol. ii, p. 31, sqq.

“Proh dolor! illustrem, maximam, habitatoribus refertissimam, pulcherrimam, opulentissimamque quondam Ptolemæorum sedem, Alexandriam, collapsam, dirutam, majori ex parte desertam, miserando spectaculo deploravi. Heu infelicem! quæ et quanta mœnia, quales et quàm amplæ ejus

* Translated from the French of P. d'Avity.

urbis stratas vias, quàm conspicuæ domorum frontes ad oculum tendentes, qui portarum fornices ! Sed in cinerem versa domorum interna omnia præter-euntes conspiciebamus.”—*Petri Martyris Legatio Babylonica*, (1502,) printed in the same volume with his *Decades*, f. 80 verso, ed. 1532.

NOTE 5, PAGE 16.—Racotis.

M. Langlès, however, claims much higher consideration for Racotis :—

“Alexandre ne fit que relever les ruines et changer le nom d’une des plus anciennes et des plus grandes villes de l’Egypte. Cette ville se nommoit Raqonth, ou Raqoundah, suivant les auteurs Arabes, mais plutôt Rakhoty, suivant l’orthographe Qopte ; mot dont les Grecs et les Latins ont fait Racotis.”—*Notes on Norden*, t. iii, p. 158.

Murtadi, in his curious legendary history of Egypt, says it was built by Masar, grandson of Ham, and his thirty followers, with whom he came to Egypt on the dispersion of nations. His paternal grandfather was the wise priest Philemon, who, being deputed by Pharaan, the last antediluvian king of Egypt, to a religious conference with Noah, was converted by the Patriarch, and admitted into the ark with his daughter, afterwards married to Misraim, son of Ham. Philemon, returning to Egypt with his grandson and his thirty followers, reopened the pyramids, taught them the secret writing of the *birbas* or temples, the knowledge of the talismans concealed in them, and how to make new ones, and also the rules how to subject spirits. “Ils bastirent plusieurs villes sur la mer Romaine, et entre autres celle de Racode, au lieu où est maintenant Alexandrie.”—*Merveilles d’Egypte*, p. 119.

Others attribute its foundation to Shedad the son of Aad, illustrious in the annals of the East for the gardens of Irem, which he planted in rivalry of the celestial paradise. A third account states that he merely rebuilt it after its destruction by the Amalekites, or Shepherd Kings.

NOTE 6, PAGE 19.—Daniel’s prophecies.

“These prophecies of Daniel, foretelling the sufferings and persecutions of the Jews, from Alexander’s successors in Syria and Egypt till the end of the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, during a disastrous period of 160 years, are, if possible, more surprising and astonishing than even his grand prophetic period of 2300 years, and the several successions of empire, or the four temporal kingdoms, that were to precede the spiritual kingdom of God upon earth. The magnificence of the whole scheme, comprising the fortunes of all mankind, seems to be an object suitable to the Omniscient Governor of the universe, calculated to excite awe and admiration ; but the minuteness of detail exhibited in this part, exceeds that of any existing history of those times. The prophecy is really more concise and comprehensive, and yet more circumstantial and complete, than any history. No one historian has related so many circumstances, and in such exact order of time and place, as the prophet ; so that it was necessary to have recourse

to several authors, Greek and Roman, Jewish and Christian, for the better explaining and illustrating the great variety of particulars contained in this prophecy.—The astonishing exactness with which this minute prophetic detail has been fulfilled, furnishes the strongest pledge, from analogy, that the remaining prophecies were and will be as exactly fulfilled, each in their proper season.”—*Dr. Hales' Analysis of Chronology*, vol. ii, p. 556.

NOTE 7, PAGE 23.—Interview with Mohammed Ali.

We entered unannounced—in our plain Frank clothes, and found no one in attendance on the Pasha. It is curious to contrast this unceremonious reception with that of foreigners on the same spot in Mandeville's time, about 1330:—

“And before the Soudan comethe no Strangier, but zif he be clothed in clothe of gold, or of Tartarye, or of Camaka, in the Sarazines' guise, and as the Sarazines usen. And it behovethe that anon at the firste sight that men see the Soudan, be it in wyndowe, or in what place elles, that men knele to him and kisse the erthe: for that is the manere to do reverence to the Soudanne of hem [them] that speken with him. And whan that messangeres of straunge contrees comen before him, the meynee [menzie, attendants] of the Soudan, whan the straungeres speken to hym, thei ben aboute the Soudan, with swerdes drawn and gysarmes [battle-axes]* and axes, here armes lift up in highe with the weapenes, for to smyte upon hem, zif thei seye any woord that is displesance to the Soudan. And also no straungere comethe before him, but that he makethe him sum promys and graunt of that the straungere askethe resonably, be so it be not azenst [against] his lawe. And so don othere princes bezonden. For thei seyn that no man schalle come before no prynce but that he be better and schalle be more gladdere in departynge from his presence thanne he was at the comynge before him.”—*Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville, Knight*, p. 47, ed. 1727.

For the ceremonies of reception in the time of the Caliphs, see William of Tyre's graphic account of Hugo de Cæsarea's mission,—book 19 of his *History of the Crusades*. And conf. Tasso's description of the Egyptian court in the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto xvii.

NOTE 8, PAGE 27.—Streets and Houses of Cairo, in 1634.

“Some of those streets I have found two miles in length, some not a quarter so long; every one of them is locked up in the night, with a door at each end, and guarded by a musketeer, whereby fires, robberies, tumults, and other disorders are prevented. Without the city, towards the wilderness, to stop sudden incursions of the Arabs from abroad, there watch on horseback four Sanjiaks, with each of them a thousand horsemen.

“This city is built after the Egyptian manner, high, and of large rough

* “Guisarme, pertuisane, hache a deux tranchans, espèce d'arme tranchante, dont on se servoit, au défaut de l'épée.”—*Roquefort, Glossaire de la Langue Romaine*.

stone, part of brick, the streets being narrow. It hath not yet been above one hundred years in the 'Turks' possession, wherefore the old buildings remain; but, as they decay, the new begin to be after the Turkish manner, poor, low, much of mud and timber; yet of the modern fabrics, I must except divers new palaces which I have seen, both of Turks, and such Egyptians as most engage against their own country, and so flourish in its oppression. I have oft gone to view them and their entertainments, sometimes attending the *Illustrissimo*," (Signor Santo Seghezzi, of Venice,) "with whom I lived; otherwhiles accompanied with some of his gentlemen. The palaces I found large and high, no state or flourish outwardly; the first court spacious, set with fair trees for shade, where were several beasts and rare birds, and wonderful even in those parts; the inner court joined to delicious gardens, watered with fountains and rivulets; beside the infinite variety of strange plants, there wanted no shade from trees of cassia, oranges, lemons, figs of Pharaoh, tamarinds, palms, and others, amongst which pass very frequently chameleons. The entry into the house, and all the rooms throughout, are paved with many several-coloured marbles, put into fine figures; so likewise the walls, but in Mosaic of a less cut; the roof layed with thwart beams, a foot and a half distant, all carved, great, and double gilt; the windows with grates of iron, few with glass, as not desiring to keep out the wind, and to avoid the glimmering of the sun, which in those hot countries glass would break with too much dazzling upon the eye; the floor is made with some elevations a foot high, where they sit to eat and drink; those are covered with rich tapestry; the lower pavement is to walk upon, where in the chief dining chamber, according to the capacity of the room, is made one or more richly gilt fountains, in the upper end of the chamber, which, through secret pipes, supplies in the middle of the room a dainty pool, either round, fore-square, triangular, or of other figure, as the place requires, usually twenty or twenty-four yards about, and almost two in depth, so neatly kept, and the water so clear, as makes apparent the exquisite mosaic at the bottom; herein are preserved a kind of fish of two or three feet long, like barbels, which have often taken bread out of my hand, sucking it from my fingers at the top of the water.

"But that which to me seemed more magnificent than all this was my entertainment. Entering one of these rooms, I saw at the upper end, amongst others sitting cross-legged, the Lord of the Palace, who beckoning me to come, I first put off my shoes, as the rest had done, then bowing very often, with my hand on my breast, came near; where he making me sit down, there attended ten or twelve handsome young pages, all clad in scarlet, with crooked daggers and scymetars, richly gilt; four of them came with a sheet of taffety, and covered me; another held a golden incense with rich perfumes, wherewith being a little smoked, they took all away; next came two with sweet water, and besprinkled me; after that, one brought a porcelain dish of coffee, which when I had drank, another served up a glass of excellent sherbet. Then began our discourse In their questions and replies, I noted the Egyptians to have a touch of the merchant or Jew, with a spirit not so soldier-like and open as the Turks, but more

discerning and pertinent."—*Voyage into the Levant, by Sir Henry Blount, of Tiltenhanger, Knight. Harleian Voyages, vol. i, p. 525.*

NOTE 9, PAGE 29.

"Foule-fat-fool-Saint."

"Another of their Saints went about the Citie continually starke naked, covering neither head, foot, nor any part of his foule fat bodie; yet I have seen divers as hee passed along, at divers times, (yea women,) kiss his naked armes and hands. On a time, at Bullaco, going over Nilus, he going in a passage-boat, in which I, with others, went over, a Moore in the companie, seeing him come, layed him a piece of an old coat to sit on; but when he felt it under him, he layd it aside, and sate on the bare boords; so hee ever did on the stones, earth, and sands. This man was in Cairo before I came thither, and I know not how long after.

"This great fat lubberly beast would goe through the streets and take off the stalles to eat, bread, little baked meats, and fruits, and roots, and no bodie denied him, but counted themselves happie that he would do so. He would not touch money of any sort; a very kinde of scorched bacon hogg, hee was as fat as he could goe.

"Other of those saints of Cairo goe but half-naked, and some of them are very leane rascalls."—*Sundrie the personall Voyages performed by John Sanderson, of London, Merchant, begun in October, 1584. Ended in October, 1602.—Purchas's Pilgrims, vol. ii, p. 1616.*

NOTE 10, PAGE 30.

"Here I may fitly take occasion to teach those that purpose to travel into Turkey how to behave themselves. If they be set upon by thieves, they may defend themselves, if they be strong enough; but if they be polling officers, they must not be contradicted. But neither in their cities, nor in their travels, may they strike again, though they be abused and beaten by any man, except they be thieves and robbers, for if they do, they shall either be put to death, or have their hand cut off. Neither if a man receive a box on the ear at any of their hands, must he give one bad word, or look frowning upon him that smote him; for then he will strike again, and say, 'What, Goure! dost thou curse me, and wish the devil had me?' But he must kiss his beard, or the skirt of his garment, and smile upon him, and then he will let him pass."—*Biddulph's Travels of Four Englishmen, &c. 1600—11. Harleian Voyages, vol. i, p. 812.*

NOTE 11, PAGE 31.—Isle of Roda.

"Ce fut sous le vezyrat de Chahan-Chah, surnommé *El Afdhal*, et fils du celebre Bedr el-Djemaly, qu'elle reçut le nom de *Raoudah*, ou Jardin. Ce prince avoit affectionné cette isle, et en avoit même acquis une portion assez considérable, qu'il avoit embellie avec soin, et où il se promenoit fréquemment. Il l'appelloit son jardin; cette dénomination est restée à l'isle

entière: cependant le véritable *Raoudah* ne paroît pas avoir subsisté longtemps après la mort de Chahan-Chah, assassiné en l'an 515, (A. D. 1121-2.) Le khalife el Amar Behhakâm-Allah, que l'on soupçonne avec beaucoup de vraisemblance d'avoir été l'instigateur de ce crime, s'empara de toutes les propriétés du malheureux vézyr, de son trésor qui renfermoit plusieurs millions de pièces d'or, de ses pierreries, de ses chevaux, et de ses armes: la maison de plaisance située dans l'isle en faisoit aussi partie; et si le khalyfe négligea l'entretenir, c'étoit pour lui en substituer une infiniment plus vaste et belle, et sur-tout plus analogue au gout de la personne qui devoit l'occuper.

"Ce prince avoit un penchant particulier pour les Arabes Bedouynes. Ayant appris qu'il y en avoit une, célèbre par sa beauté, dans le Saïd, il y alla déguisé en Arabe Bedouyn, et après beaucoup de courses et démarches il parvint à la voir. Sa passion en devint alors plus violente; de retour dans son palais, il envoya auprès des parens de la jeune fille un négociateur chargé de la demander en mariage pour le khalyfe. On imagine bien que la proposition ne fut pas rejetée. Arrivée auprès de son auguste époux, environnée de toute la pompe des grandeurs, la jeune Bedouyne n'en sentit pas moins vivement la perte des jouissances, ou plutôt de la liberté à laquelle elle étoit accoutumée, et peut-être aussi l'absence d'un jeune Arabe de ses parens. Par condescendance pour cet amour de la liberté, qui devoit lui paroître fort étrange dans une femme, le khalyfe fit bâtir dans l'île de Roudah, sur le bord du Nil, auprès du *Mokhtar*,* une maison de plaisance d'une étendue et d'une magnificence étonnantes, et que l'on nomma el *Houdedje*.† Peut-être ce nom fut-il imaginé par la jeune Bedouyne, qui, dans ce vaste palais, se trouvoit aussi à l'étroit que dans ces litières où les Arabes enferment leurs femmes pour les transporter sur des chameaux quand ils changent de campement.

"Le Khalyfe rendoit des visites si assidues à cette belle captive, que les Bathenyens,‡ qui avoient formé le complot de l'assassiner, se mirent en embuscade, dans un four situé à l'extrémité du pont du côté de l'île; ils fondirent sur lui au moment où il passoit, et le poignardèrent. Après sa mort le *houdedje* fut abandonné, et vers le milieu du quinzième siècle de l'ère vulgaire on n'en connoissoit plus l'emplacement.

"Les contes que l'on a faits sur la jeune Bedouyne, sur Ebn Mobahh son cousin, et sur le khalyfe El Amar Behhakâm Allah, sont aussi nombreux que ceux d'El Bathal et des Mille et Une Nuits."—*Langlès, Notes on Norden's Voyage, &c.*, tom. iii, pp. 207-9.

* Al Mokhtar, "the preferred,"—a magnificent garden, planted in the island, A.D. 937.

† "Le *houdedje* est un litier dans laquelle les Arabes transportent leurs femmes quand ils changent de campement; c'est une espèce de caisse, garnie de planches ou de l'étoffe; elle est quelquefois découverte, ou surmontée d'une impériale, à laquelle pend un rideau, pour cacher les femmes dans la marche. Le *houdedje* est porté par un chameau: ce nom convenoit assez bien à une demeure dans laquelle, malgré toute son étendue, notre jeune Arabe devoit se trouver aussi gênée que dans une litier."—*Langlès*.

‡ "Les Bathenyens étoient une secte hérétique de Musulmans, partisans, pour ne pas dire adorateurs, d'Aly. On les nommoit aussi Nossairytes. (*Abulfeda*.) Les écrivains des croisades les nomment *assassins*."—*Langlès*.

This story will probably remind some of my readers of the song of Maisuna, the Bedouin bride of Moawia, who, sighing for the desert amidst the pomp of Damascus, found her greatest comfort in singing its melancholy strain in private; Moawia overheard her, and sent her back to Yemen.

“ The russet suit of camel’s hair,
 With spirits light and eye serene,
 Is dearer to my bosom far
 Than all the trappings of a queen.
 The humble tent and murmuring breeze
 That whistles through its fluttering walls,
 My unaspiring fancy please
 Better than towers and splendid halls.
 The attendant colts, that bounding fly
 And frolic by the litter’s side,
 Are dearer in Maisuna’s eye
 Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.
 The watch-dog’s voice, that bays whene’er
 A stranger seeks his master’s cot,
 Sounds sweeter in Maisuna’s ear
 Than yonder trumpet’s loud-drawn note.
 The rustic youth, unspoiled by art,
 Son of my kindred, poor but free,
 Will ever to Maisuna’s heart
 Be dearer, pampered fool, than thee !”

Carlyle’s Specimens of Arabian Poetry, p. 38.

NOTE 12, PAGE 37.—Magic.

Few perhaps are aware that a species of incantation, extremely similar to that which has excited so much interest lately at Cairo, was practised at Paris at the commencement of the last century. I am indebted to the kindness of my hereditary friend Mr. Morritt for a reference to the following account of it, as witnessed by Philip, afterwards the Regent Duke of Orleans, and described by himself to the Duke de St. Simon; from whose *Memoirs* (the fifth volume of the new and complete edition) I extract the passage—at full length—in order that the reader may determine how far the well-known trick with which the narrative closes, ought to throw suspicion on the supernatural character of the rest of the exhibition.

“ Voici une chose qu’il me raconta dans le salon de Marly, dans un coin où nous causions tête-à-tête, un jour que, sur le point de son départ pour l’Italie, il arrivait de Paris, dont la singularité vérifiée par des événemens qui ne se pouvaient prévoir alors m’engage à ne la pas omettre. Il était curieux de toutes sortes d’arts et de sciences, et, avec infiniment d’esprit, avoit eu toute sa vie la faiblesse si commune à la cour des enfans d’Henri II., que Catherine de Médicis avait entre autres mœurs apportée d’Italie. Il

avait tant qu'il avait pu cherché à voir le diable, sans y avoir pu parvenir, à ce qu'il m'a souvent dit, et à avoir des choses extraordinaires, et à savoir l'avenir. La Sery avait une petite fille chez elle de huit ou neuf ans, qui y était née et n'en était jamais sortie, et qui avait l'ignorance et la simplicité de cet âge et de cette éducation. Entre autres fripons de curiosités cachées, dont M. le Duc d'Orléans avait beaucoup vu en sa vie, on lui en produisit un chez sa maîtresse, qui prétendit faire voir dans un verre rempli d'eau tout ce qu'on voudrait savoir. Il demanda quelqu'un de jeune et d'innocent pour y regarder, et cette petite fille s'y trouva propre. Ils s'amusèrent donc à vouloir savoir ce qui se passait alors même dans des lieux éloignés, et la petite fille voyait, et rendait ce qu'elle voyait à mesure. Cet homme prononçait tout bas quelque chose sur ce verre rempli d'eau, et aussitôt on y regardait avec succès.

“ Les duperies que M. le Duc d'Orléans avait souvent essuyées, l'engagerent à une épreuve qui pût le rassurer. Il ordonna tout bas à l'oreille à un de ses gens d'aller sur-le-champ à quatre pas de-là, chez Madame de Nancre, de bien examiner qui y était, ce qui s'y faisait, la position et l'ameublement de la chambre, et la situation de tout ce qui s'y passait, et sans perdre un moment ni parler à personne de le lui venir dire à l'oreille. En un tourne-main la commission fut exécutée, sans que personne s'aperçût de ce que c'était, et la petite fille toujours dans la chambre. Dès que M. le Duc d'Orléans fut instruit, il dit à la petite fille de regarder dans le verre qui était chez Madame de Nancre, et ce qui s'y passait. Aussitôt elle leur raconta mot pour mot tout ce qu'y avait vu celui que M. le Duc d'Orléans y avait envoyé. La description du visage, des figures, des vêtemens, des gens qui y étaient, leur situation dans la chambre, les gens qui jouaient à deux tables différentes, ceux qui regardaient ou qui causaient assis ou debout, la disposition des meubles, en un mot tout. Dans l'instant M. le Duc d'Orléans y envoya Nancre, qui rapporta avoir tout trouvé comme la petite fille l'avait dit, et comme le valet qui y avait été d'abord l'avait rapporté à l'oreille de M. le Duc d'Orléans.

“ Il ne me parlait guère de ces choses-là, parce que je prenais la liberté lui en faire honte. Je pris celle de le pouiller à ce récit, et de lui dire ce que je crus le pouvoir détourner d'ajouter foi et de s'amuser à ces prestiges, dans un temps surtout où il devait avoir l'esprit occupé de tant de grandes choses. ‘ Ce n'est pas tout,’ me dit-il; ‘ et je ne vous ai conté cela que pour venir au reste;’ et tout de suite il me conta que, encouragé par l'exactitude de ce que la petite fille avait vu de la chambre de Madame de Nancre, il avait voulu voir quelque chose de plus important, et ce qui se passerait à la mort du roi, mais sans en rechercher le tems qui ne se pouvait voir dans ce verre. Il le demanda donc tout de suite à la petite fille, qui n'avait jamais ouï parler de Versailles, ni vu personne que lui de la cour. Elle regarda et leur expliqua longuement tout ce qu'elle voyait. Elle fit avec justesse la description de la chambre du roi à Versailles, et de l'ameublement qui s'y trouva en effet à sa mort. Elle le dépeignit parfaitement dans son lit, et ce qui était debout auprès du lit ou dans la chambre, un petit enfant avec l'ordre tenu par Madame de Ventadour, sur laquelle elle s'écria parce qu'elle

l'avait vue chez Mademoiselle de Sery. Elle leur fit connaître Madame de Maintenon, la figure singulière de Fagon, Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, Madame la Duchesse, Madame la Princesse de Conti; elle s'écria sur M. le Duc d'Orléans: en un mot, elle fit connaître ce qu'elle voyait là de princes, de seigneurs, de domestiques ou valets. Quand elle eut tout dit, M. le Duc d'Orléans, surpris qu'elle ne leur eût point fait connaître Monseigneur, Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne, Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne, ni le Duc de Berry, lui demanda si elle ne voyait point des figures de telle et telle façon. Elle répondit constamment que non, et répéta celles qu'elle voyait. C'est ce que M. le Duc d'Orléans ne pouvait comprendre, et dont il s'étonna fort avec moi, et en rechercha vainement la raison. L'évènement l'expliqua. On était lors en 1706. Tous quatre étaient alors pleins de vie et de santé, et tous quatre moururent avant le roi. Ce fut la même chose de M. le Prince, de M. le Duc et de M. le Prince de Conti, qu'elle ne vit point, tandis qu'elle vit les enfans des deux derniers, M. du Maine, les siens, et M. le Comte de Toulouse. Mais jusqu'à l'évènement cela demeura dans l'obscurité.

“ Cette curiosité achevée, M. le Duc d'Orléans voulut savoir ce qu'il deviendrait. Alors ce ne fut plus dans le verre. L'homme qui était là lui offrit de le lui montrer comme peint sur la muraille de la chambre, pourvu qu'il n'eût point de peur de s'y voir; et au bout d'un quart d'heure de quelques simagrées devant eux tous, la figure de M. le Duc d'Orléans, vêtu comme il l'était alors et dans sa grandeur naturelle, parut tout-à-coup sur la muraille comme en peinture, avec une couronne fermée sur la tête. Elle n'était ni de France, ni d'Espagne, ni d'Angleterre, ni Impériale. M. le Duc d'Orléans, qui la considéra de tous ses yeux, ne put jamais la deviner; il n'avait jamais vu de semblable. Elle n'avait que quatre cercles, et rien au sommet. Cette couronne lui couvrait la tête.

“ De l'obscurité précédente et de celle-ci, je pris occasion de lui remontrer la vanité de ces sortes de curiosités, les justes tromperies du diable, que Dieu permet pour punir des curiosités qu'il défend, le néant et les ténèbres qui en résultent au lieu de la lumière et de la satisfaction qu'on y recherche. Il était assurément alors bien éloigné d'être régent du royaume, et de l'imaginer. C'était peut-être ce que cette couronne singulière lui annonçait. Tout cela s'était passé à Paris chez sa maîtresse, en présence de leur plus étroit intrinsèque, la veille du jour qu'il me le raconta, et je l'ai trouvé si extraordinaire que je lui ai donné place ici, non pour l'approuver, mais pour le rendre.”

A kind communication from M. Hamilton, received at the very moment this sheet is passing through the press, enables me to add to the above extract another from the first Apology of Justin Martyr, in which, among various proofs of the consciousness of the separate spirit, he alleges the very art now in vogue in Egypt, with its peculiar characteristic of being only practised through the medium of children, in regard to their age, innocent and pure. His words are as follow:—

Νεκρομαντῖαι μὲν γὰρ, καὶ αἱ ἀδιαφθόρων παιδῶν ἐποπτεύσεις, κα

ψυχων ανθρωπινων κλησεις, και οι λεγομενοι παρα τοις μαγοις ενε-
ροκομποι, και παρεδροι, και τα γιγνομενα υπο των ταυτα ειδωτων,
πισατωσαν υμας οτι και μετα θανατον εν αισθησει εισιν αι ψυχαι.—
Apolog. edit. Thirlbii, 1722, p. 27.

[For full information respecting these Egyptian magicians, see Mr. Lane's most valuable "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," vol. i, p. 341, and the Quarterly Review, vol. 59, pp. 195 sqq.—1847.]

NOTE 13, PAGE 40.—The Great Pyramid.

Yet it would appear to have been open in Abd'allatif's time:—"Cette ouverture mène à des passages étroits, à des conduits qui s'étendent jusqu'à une grande profondeur, à des puits et à des precipices, comme l'assurent les personnes qui ont le courage de s'y enfoncer; car il y a un grand nombre de gens qu'une folle cupidité et des espérances chimériques conduisent dans l'intérieur de cette édifice. Ils s'enfoncent dans ses cavités les plus profondes, et arrivent enfin à un endroit où il ne leur est plus possible de pousser plus avant. Quant au passage le plus fréquenté, et que l'on suit d'ordinaire, c'est un glaciis qui conduit vers la partie supérieure de la pyramide, où l'on trouve une chambre carrée, et dans cette chambre un sarcophage de pierre."—On a second visit, he plucked up courage to enter the pyramid in company with a large party—but he shall tell his own story:—"Dans un autre visite que je rendis aux pyramides, j'entrai dans ce conduit intérieur avec plusieurs personnes, et je pénétrai jusqu'aux deux tiers environ; mais ayant perdu connoissance par un effet de la frayeur que m'inspiroit cette montée, je redescendis à demi mort."—*Relation, &c.*, p. 175.

"A most dreadful passage, and no less cumbersome, not above a yard in breadth and four feet in height, each stone containing that measure, so that, always stooping and sometimes creeping by reason of the rubbish, we descended (not by stairs, but as down the steep of a hill) 100 feet, where the place for a little circuit enlarged, and the fearful descent continued, which they say none ever durst attempt any further, save that a Bassa of Cairo, curious to search into the secrets thereof, caused divers condemned persons to undertake the performance well stored with lights and other provision, and that some of them ascended again well nigh thirty miles off in the deserts. A fable devised only to beget wonder. But others have written that at the bottom there is a spacious pit, eighty and six cubits deep, filled at the overflow by concealed conduits; in the midst a little island, and on that a tomb containing the body of Cheops, a king of Egypt, and the builder of this Pyramis, which with the truth hath a greater affinity. For since I have been told by one out of his own experience that, in the uttermost depth, there is a large square place (though without water) into which he was led by another entry opening to the south, known but to few, (that now open being shut by some order,) and entered at this place where we feared to descend."*—*Sandys*.

* Was not this the central chamber rediscovered (as it would appear) by Caviglia?

“Au fond de ceste descente y a une espace à main gauche, de laquelle se void une autre descente, qui va beaucoup plus bas sous la Pyramide, mais l'entrée en est murée.”—*Relation des Voyages de M. de Breves, &c.*, Paris, 4to, 1680.—p. 277.*

I transcribe from Murtadi's “Merveilles d'Egypte” the following specimen of the popular Arab traditions regarding the Pyramids.

“Après que la Pyramide fut ouverte, le monde la vint voir par curiosité pendant quelques années, plusieurs entrant dedans, et les uns en revenant sans incommodité, les autres y perissant. Un jour il se rencontra qu'une troupe de jeunes hommes, au nombre de plus de vingt, jurèrent d'y entrer, pourvu que rien ne les en empeschast, et de pousser tant qu'ils fussent arrivez jusques au bout. Ils prindrent donc avec eux à boire et à manger pour deux mois. Ils prindrent aussi des plaques de fer et des barres, des chandelles de cire et des lanternes, de la mesche et de l'huile, des haches, des serpes, et d'autres tranchans, et entrèrent dans la Pyramide.

“La pluspart d'entre eux descendirent de la premiere glissade et de la seconde, et passerent sous la terre de la Pyramide où ils virent des chauve-souris grandes comme des aigles noires, qui commencerent à leur frapper le visage avec beaucoup de violence. Mais ils souffrirent constamment cette incommodité, et ne cesserent d'avancer jusques à ce qu'ils parvindrent à un lieu estroit d'où il sortoit un vent impetueux et froid extraordinairement, sans qu'ils peussent reconnoistre d'où il venoit ny où il alloit. Ils s'avancerent pour entrer dans ce destroit, et alors leurs chandelles commencerent à s'esteindre, ce qui les obligea de les enfermer dans leurs lanternes ; puis ils entrèrent, mais le detroit se trouva presque entièrement joint et clos devant eux. Sur quoy, l'un d'eux dist aux autres, ‘Liez moy avec une corde par le milieu du corps, et je me hazarderay de passer outre, à la charge que, s'il m'arrive quelque accident, vous me retirerez aussi-tost à vous.’ Il y avoit à l'entrée du destroit de grands vaisseaux vuides faits de pierre en forme de bieres, avec leurs couvercles à costé, ce qui leur fist connoistre que ceux qui les avoient mis là les avoient preparez pour leurs morts, et que pour parvenir jusques à leurs thresors et à leurs richesses, il falloit passer par ce destroit. Ils lierent donc leur compagnon avec des cordes, afin qu'il se hazardast de franchir ce passage.

“Mais incontinent le destroit se ferma sur luy, et ils entendirent le bruit du fracasement de ses os. Ils tirerent les cordes à eux, mais ils ne le peuvent retirer. Puis il leur vint une voix espouvantable du creux de cette caverne, qui les troubla et les aveugla si bien qu'ils tombèrent immobiles et insensibles.

“Ils revindrent à eux quelque temps après, et cherchèrent à sortir, estant bien empeschez de leurs affaires. Enfin ils revindrent après beaucoup de peine, horsmis quelques uns d'eux qui tomberent sous la glissade. Estant sortis dans la plaine, ils s'assirent ensemble tous estonnez de ce qui leur estoit arrivé, et alors voicy que tout d'un coup la terre se fendit devant eux et leur jetta leur compagnon mort, qui demeura d'abord immobile, puis

* De Breves, French Ambassador at the Porte, visited the Pyramids on his return to France in 1605.

deux heures après commença à remuer, et leur parla en une langue qu'ils n'entendoient point; car ce n'estoit pas de l'Arabe; mais quelque temps après quelqu'un des habitans de la Haute Egypte le leur interpreta, et leur dit qu'il vouloit dire cecy, 'C'est icy la recompense de ceux qui taschent de s'emparer de ce qui ne leur appartient pas!' Après ces mots leur compaignon leur parut mort comme auparavant, c'est pourquoy ils l'enterrerent en la mesme place."—*Merveilles d'Egypte*, p. 55.

NOTE 14, PAGE 42.

Cheops is doubtless the "Priest Saiouph" of Murtadi, who lived till the time of King Pharaan, under whose reign the deluge took place. "Il faisoit sa demeure dans la pyramide maritime (ou septentrionale) laquelle pyramide estoit une temple des astres, où il y avoit une figure du Soleil, et une de la Lune, qui parloient toutes les deux."—*Merveilles d'Egypte*, p. 19.

NOTE 15, PAGE 44.—Caviglia.

"His pursuits have unsettled many of those notions which he probably received in childhood, and have given him, I suspect, no consoling equivalent. I remembered, however, that there lay in his cottage" (at Memphis) "one of the finest uninspired volumes ever penned," the 'Thoughts of Pascal,' "and I could not help wishing that, while looking for the Temple of Vulcan, he might find a nobler prize."—*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy*, 1824, p. 197. The wish—the prayer, of the kind and excellent writer has been answered.

NOTE 16, PAGE 47.

The granite casing of the Pyramid of Mycerinus appears to have been entire in the sixteenth century. "C'est un edifice merveilleux," says Villamont in 1589, "pour estre tout basti entièrement de marbre, et s'estre conservé du tout en son entier. Il n'y a non plus de degrez au dehors et au dedans pour y monter qu'en la seconde."*—*Voyages, &c.*, p. 581. "La troisiemè Pyramide," says a much more accurate and trustworthy traveller, the naturalist Belon, (in 1548,) "est encore en son entier, n'ayant aucune tache de ruine. Ceste troisieme Pyramide n'a non plus d'ouverture en toute la masse, qui si elle venoit d'estre faite: car la pierre dont elle est faite est d'une sorte de marbre nommé Basalten, autrement appelé lapis Æthiopicus, qui est plus dur que le fin fer. Ceste sorte de pierre est celle dont pour la plus grande partie tous les sphinges Egyptiens ont esté mis en sculpture, tels qu'on voit à Rome au Capitole, et qui ont esté autrefois entaillez par les Egyptiens."—*Observations de plusieurs singularitez, &c.*—c. 45, fol. 204, verso, edit. 1555.

The exterior coating of the other two pyramids was entire at the commencement of the thirteenth century:—"Ces pierres sont revêtues d'écriture dans cet ancien caractère dont on ignore aujourd'hui la valeur. Ces

* Was the Second Pyramid entire also in the time of Villamont?

inscriptions sont en si grand nombre que, si l'on vouloit copier sur du papier celles seulement que l'on voit sur la surface de ces deux pyramides, on en rempliroit plus de dix mille pages."—*Abd'allatif, Relation, &c.*, p. 177.

All the early Arab writers bear witness to the existence of these inscriptions:—see the passages collected by De Sacy, Notes to Abd'allatif, pp. 221 sqq., or in Pinkerton's *Voyages, &c.*, vol. 15, p. 825. Mandeville, about 1330,* and Baldensel,† in 1336, mention them, but in Bakoui's time, 1403, they would seem to have totally disappeared. "On pretend," says he, "que sur ces pyramides qui étoient couvertes de sculpture il y avoit une inscription en caractères *mousnads*, (anciennes lettres Hemyarites,) par laquelle il étoit dit que leur construction étoit une preuve de la puissance des Egyptiens, et qu'il étoit plus facile de les détruire que de les élever."—*Notices des MSS. de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, tom. 2, p. 457.

Yet Vansleb, in 1672, asserts that he saw upon some of the Pyramids hieroglyphic characters, but he had not time to copy them.—*Present State of Egypt, &c.*, p. 84.

"To reconcile the silence of the Greek and Latin writers, on the subject of the inscriptions on the Pyramids, with the testimony of the Arab writers, Mr. White makes a judicious observation, which I transcribe: 'Such

* Mandeville's whole description is curious:—"Now I schalle speke of another thing, that is bezonde Babyloyne, above the flode of Nyle, toward the desert, betwene Africk and Egypt,—that is to seyn, of the Gernerres of Joseph that he lete make, for to kepe the greynes for the perile of the dere zeres. Thei ben made of ston, full welle made of masonnes' craft, of the whiche two ben merveyllouse grete and hye, and the tothere ne ben not so gret; and every Gerner hath a xate [gate] for to entre withinne, a lyttle highe fro the Erthe, for the lond is wasted and fallen si the Gernerres were made. And withinne thei ben alle fulle of serpentis. And aboven the Gernerres withouten, ben many scriptures of dyverse languages. And sum men seyn, that thei ben sepultures of grete Lordes that weren sometyme: but that is not trewe: for alle the comoun rymour and speche is of alle the peple there, both fer and nere, that thei ben the Gernerres of Joseph. And so fynden thei in here Scriptures and in here Cronycles. On that other partie, zif thei weren sepultures, thei sholden not ben voyd withinne. For yee may well knowe that tombes and sepultures ne ben not made of such gretnesse, ne of such highnesse. Wherefore it is not to believe that thei ben tombes or sepultures."—*Voiage, &c.*, p. 63.

Does Sir John intend to intimate that the Pyramids of Cephrenes and Mycerinus were open in his time?

† Baldensel also found a Latin inscription of six lines, sculptured on a stone in one of the Pyramids, and beginning in the following affecting strain:—

"Vidi pyramidas sine te, dulcissime frater!
Et tibi, quod potui, lacrymas hic mœsta profudi,
Et, nostri memorem luctus, hanc sculpo querelam."

The concluding lines, as given by him, are unintelligible.—*Hodoepericon, &c. ap. Canisii Lectiones Antiquas*, t. 4, p. 342.

Ludolf, rector of Suchen, who performed his pilgrimage to Jerusalem the same year as Baldensel, furnishes another copy of this inscription, which is found, says he, along with other Latin inscriptions, on the wall of one of the two larger pyramids; its second, third, and fourth faces being similarly sculptured with inscriptions in Greek, Hebrew, and an unknown character. Ludolf's work being extremely scarce, I transcribe the original passage from the folio edition printed by Eggestein at Strasburgh, (but without name, place, or date, paging, or signature,) in the fifteenth century:—"Item, juxta Babiloniam Novam, trans fluvium Nyli, versus desertum Egypti, stant quamplurima mire magnitudinis antiquorum monumenta, ex lapidibus sectis facta; in quibus sunt duo maxima et olim pulcherrima sepulchra quadrata, in cujus unus pariete uno Latine, in secundo Græce, in tertio Hebraice, in quarto multa quæ ignorantur scripta sunt et sculpta. Sed in primo pariete quo scripte erant Latine, in quantum pro vetustate discerni potest, hæc versus sunt insculpti, &c. . . . Hæc monumenta 'horrea Pharonis' ab incolis vocantur."

abundance of hieroglyphical characters were seen in every part of Egypt that they would fail of exciting admiration in the observers, and be deemed unworthy of particular relation. Owing to this it is, that, in the description of the obelisks, which from the ground to the very summit are covered with hieroglyphics, this circumstance has remained unnoticed by the greater part of the ancients.'"—*De Sacy*.

NOTE 17, PAGE 48.

Do we not recognise another well-known tale in Bakoui's account of the great and ancient city of Ansina, (Antinopolis,) to the east of the Nile, where the inhabitants had all been changed into stone, and were to be seen, some asleep, some awake, each in the different attitude and occupation he had been engaged in when the spell took effect? Ansina was called, in Edrisi's time, (A.D. 1153,) the City of Magicians, those opposed to Moses by Pharaoh having been summoned by him from that town.—*Geogr. Nub.*, p. 41. I wonder they did not ascribe the transformation to the rod of Moses.

Ebn Haukul, however, in the tenth century, brings Pharaoh's magicians from Bouseir.

NOTE 18, PAGE 48.

"L'Egypte étoit alors, disent ils, partagée en quatre-vingts-cinq provinces, dont il y en avoit quarante-cinq dans la partie basse et quarante dans la haute. Et en chaque province il y avoit un gouverneur, du nombre des princes des prestres, qui sont ceux dont Dieu parle dans l'histoire de Pharaon, quand il dit, 'Envoye par les villes des herauts, qui amènent vers toy tous les scavans magiciens,' il entend ces Gouverneurs. L'on dit que les villes des Princes des Magiciens avoient esté basties par Busire. Le Prestre qui servoit les astres estoit sept ans en charge, et quand il estoit parvenu à ce degré, on le nommoit Cater, comme qui diroit *Maistre des Influences*,* et alors il prenoit seance avec le Roy, en mesme rang, et le Roy menoit ses bestes à l'abrevoir et les ramenoit (c'est à dire, faisoit toutes les affaires) selon son conseil. Quand il le voyoit venir, il se levoit pour le recevoir, alloit au devant de luy et le faisoit asseoir. Puis les Prestres s'approchoient, et avec eux les Maistres des Arts, qui se tenoient debout au dessous du Cater. Chaque Prestre avoit un Astre à servir particulièrement, sans qu'il luy fust permis d'en servir aucun autre, et on le nommoit le serviteur de tel astre, tout de mesme que les Arabes servoient chacun son dieu, et se nommoient Gabdosamse, Gabdiagoth, Gabdolgasi, c'est à dire, Serviteur de Samse ou du Soleil, Serviteur de Jagots, Serviteur du Gazi. Le Cater disoit donc au Prestre: 'Où est aujourd'hui l'astre que tu sers?' et le Prestre respondit, 'Il est en tel signe, tel degré, telle minute.' Puis il demandoit la mesme chose à un autre, et quand il avoit

* "Les prestres estoient distinguez en sept ordres, dont le premier estoit celui des Caters, qui estoient ceux qui servoient tous les sept astres, chaque astre sept ans. Avec le Cater estoit le Docteur Universel. Le second ordre appartenoit à ceux qui servoient six astres, et qui estoient ceux qui suivoient immédiatement après le premier degré. Après cela ils nommoient celui qui en servoit cinq et audessous, le suivant et l'inférieur."—*Ibid.* p. 46.

en response de tous, et qu'il scavoit la position de tous les astres, il s'adressoit au Roy, et luy parloit ainsi : 'Il est à propos que vous fassiez aujourd'hui telle chose, que vous envoyez telle armée en tel lieu, que vous vous vestiez de telle maniere, que vous parliez en tel temps, que vous fassiez assemblée en tel temps ;' et de mesme de tout ce qu'il trouvoit bon dans toutes les affaires du Roy, et dans tout le gouvernement de son Royaume. Le Roy escrivoit tout ce que disoit le Cater, et tout ce qu'il desaprouvoit.

" Puis il se tournoit vers les artisans, et leur parloit ainsi. 'Grave, toy, telle figure sur telle pierre,' 'et toy, plante tel arbre,' 'et toy, fais le plan geometrique de tel ouvrage,' et ainsi de suite à tous, depuis le premier jusques au dernier. Incontinent ils sortoient tous, et se rendoient promptement chacun à sa boutique, où ils mettoient la main à l'œuvre, travaillant aux ouvrages qui leur avoient été commandez, et suivant exactement le dessein qui leur avoit esté prescrit par le Cater, sans s'en éloigner aucunement. Ils marquoient ce jour là dans le registre des ouvrages qui s'y faisoient, et le registre estoit plié, et mis en garde dans les thrésors du Roy.

" Leurs affaires se faisoient selon cet ordre ; puis le Roy, quand illuy survenoit quelque affaire, faisoit assembler les prestres hors la ville de Memphis, et le peuple s'assembloit dans les grandes rues de la mesme ville. Alors ils entroient l'un après l'autre chacun en son rang, le tambour battant devant eux pour faire assembler le monde, et chacun faisoit voir quelque trait merveillex de sa magie et de sa sagesse. L'un faisoit paroître sur son visage, aux yeux de ceux qui le regardoient, une lumière pareille à celle du soleil ; de sorte que personne ne pouvoit arrester sa veue sur luy. L'autre paroissoit revestu d'une robe chamarrée de pierreries de diverses couleurs, vertes, ou rouges, ou jaunes, ou tissue d'or. Un autre venoit monté sur un lyon, environné de grands serpens entortillex autour de luy en forme de cengles. Un autre s'avançoit couvert d'un dais ou pavillon composé de lumiere. Un autre paroissoit environné d'un feu tournoyant autour de luy, en sorte que personne ne le pouvoit approcher. Un autre se faisoit voir avec des oyseaux terribles voltigeans autour de sa teste, et tremoussans de leurs aisles, comme des aigles noires et des vaultours. Un autre faisoit paroître en l'air devant luy des personnages effroyables et espouvantables, et des serpens aislez. Enfin, chacun faisoit ce que luy enseignoit son astre qu'il servoit : mais tout cela n'estoit que phantosme et illusion, sans aucune verité"—the *gramarye* of European superstition.—*Murtadi, Merveilles d'Egypte*, pp. 5—10.

NOTE 19, PAGE 51.—Spirits of the Pyramids.

" Tous ces esprits sont veus manifestement par ceux, qui approchent d'eux et des lieux de leur retraite, et y hantent longtemps. Il y a pour tous certaines offrandes particulières, par le moyen desquelles il se peut faire que les thrésors des Birba et des Pyramides paroissent, et qu'il se forme amitié et familiarité entre les hommes et les esprits, suivant ce que les sages ont establi."—*Murtadi, Merveilles d'Egypte*, p. 66.

“ Les fables que les Arabes nous racontent sur ces gardiens et ces esprits attachés aux Pyramides, ne seroient-elles pas fondées sur les figures monstrueuses disposées probablement à l'entour de ces monuments, et dont le sphinx est la seule qui subsiste ? ”—*Langlès, Notes on Norden*, t. 3, p. 272

NOTE 20, PAGE 52.—The Sphinx.

“ On dit que c'estoit anciennement un oracle, qui donnoit response à ceux qui luy parloient et demandoient son avis et conseil en beaucoup de choses. ”—*De Breves*, p. 279.

Abd'allatif speaks of the Sphinx with great admiration: “ On voit sur la figure une teinte rougeâtre et un vernis rouge, qui a tout l'éclat de la fraîcheur. Cette figure est tres belle, et sa bouche porte l'empreinte des grâces et de la beauté. On diroit qu'elle sourit gracieusement. ”—*Relation*, &c., p. 179.

The face was mutilated by a fanatic sheikh of the Souffee sect, in 1879, “ et depuis cette époque, les sables inondent le territoire de Djizeh. ”—*Langlès, Notes on Norden*, t. 3, p. 339.

NOTE 21, PAGE 53.—Heliopolis.

The name Heliopolis or Beth-Shemesh, the House—is still preserved in that of the adjacent spring *Ain-Shems*, the Fountain—of the Sun.

Abd'allatif describes *Ain-Shems* as a small town, “ qui étoit entourée d'un mur, que l'on reconnoit encore aujourd'hui, quoique détruit. On voit facilement que ces ruines appartiennent à un temple; on y trouve des figures effrayantes et colossales de pierre de taille, qui ont plus de trente coudées de long, et dont tous les membres sont dans des dimensions proportionnées. De ces figures, les unes étoient debout sur des piédestaux; les autres assises dans différentes positions singulières, et avec une parfaite régularité. La porte de la ville subsiste encore aujourd'hui. La plupart de ces pierres sont couvertes de figures d'hommes et d'autres animaux, et d'un grand nombre d'inscriptions en caractère inconnu. Il est rare de rencontrer une pierre qui n'offre, ou une inscription, ou quelque objet gravé en creux, ou une figure en relief. ”

He proceeds to mention, “ les deux obélisques si renommés, que l'on appelle *les deux aiguilles de Pharaon*, ”—one of them erect, “ la tête recouverte d'un espèce de chapeau en cuivre, en forme d'entonnoir, qui descend jusqu'à trois coudées environ du sommet, ”—the other lying on the ground broken in two, with its cap taken away. “ Autour de ces obélisques il y en a une multitude d'autres qu'on ne sauroit compter: ceux-ci n'ont que la moitié ou le tiers de la hauteur des grands. Parmi ces petits obélisques, on n'en voit guère qui soient d'une seule pierre; la plupart sont de plusieurs pieces rapportées. Le plus grand nombre ont été renversés, mais leurs bases sont encore en place. ”—*Relation*, &c., pp. 180-181.

Both the obelisks were erect in 1118, and De Sacy's conjecture is probably correct, that we should read 556 for 656—the year of the Hegira in which the one mentioned by Abd'allatif as lying broken on the ground

fell—corresponding to the year of Christ 1160. Inside of the fallen obelisk (of which not a trace is now to be seen) was found, according to Makrisi, our authority for the above date, nearly two hundred quintals of copper, and from its summit copper was taken of the value of ten thousand dinars. These copper caps (on which, according to a writer cited by Makrisi, the figure of a man, seated and looking towards the east, was engraved) were seen by Denys de Telmayre, A.D. 775; and Ephraim Syrus mentions them in his commentary on Isaiah, in the fourth century.—*De Sacy*.

The surviving obelisk was supposed by the Arabs to have been erected by Hushenk the Just, father of the Pischdadian dynasty of Persia, and famous for his doughty deeds in Peri-land, warring against the Dives. The sculptured figures, which were to be seen at Ain-Shems in Bakoui's time, were similarly attributed to the Genies.

Close to Heliopolis is Mataria, of equal interest in Christian tradition as the resting-place of the Holy Family, Joseph, Mary, and our Saviour on the Flight into Egypt, and in natural history for its Garden of Balsam—a shrub brought originally (according to Arabic tradition) from Yemen by the Queen of Sheba as a present to Solomon, and planted by him in the gardens of Jericho, and thence brought to Egypt by Cleopatra. All the old travellers, Arab and Christian, mention this garden with deep interest. The Balsam of Jericho, or Balm of Gilead, has long been lost; it may not be uninteresting to trace the gradual extinction of that of Mataria.

The Christians, we are informed by an Arab writer, cited by D'Herbelot, attached a peculiar religious value to the Balm of Mataria, using it "*pour faire ce que les Grecs et les autres Chrétiens Orientaux appellent myron, qui est la chrême de la confirmation.*" "*Les souverains Chrétiens,*" says Makrisi, "*le recherchent à l'envi les uns des autres, et tous les Chrétiens, en général, l'ont en grande estime; il ne croient point qu'un Chrétien soit devenu parfait Chrétien, si l'on ne met un peu d'huile de baume dans l'eau baptismale, quand on l'y plonge.*"*—*De Sacy, Notes on Abd'allatif*, p. 88.

The Balm of Mataria was also indispensable at the coronation of the European sovereigns:—

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king!"

* The Greek word, which the French have softened into *crème*, is retained with greater purity in the *chrism* or *chrisome* of our old English writers.

Till the revival of the liturgy in 1551, the chrism or consecrated oil was applied immediately after baptismal immersion; the infant's head was then enveloped in the *chrisome-cloth*, a vesture of white linen, originally, in all probability, emblematical of those robes of righteousness provided for the redeemed soul by the Saviour, and wrapped in which, by an affecting image, its little body was consigned to rest, if the Almighty was pleased to recal the spirit he had given within a month after birth. Such an infant was called a *chrisome-child*. "Every morning," says Jeremy Taylor, alluding probably to the beautiful idea that the smiles of infants are the medium of their converse with angels, "creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight, and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a *chrisom-child* to smile." And perhaps, to a thoughtful mind, Mrs. Quickly's comparison of Falstaff's death to the peaceful departure of a *chrisom-child* is, in the reflections it suggests, the most awful in the whole compass of literature. In process of time the word *chrisom* came to be used indifferently for the unction, the vesture, and the infant; it is in the last sense only that it now survives, as heading the most numerous column in the London bills of mortality.

The first writer, I believe, who mentions it, is the author of the Apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy of Christ—a work supposed to have been translated from a Greek original of ancient date,—p. 66, *Siber's Edition*, 1697.

Abd'allatif gives a minute account of the plant, and of the method of gathering the balm. "On la cultive," he says, "dans un lieu creux, et soigneusement gardé, de l'étendue de sept faddam."—p. 29-1.

The garden, Ebn al Ouairi tells us, in the thirteenth century, was a mile square—the only spot (and this assertion, as old as Ebn Haskuf's time, is reiterated by every traveller) where it was preserved. De Salignac, in 1522, describes this garden as two bow-shots long, by a stone's cast broad.

Sir John Mandevilla, about 1330—(his authority is not to be contemned while he treats of the well-known regions of Egypt, Mount Sinai, and Palestine)—has dedicated a chapter of his marvellous narrative to the 'Field of Balsam,' which he asserts would nowhere else bear fruit, nor even there, unless under the culture of Christian gardeners. They call the tree, he says, *Enochbalse*, the fruit *adabissam*, the liquor or gum, *gaybale*. The incisions were made with bones or stones, never with iron, or the gum would be corrupted. It was an infallible specific for fifty different diseases, but was very rarely to be obtained pure.—*Voyage*, &c., p. 60.

One tree only existed in Babui's time, (1408,) which, he says, "en commençant à pousser, ressemble au grenadier et au hanna; on en tire le baume dans des vases de verre. Il s'en fait un grand commerce; on compte qu'en on recueille par un an 200 livres d'Egypte; il y a là un Chrétien, qui seul a le secret de la préparer et de la purifier."

But the fullest account of this garden is to be found in Breydenbach's curious folio, the "*Peregrinatio in Montem Syon, ad venerandum Christi sepulchrum, atque in Montem Synai, ad divam Virginem et Martyrem Katherinam*," performed in 1483, and printed at Mentz, in 1486. Arriving from Mount Sinai, weary and way-worn, and having for many days tasted only the foul water of the desert, one can well imagine his delight in welcoming the "sweet, clear, and cold" waters of Mataria, and reposing in a "spacious and delicious" edifice, built over the fountain of the Virgin, its windows opening on the garden, and completely perfumed by the fragrance of the balsam. This 'palace,' as a contemporary of Breydenbach's calls it, was built by the Soldan, who paid it an annual visit at the season when the balm was gathered. The earliest and choicest balm was obtained in December, incisions being made thence in that month, and the produce was reserved exclusively for the Soldan, who made presents of it to the Cham of Tartary. Prester John, Xanasa Lord of the Partars, and the Grand Turk; the subsequent produce was sold, but much adulterated.

Dismissing their camels here, Breydenbach and his companions rested for the remainder of the day, after sending to Cairo for a dragoman, without whose escort no Christians were allowed to enter. Wine, they complain, was the only luxury they could not obtain here; everything else was to be had in abundance, and on reasonable terms.

When the Holy Family, on their flight from Egypt, arrived at Mataria,

they went from house to house, asking, but in vain, for a cup of water—faint, thirsty, and sorrowful, the Virgin sat down to rest herself, when suddenly the sacred fountain sprang forth at her side. The balsam, adds Breydenbach, with fond and amiable superstition, refuses to yield her produce to any irrigation save that of the fountain of the Virgin.*

In Breydenbach's time, therefore, the garden appears to have been flourishing. Shortly afterwards, most unaccountably, the balsam plants—for the single shrub mentioned by Bakoui would seem to have been extensively propagated—all died out—whether through carelessness of the gardener, through fraud and envy of the Jews, or through religion and piety being offended, no one could tell; "however that may be," says Peter Martyr, who visited Mataria in 1502, "all those plants have perished from the very roots, nor does the slightest trace of them remain." This must have been some years before his visit, as the interior of the Sultan's palace, deserted ever since the balm failed, had already fallen to ruin.

Baumgarten, five years afterwards, tells the same tale, adding, that "the balm failing, a neighbouring fountain was dried, which, as they told us, used to moisten the trees, and make them fruitful." The fountain, however, was still as sweet and plentiful as ever, when the plenipotentiary of Castile was there, who tells his sovereigns, in elegant latinity, that though water was forbidden him by his physicians, he could not, remembering who had bathed in that fountain, abstain from taking three such copious draughts of it, that his stomach swelled to such a degree that he was obliged to loosen his girdle.

One solitary plant, however, appears to have been recovered, and the fountain (Baumgarten would have supposed by sympathy) had sprung up again, when Leo Africanus, the protégé of Leo X., finished that 'golden volume,' his Description of Africa, in 1526. "At Amalthria," says he, "there is a garden containing the only balm tree, (for in the whole world beside there is not any other tree that beareth true balm,) growing in the midst of a large fountain, and having a short stock or body, bearing leaves like vine-leaves, but not so long; and this tree, they say, would utterly wither and decay, if the water of the fountain should chance to be diminished. The garden is surrounded with a strong wall," (in Peter Martyr's time only by a mound of earth,) "whereinto no man may enter without the special favour and licence of the Governor."

"Ils sont dedans un grand jardin," says Belon, in 1548, "enfermez en un petit parquet de muraille, que l'on dit y avoir esté fait depuis que le Turc a esté l'Egypte des mains du Souldan; et dit on que ce fut un Bacha, qui estoit lieutenant pour le Turc, qui les estima dignes d'avoir closture à part eux. Lorsque les veismes, il n'y en avoit que neuf ou dix plantes, qui ne pendent aucune liqueur."—*Observations, &c.*, p. 195.

These plants, being totally withered, were in 1575 replaced by forty fresh

* Peter Martyr says that Iaches, King of Cyprus, with permission of Caytheins, (Qaethai e' Zahereh,) the Sultan, attempted to rear it in Cyprus, irrigating it with water brought from Mataria; but the plant would not live.—*Legatio Babylonica*, lib. 2.

cuttings from Mecca, which had also perished, however, through the negligence of the gardener, in 1580, when Prosper Alpinus (who lays the scene of his "Dialogus de Balsamo" in the garden of Mataria) visited the spot.

Another supply had been procured before De Breves' visit, in 1605. He speaks of the garden as "gardé avec grand soin; et avant que d'y entrer, le Bostandji ou jardinier pria un chacun de ne point toucher aux plantes. Là dedans nous vismes sept ou huit petits arbrisseaux de baume, ayant chacun son quarrean à part; ils sont fort petits, de la hauteur d'un pan et demy, ou deux, ayant la feuille petite comme de la marjolaine sauvage, ses branches fort desnüées de feuilles. Le Bostandji nous donna deux ou trois petites phioles de baume, et un petit du bois; il rend une fort bonne odeur. Nous en vismes un qui avoit esté incisé, qui distilloit sa liqueur dans une petite phiole. En nous promenant dans ledit jardin, quelqu'un des nostres, ayant marché sur une des dites plantes, en rompit une branche tout à fait; ce qu'ayant apperçu le pauvre jardinier, il en devint palle et transi de douleur et de frayeur, comme s'il eust esté condamné à la mort, et se desespéroit, disant qu'autre que sa vie ne pouvoit reparer ce dommage, le sçachant le Grand Seigneur ou le Bassa; car ceux qui sont à la garde de ces plantes en respondent sur leur teste. En fin on appaisa ce pauvre homme avec un peu d'argent qu'on luy donna."—*Relation, &c.*, p. 271.

Two plants only, and almost dead, existed in 1612, when Brenning visited Mataria. Sandys mentions one—"the whole remnant of that store which this orchard produced, destroyed by the Turks, or envy of the Jews, as by the others reported."

This last survivor perished in 1615, in consequence of an excessive inundation of the Nile.

Thevenot's account of Mataria, in 1657, throws so much light on the preceding descriptions, and gives so accurate an idea of the present appearance of the garden and its facilities for pic-nics, that I cannot resist transcribing it:—"Vous y voyez une petite salle presque quarrée, qui autrefois étoit une simple grotte, maintenant elle est enclosé avec un jardin, dont on a le soin; au commencement de cette salle, à main gauche, est un bassin qui est à rez-de-chaussée du pavé, un peu plus long que large L'eau qui vient en ce bassin de cette salle, et partout le jardin, se tire par deux bœufs, qui font tourner une saki dans le cour, par le moyen de laquelle ils élevent cette eau Après avoir vu cette salle, on passe dans un grand jardin, enfermé aussi de murailles, où il y a plusieurs arbres, mais entr'autres il y a un gros sycomore, ou figuier de Pharaon, fort vieux, qui porte toutefois du fruit tous les ans; on dit que la Vierge passant par là auprès avec son fils Jesus, et voyant que des gens la poursuivoient, le figuier s'ouvrit, et la Vierge y étant entrée dedans, il se referma; puis ces gens étant passez, il se rouvrit, et resta toujours ainsi ouvert jusqu'à l'année 1656, que le morceau qui s'étoit séparé du tronc fut rompu * Ce

* "The Copts say, that when our Lord Jesus Christ and his most holy mother hid themselves in this opening of the Sycamore, they saved themselves from the soldiers'

Jardin est assez agréable pour se reposer, et on y dîne ordinairement dans quelque allée couverte d'orangers et de limoniers, dont il y a si grande quantité, et qui font un tel ombrage, que le soleil n'y passe point du tout, mais ils sont si bas, qu'il faut se baisser extrêmement pour passer en plusieurs de ces allées, au milieu desquelles il y a des canaux faits pour conduire l'eau par tout le jardin; on vous fait passer l'eau par l'allée où vous êtes, et vous y faites rafraîchir votre vin; mais il faut porter là ce que vous voulez manger, car on n'y trouve que des oranges belles et bonnes en quantité, et des petits limons."—*Voyages au Levant*, tom. ii, p. 440.

Two prints of the 'house of Joseph and Mary,' as the hut erected over the sacred fountain was then called, as it existed in 1681, may be found in the *Voyages de Lebrun*, vol. i, plates 76, 77.

The wall is now open to the sun, and the balm survives only in tradition.

Between Mataria and Cairo, a garden and pleasure-house of the Mameluke Sultans existed in Belon's time, 1548—of which he gives the following description:—

"Quand nous l'eusmes veu, tournasmes bride vers le Caire, nous des-tournants de nostre chemin, en declinant à main dextre, pour aller voir un autre jardin, qui n'est qu'à une lieue du Caire, où il y a une grande et spacieuse salle, qui fut faite par les Cercasses au temps que le Souldan étoit Seigneur d'Egypte. Cestuy edifice est une grand espace pavée de grandes pierres quarrées, et est couverte dessus en manière de terrasse pour defendre

violence by the favour of a spider's web that covered them suddenly, and appeared very old, though it was made in an instant by a miracle; so that they imagined not that any person could be hid within, much less the persons whom they were seeking."—*Vansleb, Present State of Egypt*, p. 141.

No mention of this tree, or of its miraculous history, is to be found in the Gospel of the Infancy of Christ.

A large sycamore is still revered at Mataria as the Virgin's Tree. But the stump of another, which bore the same title, was shown in the garden, and the fragments of its trunk were preserved as relics by the Franciscans at Cairo, in 1672.—*Vansleb*.

Tucher mentions another miraculous tree as shown to him at Mataria in 1479:—"In the garden there stands a great fig-tree, which bears the figs named Pharaoh's. The tree had exhausted itself at the time when our Lady and her son Jesus came into Egypt," but recovered its fertility in consequence; "a burning lamp, with oil, hangs before it."

A third sacred tree was to be seen at Cairo in the days of Jacques de Vitry, Bishop of Acre, who died in 1244. "At Cairo is a very ancient date-tree, which spontaneously bent itself to the blessed Virgin when she wished to eat of its fruit, and rose again when she had gathered it. The Saracens, seeing this, cut the tree down, but the following night it sprang up again as straight and entire as before, and consequently they now venerate and adore it. The marks of the axe," adds the Bishop, "are visible to this day."—*Jacobi de Vitriaco Hist. Orientalis; Liber 3, ap. Martenne, Thes.* v. 3, p. 375.

The Virgin is said, in the Koran, to have borne our Saviour leaning against a withered date-tree, which miraculously let fall ripe fruit for her refreshment.—*Salé's Koran*, c. 19, p. 250.

The latter tree was said in the tenth century to be preserved in the "dome or vault" of Bethlehem, and held in high repute.—*Ebn Haukul's Oriental Geography*, p. 40,

de soleil, dont la couverture est soutenue à piliers de pierre de taille à claires voyes. Le Nil y arrive tout joignant les murailles, non pas le courent, mais quand il inonde. Au costé de levant de ceste salle, il y a un beau petit jardin, dedans lequel sont plusieurs arbres de casse, des arbres de henné, des rosiers, et jousin jaune : mais aux costez de septentrion et de midy, il y a deux petits reservoiers en manière de viviers, qui servent à garder l'eau pour boire. Tout le bastiment est peinct par le dessus. Les poutres et aix sont de palmiers. Depuis que l'Egypte est rendue tributaire au Turc, il a toujours continué tomber en decadence."—*Observations, &c.*, p. 109.

Prince Radziwil, in 1583, describes another royal palace, the Gaurca—in which he dined, returning from Mataria. It was erected, he says, by Sultan Gaur, (or El Gorce, the last of the Mamaluke Sultans,) who attached to it an elegant mosque with two lofty minarets, in which he was buried. The porticoes of this palace, supported by numerous and beautiful columns, may vie, he says, with any for elegance. In the centre is a tank, fifty cubits square and six deep, which the Sultan, whenever, as was his frequent custom, he held a solemn banquet for his court and people, filled with sherbet, that whoever would might drink as much as he liked. Four flights of marble steps descended from the brink of the pool, for the convenience of the people, who descended, step by step, as the sherbet diminished. Refreshments, meanwhile, were laid out for them under the porticoes, while the Sultan looked on from the upper story of the building. Ibrahim Pacha, adds Radziwil, occasionally resided in this palace—possibly the same described by Belon, repaired and enlarged.—*Jerosolymitana Peregrinatio, &c.*—Can it be one of the tombs of the Mamlook Sultans, outside the gates of Cairo?

The Gipsies wandered over Lower Egypt in great numbers about the middle of the sixteenth century:—

"Il n'y a lieu en tout le monde qui soit exempt de telle pauvre gent ramassée que nous nommons de faux noms Egyptiens ou Baumiens—car mesme estants entre la Materée et le Caire, nous en trouvions de grandes compagnies, et aussi le long du Nil en plusieurs villages d'Egypte, campez dessous des palmiers, qui estoient aussi bien estrangers en ce pays là comme ils sont aux nostres."—*Belon, Observations, &c.*, livre ii, c. 41.

"Nous voyons en allant," (à Matarée) "plusieurs pauvres gens campez par les camps comme les Arabes, et nous estans enquis quels ils estoient, on nous dit que c'estoyent de ceux que nous appellons en nos quartiers Sarrasins ou Baumiens, que les Italiens nomment Zingani."—1581.—*Pérégrinations du Sieur Jean Palerne*; ed. 1606, p. 138.

NOTE 22, PAGE 57.—*Abhir.*

With the utmost deference to the learned Klaproth, might not the illustrious race of the *Avars* have derived their name (written indifferently

Abares, Anairas, Awares, and Aviri,) from this Sanscrit word? The Gaelic *aodhair*, contracted *air*, a shepherd, (from *aodh*, a sheep,) appears to be the same word.

I cannot help remarking how singularly the hereditary title *Topa*, or Master of the Earth, borne by the Khans of the Geougen, afterwards called Avars,—and that of *Tobbaa*, assumed by the Hamyarite dynasty of Yemen, resemble each other. The arms of the Tobbaas were carried as far as China, and an inscription in the *Musnad*, or ancient Hamyarite character, was long shown on one of the gates of Samarcand, attesting their presence and their victories, “a thousand parasangs from Senaa,” at least 500 years B. C. See Ebn Hankul’s *Oriental Geography*, translated by Sir W. Ouseley, 4to, 1809.

NOTE 23, PAGE 57.

I am aware that the Philistines and Cherethim are identified in Scripture, and that Calmet and many learned commentators consequently bring the Philistines from Crete. Major Wilford’s and Mr. Taylor’s opinion appears to me nearer the truth—that Crete was colonized by the Cherethim, a tribe of the Philistines or shepherd race, who preserved their distinct appellation, though an integral part of the nation, in the same manner as one of the principal branches of the Pali in India (to all appearance the same as the Cherethim) is distinguished to this day by the kindred name of *Ciratas*.—Crete, it is remarkable enough, is said by Anaximander (ap. Plin.) to have been named from the Curetes under their king *Philistides*.

With all deference, however, to those learned men, I cannot subscribe to their opinion that the Philistines came all the way from India. Gassanitis, or Geshan, in Mesopotamia, and Palestine to the east of the Tigris, seem to be the two ventricles, as it were, of that mighty heart, from which the streams of Pali and *Ciratas* flowed towards the east, and those of *Philistim* and *Cherethim* towards the west.

The argument in the text refers to the great migration from *Capher* to *Canaan*; some Philistines had certainly settled on the borders of *Canaan* at a much earlier period. *Abimelech*, king of *Gerar*, was king of the *Philistines* in *Abraham*’s time. *Gerar*, however, no longer existed as a capital, nor the *Abimelechs* as a line of kings, in the time of *Joshua*.

NOTE 24, PAGE 68.

Peter Martyr d’Anghiera, ambassador of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* to the *Mamloek Sultan* of *Egypt*, draws a sad picture of the moral degradation and political oppression of the *Egyptians*, at the commencement of the sixteenth century:—

“Gens autem ipsa incolarum est imbellis, effeminata, inermis, discincta, mollis, timida: mechanicis tantum artibus aut meretricie intenta: vitam silentio præterit ingloriam. Nec aliis legibus à *Mameluchis* gubernata,

quàm absoluto judicio. Est præterea Mameluchi cujusvis tanta in incolas universos potestas, ut clavâ ligneâ, quam manu gestat semper, quemcunque incolam obvium ferire pro libito, vel levissimâ occasione sumptâ, liceat: quod scilicet ipsum transeuntem tetigerit, aut venienti non assurrexerit, vel minus honorifice salutaverit, aut non citus loco cesserit. Interdum etiam nullam nactus causam, dum aut temulentus aut insanus vel aliâs iratus incedens per urbem Mameluchus occurrit incolæ, ipsum quotquot ictibus libet percutit, nec mussitare miser audet, neque in ejus auxilium vel labium movere quisquam intentat: quamvis pater filium, aut filius patrem à Mamelucho cædi conspiciat, æquo tamen vultu patiatur, necesse est Incolæ cuiquam arma nulla, vel gladiolum quidem acutâ cuspide vel rectâ, apud se habere, equo vel pedibus ambulanti, vetitum est. Redituum autem, præter ordinaria vectigalia, lex est—principum voluntas. Exigunt, expilant, extorquent, et ad ossa usque excoriant. Propterea etsi animus ad vindicandum se in libertatem à tam impiâ servitute adesset, vires tamen deficerent: cum pecuniæ, quæ sunt nervi belli, illis desint; exercitique minime sint armis. Voluptatibus omnifariam dediti, futurorum omni curâ posthabitâ, vivunt: suoque Mahometæ se magis gratum facere tunc arbitrantur, quando ardentius delectationibus incumbunt.

“Judicate igitur, serenissimi reges, quàm infausto sydere regiones hæ gubernentur, in quibus servi dominantur, liberi serviunt, graves opprimuntur, stulti extolluntur: ubi nulla fides, nullum jus, nulla pietas, misericordia rara, avaritia immensa: in domibus summa ob multas uxores discordia, foris ingens inter se odium.”—*Legatio Babylonica*, lib. 3, fol. 84.*

Nor was the Egyptian policy of the Grand Signors less oppressive than that of the Caliphs and Sultans:—

“Now the Turk, to break the spirits of this people the more, oppresses them with a heavier poverty than any of his other Mahometan subjects; and, therefore, if there be one Vizier more ravenous than another, he sends him thither, and connives at all his extortions, though afterwards, according to the Turkish policy, he knows how to squeeze him into the treasury, so satisfying the people; the prince drains them, and they discern him no otherwise than as their revenger.”—*Blount's Voyage into the Levant; Harl. Voyages*, vol. i, p. 529.

The following passage from Vansleb I need only preface by reminding the reader that the Copts are the *sole* remnant of the ancient Egyptians:—

“I must needs confess that there is no nation in Egypt so much afflicted as are the Copties, because they have nobody amongst them who deserves to be honoured for his knowledge, or feared for his power and authority; for all that were rich or wealthy are destroyed by the cruelty of the Mahometans; therefore the rest are now looked upon as the scum of the world,

* The writings of Peter Martyr “abound in interesting particulars not to be found in any contemporary historian. They are rich in thought, but still richer in fact, and are full of urbanity, and of the liberal feeling of a scholar who has mingled in the world. He is a fountain from which others draw, and from which, with a little precaution, they may draw securely.”—*Washington Irving, Life of Columbus*.

and worse than the Jews. The Turks abuse them at their pleasure; they shut up their churches and the doors of their houses, when they please, upon light occasions, altogether unjust, to draw from them some sums of money."—*Present State of Egypt*, 1672, p. 174.

What a commentary these passages are upon the prophecy of Ezekiel:—"It shall be the basest of kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more among the nations, for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations. Her power shall come down—I will sell the land into the hand of the wicked—I will make the land waste, and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers. I the Lord have spoken it."

NOTE 25, PAGE 68.—Manfalout.

Manfalout has been almost swept away by the Nile. Besides "certain huge and high pillars and porches, whereon are verses engraven in the Egyptian tongue," Leo Africanus mentions "the ruins of a stately building, which seemeth to have been a temple in times past," as standing "neare unto Nilus."—It has long since suffered the fate of those at Antæopolis, and elsewhere—and Ombos will follow.

Among the ruins, he adds, the citizens "find sometimes coin of silver, sometimes of gold, and sometimes of lead, having on the one side hielygraphic notes, and, on the other side, pictures of ancient kings."—*Geographical History of Africa*, p. 325, edit. 1600.

NOTE 26, PAGE 70.—Siout.

Leo Africanus, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, describes Siout as "most admirable in regard of the hugeness and of the variety of old buildings, and of epitaphs engraven in Egyptian letters; although at this present the greatest part thereof lyeth desolate. When the Mahometans were first lords of this city, it was inhabited by honourable personages, and continueth as yet famous in regard of the nobility and great wealth of the citizens."—*Geographical History*, &c., p. 325.

Siout was the birth place of many celebrated Arab literati, especially of Gelaledin Aboul Fadhl Abdal-rahman Mohammed, surnamed Assiouti,—a most voluminous writer, who flourished under Saladin, and to whom we owe the story of the fair Bedouin and the Garden of Roda.

NOTE 27, PAGE 70.

Malleth Athanasius, the last of the Copts that spoke his native tongue, was living at Siout in 1673, when Vansleb ascended the Nile. "I could not benefit myself much by him, because he was deaf, and about fourscore years of age; nevertheless, I had the satisfaction to behold that man, with whom the Copties' language will be utterly lost."—*Present State*, &c., p. 219.

NOTE 28, PAGE 71.

For these traditions, and respecting the balsam-grove, *vide supra*, p. 385.

NOTE 29, PAGE 73.

Between Siout and Girgeh we visited Akhmim and Gebel Sheikh Heridy.

The legend of the serpent into which Sheikh Heridy's soul is said to have migrated, is well known, and perhaps of Indian origin; at least the Hindoos appear to have been acquainted with it. See Major Wilford "On Egypt and the Nile."—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iii, p. 344, edit. 4to.

At Akhmim, the ancient Chemmis or Panopolis, and the retreat and abode, according to the Arab writers, of the most powerful magicians, we found little of interest. Nonnus, author of the *Dionysiaca*, that "vast repertory of Bacchic fable, the Grecian Ramayuna," as Mr. Keightley calls it, was born there; and it has produced two great men among the Arabs—Dhou el Noun, surnamed El Akhmimi, the chief of the Souffee sect, and a skilful magician, who died A.D. 859; and Zulmin ebn Ibrahim, a skilful chemist, not inferior, we are told, to Geber ben Haian in that art, and who added the science of mysticism to his other acquirements; the temple of Akhmim was his constant resort and study, "as a museum of antiquities, where wondrous images and statues of exquisite labour were to be seen."—*Casiri, Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana*, vol. i, p. 441.

Man, as usual, has whetted the scythe of Time; "the pillars and principal stones of Akhmin" were employed, according to Leo Africanus, in building Menshieh, on the opposite bank of the Nile; and of the zodiacs, sculptures, and other "arcana sapientiæ," recorded by Edrisi*—the "restes admirables de palais, d'obélisques, et de statues colosses," mentioned by D'Herbelot—nothing now remains except an arch almost buried in the earth, and a few massive stones of the great Temple of Perseus, in a hollow, picturesquely surrounded by palm-trees, the representatives of those mentioned by Herodotus.

Perseus, according to the report of the natives, as recorded by Herodotus, (*Euterpe*, cap. 91,) frequently appeared in the temple and the neighbourhood of Panopolis; "a beardless and naked youth," such as he is represented in the works of Grecian art, is the description Murtadi gives of the guardian spirit of the Temple of Akhmim—well known, he adds, among the inhabitants of that place. The coincidence is curious—nor is it less interesting to find the name of the earliest hero of European romantic fiction attached to a spot, illustrious among the Arabs as a sort of Egyptian Domdaniel.

NOTE 30, PAGE 77.

A talisman was supposed to be preserved at Bellini, to hinder crocodiles from descending lower.—*Bahouî*.

* Edrisi decidedly prefers the temple of Akhmim to those at Dendera and Ene. "In prædictâ urbe Echmim extat ædificium illud, quod appellatur Beraba; sunt autem plures Berabæ, inter quas est Beraba Asmæ, Beraba Dandarsæ, et Beraba Echmim: at hæc et ædificio firmior et rebus memoriâ dignis ornatior est; nam in isto domicilio sunt nonnullæ stellarum, et artium quarundarum, picture, scripta diversa, varisque scientiæ. Istud domicilium, quod Beraba dicitur, est in mediâ urbe Echmim, ut diximus."—*Geogr. Nubiensis*, p. 42.

NOTE 31, PAGE 86.

Near this tomb is another, containing paintings of animals beautifully executed, but almost destroyed, and apparently since Burckhardt's time, who mentions them as "the most elaborate and interesting work of the kind" that he had seen in Egypt. He adds the curious remark, that "among the innumerable paintings and sculptures in the tombs and temples of Egypt," he "never met with a single instance of the representation of a camel." I do not recollect ever seeing one either.

NOTE 32, PAGE 91.

"Mount Meru made also part of the cosmographical system of the Jews; for Isaiah, making use of such notions as were generally received in his time, introduces Lucifer, in Sanscrit Swarbhann, or Light of Heaven, boasting that he would exalt his throne above the stars of God, and would sit on the mount of the congregation on the sides of the north. Meru has also the name of *Sabha*, because the congregation, or assembly of the gods, is held there on its northern side."—*Wilford on the Sacred Islands of the West*,—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. viii, p. 384.

NOTE 33, PAGE 102.—Thebes.

Nothing can be more unaccountable than the cloud of utter oblivion that hung over Thebes till the middle of the seventeenth century. No Frank traveller, certainly, had penetrated beyond Cairo; but that the Arab writers, who are generally apt to exaggerate in their descriptions of architectural remains, should take no notice of ruins like those of Thebes, is most extraordinary.* Abd'allatif gives us no assistance; he was not in the upper country, and his valuable work on Egypt is merely an account of what he himself had seen, extracted from a larger compilation,—Edrisi, Ebn al Onardi, and Bakoui, are quite silent,—Abulfeda, who finished his work in 1321, after bestowing just praise on the antiquities of Oshmunein, Ensina, and Memphis, pronounces a grave eulogium on the pottery of Luxor! Ebn Batuta, who ascended the Nile in 1325, mentions El Aksar (Luxor) as one of the stages of his journey, but says nothing (at least in the abridgment, which is all we possess of his work) of its ruins. How Leo Africanus could have omitted all mention of them, is most surprising; he must have passed and repassed them by night, for he expressly states that he sailed up the river as high as Essouan. But did he hear nothing of Luxor and Carnac? Were there no tales current of those vast halls, that genii might walk under with unbended brow—of those awful statues that, side by side, look down on the Nile like the tutelary guardians of Egypt—works worthy of the Preadamites? Were there no tales of mystery, no talismans concealed

* Yet not more so than that Herodotus should pass them over so completely.

there for Al Ouardi or Bakoui to record? One would almost fancy they believed that merely naming them would wake Memnon and his brother from their charmed slumber, let loose the sphinxes, and bring them down, a mighty army, to revenge the wrongs of Egypt on her oppressors' heads.

Neither Carnac nor Luxor are to be found in D'Herbelot's precious "*Bibliothèque Orientale*," first published in 1697, and he suggests that Cons in the upper Thebaid, may possibly be the ancient Thebes.*

In short, the first notice I have been able to find of them, occurs in the brief narrative, dated 1668, of Father Protais, a worthy Capuchin missionary, who, after describing Luxor and Carnac with the simplicity and accuracy of Burckhardt, does not appear to have been aware that he had trodden on the dust of Thebes! The reader will not be displeased to compare his account of the ruins of Carnac with those given by modern travellers; they have suffered much, it seems, within the last hundred and seventy years. I do not know how it may be with others, but to me the glimpses of the progress of ruin one meets with in the old travellers are as affecting as the varying shades of age deepening over a beauty's features in a succession of portraits taken at different stages of her life; this will plead my apology, I

* Nor are Luxor or Carnac mentioned in the singularly curious "*Mappamundi*" of Fra Mauro, preserved in the Library of St. Mark's at Venice, and which I have examined, though very cursorily, since the above remarks were published. It is a most curious document, six or seven feet high, drawn and written on vellum, and contains geographical notices which we have been accustomed to suppose of much more recent acquisition. The venerable librarian told me, that when repairing and framing it, he found an inscription on the back giving the name of the author and the date of its completion, December, 1460. There is no gleam of the Cape of Good Hope, but "Dafur" is indicated, and the circular sweep of the Nile, with its source, marked by a circle of small fountains, and the lake, inscribed (if I recollect right) "Fons Neel," in the country of "Abassia," (Habesh,)—and another fount to the west, named "Fonte Geneth,"—then, descending northwards, "Nubia," and the upper cataracts of the Nile, immediately beyond "Sua," (Essouan,) on the east bank,—but no notice whatever of Luxor or Carnac,—then, still descending the river, successively, "Miniam" (?) on the eastern, "Mocassor" on the eastern, "El Medina" on the western, "Nebend" on the western, "Elmine" (Minieh?) on the western, and "Benebeida" on the eastern bank,—"Babilonia,"—"Masser, over El Chaiero,"—the Granaries of Pharaoh, *i. e.*, the pyramids,—the "Tebaida," east of Cairo, and many of the towns in the Delta,—"Elfoa," "Damiata," "Seramia," "El Minie," and "Semenun." Crossing the Red Sea, we have the "Pozo de Moisis," "Eltoreya," "Synay," and beyond it the city "Olch," in Arabia Petræa, and then "Hacse" and "Aaran."

Fra Mauro says in a note on Palestine, that he has "*amplissimi disegni de tutte queste parte*," (*i. e.*, Syria, Armenia, Arabia, &c.,) "*che li sono mejo distincte et ordinati*."

Nor are the British Islands overlooked:—In England only the towns on the southern coast, from west to east, are marked, to wit, "Falamita," (Falmouth,) "Alcamum," (Charmouth?) "Bristo," (Bristol?) "Ancona," (Hants? or the Isle of Wight?) "Gixalexio," (Chichester?):—

In Ireland, we have—in the south, "Comborg,"—on the west coast, "Lanere,"—and in the north, the "Purgatorio di S. Patricio":—

For Scotland, nothing but the following very flattering notice:—"Scotia, chome apar, è contigua cum Anglia, ma devisa da aqua e da monti dala parte meridional, e la gente eligiara e feroce e crudel contra i nemici, e piuttosto elegeriano la morte cha la servitu," adding, that it is "fertilissima de' pascoli, fumere, fontane, et animali, e de tote altre cosse è egual ad Anglia."

This map ought to be engraved in fac-simile and carefully illustrated. An atlas of ancient maps, one or two for each century, so edited, would be invaluable. The Librarian of St. Mark's showed me some others, very curious, in one of which, dated between 1430 and 1440, the Antilles were marked, and "Ya. Brasil," (Ysola Brasilee,) *apparently* in the same handwriting. [1847.]

hope, for the present and similar notices of the changes wrought by the foot of Time, falling heavier and heavier every year he makes his rounds over the monuments of antiquity.

After a brief but accurate description of Luxor, Father Protais proceeds as follows:—

“Le deuxième village est el Hamdie, ou Loxor el Cadim, ou Carnac. La tradition des gens du pays dit que c'estoit autrefois la demeure d'un Roy; il y a bien de l'apparence, car on y voit de grands et beaux restes d'un chasteau, aux avenues duquel il y a des sphinx de part et d'autre, la teste tournée vers l'allée dans la posture à peu près qu'on donne aux lions du trône de Salomon. Ils ont vingt-une semelles de longueur, distans de deux les uns des autres. J'en ay veu quatre allées toutes garnies, avant que d'arriver au Palais; je ne sçay pas s'il y en a d'autres, parce que je ne vis que la moitié du contour: j'en comptay soixante de chaque costé dans la première allée, et cinquante-un dans la seconde, le tout fort bien ordonné. Les portes sont grandes et exhaussées au delà de toute mesure et de la croyance, couvertes des plus belles pierres qu'il est possible de voir; j'en mesuray une de trente-cinq semelles. Je ne pus rien connoistre dans la cimetrie des bastimens, tant ils sont en desordre et ruinez, outre que le peu de temps que nous avions à y demeurer ne nous permit pas d'observer toutes ces choses; pour les bien examiner piece à piece, il faudroit du moins un mois, et je n'y fus pas plus de trois heures et demie. Je cròy qu'il y a plus de mille figures demy relief, et quelques-unes tout relief. Il y a un tres-grand nombre de colonnes; j'en comptay environ 120 dans une seule salle, qui estoient de cinq grandes brasses de grosseur. Je remarquay sept aiguilles, deux desquelles sont assez regulières, excepté que l'une a demy pied de face plus que les deux de Loxor, et que l'autre est beaucoup plus petite. Il y en a trois par terre, brisées, qui à moitié, qui tout à fait, et deux autres de jaspe rompues par le haut, sur lesquelles il y a de grands personnages gravez avec quantité d'ornemens fort particuliers. Il y a un grand bassin d'eau dans la cour du chasteau avec un tour de belles pierres: on me dit que cette eau seule blanchissoit fort bien le linge; pour l'éprouver, j'y trempay un mouchoir, qui conserva l'odeur du savon durant quatre ou cinq jours. A l'un des portaux du palais il y a deux grandes statues d'une pierre blanche comme albâtre, mais le visage en est tout ruiné: elles ont l'épée à la ceinture.* Une autre paroist encore vers le milieu du chasteau, de mesme taille, c'est à dire, de la hauteur de trois hommes bien proportionnez.”

He supplies some further particulars in a letter dated Cairo, January 6th 1670:—“Je croy qu'il y a plus d'un million de statues et de figures de bas-relief. Dans les bas reliefs des murailles et des piliers toutes les figures sont de bas relief, et il n'y en a aucune qui soit veue de front: il m'eust fallu un mois tout entier dans un semblable lieu pour en observer toutes les

* These are the statues, now decapitated, which Mr. Ramzey was so much pleased with.

particularitez : je me contentai de tirer seulement les postures d'une douzaine de diables les plus extravagans avec leurs troupes d'hommes et de femmes qui les adorent, et quelques frontispieces de temples, lesquels ne sont pas fort riches en architecture, mais ils sont bastis de tres belles pierres ; ce qui me plaisoit le plus, c'estoit le plat-fond et l'azur, et les autres couleurs qui sont liées comme de l'émail, paroissant aussi fraiches que si elles avoient été appliquées depuis un mois."

"Ce que je viens de dire n'est que bagatelle au regard de ce qui se trouve vis-à-vis, à une lieue de là, du costé du Ponant, selon le rapport de plus de cinquante personnes, de qui je me suis informé ; c'est un lieu qui s'appelle l'ancienne ville de Habou, [Medinet Habou,] pleine d'antiques et de curieuses incomparablement plus belles que celles de Hamdie ; outre qu'il y a quantité de momies que les Arabes brulent tous les jours, aussi bien que leurs divinites de bois. Le lieu où sont les momies se nomme Biout (beit) el Maloue : on découvre de loin avec des lunettes d'approche deux épouvantables Idoles, male et female, assises dans des chaises, tournées au Levant, lesquelles doivent avoir la teste à peu près comme celle des Pyramides du Caire appellé Aboul et Saoul.* Elles sont bien proportionnées ; on distingue aisément l'homme d'avec la femme ; leurs noms sont Tama et Cama.†

"Tout proche de là est un lieu nommé Legourné, [Gournou,] ou el Abonab, où les temples et les statues se sont conservées si fraiches, et les couleurs si vives, qu'il semble (disent les habitans) que le maistre n'a pas encore lavé ses mains depuis son travail,—ce sont leurs propres termes. On en découvre quelque chose du bord du Nil. Les chrétiens de Loxor, voyant que j'avois grande envie d'aller sur les lieux pour en considerer les beautés, s'offrirent de me mener à Habou, mais pour plusieurs raisons je ne le jugeay pas à-propos, dont je me suis repenti ; mon dessein est d'y retourner non seulement par curiosité, mais à cause des Chrétiens qui sont comme de pauvres brebis sans pasteur il y en a qui ont passé cinquante années sans confession et sans communion, n'ayant ni eglise ni prestre."

He closes his letter from Cairo—"J'espère y retourner bientôt, et n'en pas revenir avec tant de precipitation ; mais il me faut faire un petit voyage sur la Mer Rouge, où je vais tous les ans pour visiter les pauvres esclaves dans les galeres du Turc, et leur administrer les sacrements."—*Relation du Voyage du Said, ou de la Thebayde, fait en 1668, par les P. P. Protats et C. F. d'Orleans, Capucins Missionnaires. In Thevenot's Collection of Voyages, &c., tom. ii, part 2.‡*

* He means the sphinx, called by the Arabs Abou-el-hol, the Father of Terror, or Abou-el-hacou, the Father of the Column.

† They are still called so—Shama and Tama.

‡ Father Protats evidently mistook Memphis for Thebes, as Thevet did in the sixteenth, Breydenbach in the fifteenth, and Burcardus de Monte Sien in the thirteenth century.—"From Babylon," (old Cairo,) says the latter, "Thebes is two leagues distant, and the desert of Thebais, once densely peopled with monks, lies adjacent to it."—*Descriptio, &c., apud Canisii Lectiones Antiquas*, tom. iv, p. 26. [This desert, misnamed "of Thebais," is that of Nitria, or of the Natroun lakes, the scene of the ghostly conflicts and penances of the "fathers of the" Egyptian "desert,"

The good father never revisited Thebes, falling a victim to the plague the year following, 1671. (*Vansleb.*)* His companion, Father Carlo Francisco d'Orleans, was afterwards superior of the Capucins at Cairo.—*Letter of Dr. Huntington—Ray's Collection, &c., vol. ii, p. 463.*

Père Sicard's exaggerated account of more than one thousand columns to be seen at Carnac, and of many hundreds at Luxor—to say nothing of his mistake of the statues in front of the propyla there for sphinxes—contrast unfavourably with the simple and accurate statement of his humble predecessor, who had but three hours and a half to examine them in! Among the precise facts, however, mentioned by Sicard, is the existence of six obelisks—two of which, small ones, but the most interesting, were of porphyry—at the time of his visit to Thebes about 1714.—See his interesting plan of a work on Egypt—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, tom. v, p. 255.†

These small obelisks, evidently the same as those mentioned by Pretais, are described by Norden as follows:—"On voit au devant d'un petit temple deux autres obélisques, mais beaucoup plus petits que les précédents. Ils peuvent avoir à peu près onze à douze pieds de hauteur, et leurs faces n'ont qu'un pied et demi de largeur. Quant à la matière, elle est de granit, et d'un grain si fin qu'elle approche beaucoup du porphyre. Ils ont servi, selon toutes les apparences, de piédestaux à deux idoles, et ils sont ornés d'hieroglyphes peints de divers couleurs; et ces hieroglyphes représentent, pour la plus grande partie, des figures qui s'embrassent."—*Norden, Voyages, &c., vol. i, p. 171, edit. Langlès.*

They probably stood behind the sanctuary, where two pedestals of red granite are still to be seen. When they were destroyed I know not, but it must have been before Pococke's visit in 1737. He only found four obelisks, all of red granite—three standing, and one, the last towards the S. E., fallen. Perry, a year or two afterwards, found only two erect, and in his time two pillars of the great colonnade of the first court were standing—the other six lying on the ground, "like a pile of mill-stones thrown down"—there could not be a juster simile.

I need not dwell longer on the tale of ruin.

Sicard appears to have been the first traveller who recognised Thebes in the ruins of Carnac and Luxor. Lucas supposed it to have been situated

as narrated in the "Vitis Patrum" of Rosweyda. I have translated many of them among the records of Christian mythology, introductory to my recent work, entitled, "Sketches of the History of Christian Art." Many monasteries still subsist there. 1847.]

* This plague swept away, as Vansleb informs us, six hundred and fourscore thousand persons.

† In his list of "restes de l'ancienne Egypte palenne," he reckons "dix-huit obélisques, deux à Alexandrie, dix à Thebes, quatre à Phile, une à Arsinoë, et une à Heliopolis."—*Lettres Edif.*, tom. v, p. 495.

Father Sicard fell a victim to his humanity in attending the sick and dying while the plague raged at Cairo in 1726. See a sketch of his life and character,—*Lettres Edif., &c., p. 354.*

much more to the south*—near a little Turkish fortress called Naassa, where he describes the ruins of what appeared to him, he says, the greatest city that ever existed in the world—ruins which have remained as invisible as the gardens of Irem to all subsequent travellers.

“Je demeurai comme interdit à l’aspect d’un ouvrage le plus grand et le plus magnifique. C’est un palais grand comme une petite ville; quatre avenues de colonnes conduisent à quatre portiques. On voyoit à chaque porte, entre deux grandes colonnes de porphyre, deux figures, d’un beau marbre noir, de geans qui ont chacun une masse à la main. L’avenue de colonnes qui conduit à chaque porte, est de trois colonnes en triangle de chaque côté composée de plus de 1500 colonnes. Sur le chapiteau de chaque triangle il y a un sphynx, et sur l’ordre des trois colonnes qui suivent, un tombeau, et ainsi successivement de chaque côté dans toutes les quatre allées. On en voit beaucoup de tombées. Chaque colonne a soixante et dix pieds de haut, toutes d’une seule pierre, de manière que dans les quatre avenues il faut qu’il y ait plus de cinq à six mille colonnes.

“Je trouvai la première salle de ce palais toute peinte de très-beaux sujets d’histoires, et il ne paroïssoit pas qu’il y eût long-temps que cette peinture fût achevée. On y voyoit des chasses de gazelles; en d’autres endroits des festins; et quantité de petits enfans qui jouoient avec toutes sortes d’animaux. Je passai de là à d’autres appartemens tout revêtus de marbre, dont les voutes étoient soutenues par des colonnes de porphyre et de marbre noir. Quoique les décombremens ne permettent pas d’aller partout, nous trouvâmes le moyen cependant d’aller en haut, d’où j’eus le plaisir et en même tems le chagrin de promener ma vue sur les ruines de la plus grande ville qui ait été, ce me semble, au monde. Je me figurais dans ce tems-là que ce pouvoit être Diospolis, l’ancienne Thebes à cent portes, et ceux de mes amis qui ont fait un cours d’antiquitez, semblent en convenir. Ils trouvent même dans ce que je rapporte une exactitude et une précision que n’est pas venue dans les auteurs jusqu’à nous. Je me flatte ainsi que cela donnera quelque mérite à ma relation, et qu’on me sçaura gré de ma diligence.

“On découvroit, du côté du desert qui est au Levant, environ douze Pyramides, qui ne cedent rien à celles du Grand Caire. Outre quantité de bustes, de plus de trente pieds de haut, de figures d’hommes, j’y remarquai un fort grand nombre de palais qui paroissent encore tous entiers, mais si ensevelis dans les ruines, que l’on n’en voit plus les portes, et même j’entraï dans quelques uns par les fenêtres. Je partis de ce lieu le cœur tout contrit de voir que tant de beaux édifices fussent deserts et abandonnez à l’injure du tems; que la demeure de tant de rois soit devenue la retraite des serpens et des autres animaux semblables! En revenant à Naasse nous passâmes par un endroit qui est sur le penchant de la montagne, tout plein de puits quarrez, qui servoient à enterrer les gens du pays; tous ces lieux sont tout à fait deserts.”

* Lucas had visited Luxor and Carnac some years before Sicard; he speaks of “plusieurs obélisques,” but his account is strangely confused and inaccurate.

This extraordinary tissue of lies circumstantial is illustrated by a bird's eye view of the chateau, and by prints of a pyramid, fourteen hundred feet high, and of a female bust, seventy-two, without the pedestal!!!

NOTE 34, PAGE 108.

Edrisi, in the twelfth century, describes Essonan as a small but densely peopled town, abundant in all sorts of vegetables, and noted for its excellent breed of camels, goats, &c.—all very fat and well favoured.—*Geogr. Nubiensis*, p. 18.

Ebn al Ouardi, in the following century, speaks of it as “très peuplée, mais on ne peut y parvenir que par la montagne Alaki ou Allaki, située dans un lieu bas et couvert de sables, sous lesquels, en creusant, on trouve l'eau. Il y a dans cette montagne des mines d'or et d'argent; et au midi du Nil est une autre montagne dans un desert, où est une mine d'émeraude, la seule de cette espèce qu'on trouve dans le monde.”—*Notices des MSS.*, &c., vol. ii, p. 31. In this singular account the Gebel Ollaki, or Golden Mountain of the present day—the Hemacuta, I conceive, of the Hindoos—east of Dakke—is misplaced to the north of Essonan. The emerald mine is in the desert, east of Edfou.

Syene still deserved the name of “the great, ancient, and populous city of Assuan,” in Leo's time. “The citizens are exceedingly addicted unto the trade of merchandise, because they dwell so near unto the kingdom of Nubia, upon the confines whereof standeth their city; beyond which city, Nilus, dispersing himself over the plains through many small lakes, becometh innavigable. Also the said city standeth near unto that desert over which they travel unto the port of Suachen upon the Red Sea, and it adjoineth likewise upon the frontiers of Ethiopia. . . . Here are to be seen also many buildings of the ancient Egyptians, and most high towers, which they call in the language of that country *Birba*. Beyond this place there is neither city nor habitation of any account, besides a few villages of black people, whose speech is compounded of the Arabian, Egyptian, and Ethiopian languages. These being subject unto the people called Bugiha, (Beeja,) live in the fields after the Arabian manner, being free from the Soldan's jurisdiction, for there his dominions are limited.”—*Description of Africa*.

NOTE 35, PAGE 119.

“And it was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened.”—“This obscuration of the sun was observed at Heliopolis, in Egypt, by Dionysius the Areopagite, afterwards the illustrious convert of St. Paul at Athens; who, in a letter to the martyr Polycarp, describes his own and his companion the sophist Apollophanes' astonishment at the phenomenon. Apollophanes exclaimed, as if divining the cause, ‘These, O Dionysius, are the vicissitudes of divine events.’ Dionysius answered, ‘Either the Deity suffers, or he sympathizes with the sufferer.’ And that sufferer, according to tradition,

recorded by Michael Syncellus of Jerusalem, he declared to be the unknown God, for whose sufferings all nature was darkened and convulsed."—*Hales' Analysis of Ancient Chronology*.

NOTE 36, PAGE 121.

While Elephantine was the boundary city, Philæ seems to have been the extreme outpost of the Roman empire, to the south.* Diocletian, after settling the Nubians, originally inhabitants of the great Oasis, along the banks of the Nile, built a strong fortress on the island, and, in the view of cementing a friendly alliance with them and the Blemmyes, who inhabited the interior country, erected "temples and altars," common to the Romans and barbarians, under the care of priests chosen from both nations. Narses, the Pers-Armenian refugee,† while stationed there as lieutenant of Justinian, received the imperial mandate to destroy the temple; he did so, says Procopius, and, throwing the priests into prison, sent the images of the gods to Byzantium.—*Procopius de Bello Persico*, lib. i, cap. 19.

NOTE 37, PAGE 121.

"Agatharcides, et Diodore après lui, ont parlé des mines d'or abondantes que renfermoient des montagnes situées dans ces cantons et sur les bords de la mer. Agatharcides rapporte même un fait intéressant à saisir, et qui prouve que ces mines étoient exploitées dès la plus haute antiquité. 'On y trouve encore aujourd'hui,' dit cet auteur, 'une immense quantité d'ossements humains, des outils, et des marteaux de bronze, dont on se servait autrefois, parce que dans les anciens temps le fer étoit très rare.' Ces mines n'ont point cessé d'être connues des Arabes. L'Édrisi et Abulféda en parlent: le premier dit qu'elles produisoient de l'or et de l'argent. On les fouilloit encore de leur temps, mais elles commençoient à être moins abondantes, et il est probable qu'elles ont été négligées depuis. En nomment les montagnes où elles se trouvent, Orlaki ou Aïlaki, et les placent à quinze journées d'Asuan, et à huit journées d'Aïdab."—*Gosselin, Recherches sur la Géographie des Anciens*, tom. ii, p. 144.

See also Note 31.

NOTE 38, PAGE 127.

The Franks found the Ethiopian scourge a most formidable weapon at the battle of Ascalon:—"D'abord les Ethiopiens, ou Azoparts, qui, selon leur usage, combattent un genou en terre, s'avancèrent sur la première ligne, et attaquèrent vivement les Français Ces mêmes Azoparts,

* Procopius makes a marked distinction between Elephantine and Philæ:—"ἐπεὶ οὖν τὰς ἐν ποταμῷ Νείλῳ ἀρχαῖα καὶ τῆς Ἐλεφαντίνης πόλεως οἰκῶν ἐβασίλευσεν αὐτός, φρουρίον τε ταύτῃ δεμαμένους ἐχυρώτατον . . . διό δὲ καὶ Φιλὰς ἐκινεῖται το χωρίον."

† Not the illustrious conqueror of Italy, but "the brother of Isaac and Armatius, who, after a successful action against Belisarius, deserted from his Persian sovereign, and afterwards served in the Italian war."—*Fide Gibbon*, c. xvi, n. 17.

hommes horribles et très noirs, portaient en outre des fléaux en fer, instrument terrible avec lequel ils battaient violemment les cuirasses et les casques, frappaient les chevaux à la tête, et dont les coups redoutables retentissaient d'une manière épouvantable dans les rangs des Sarrasins."—*Albert d'Aix, Hist. des Croisades*, livre vi, p. 366, ed. Guizot; or p. 287 of the *Gesta Dei per Francos*.

NOTE 39, PAGE 146.

Is not the word Re, "the Sun"—which, with the demonstrative article prefixed, became Ph're or Pharaoh, the hereditary title of the kings of Egypt—recognisable in most of the primitive dialects of mankind as implying a king or prince? We find *righ*, or *ri*, in the Celtic—*reich*, or *recks*, in the Teutonic languages; *rec* in Hebrew, *reis* in Arabic and Turkish, *rajah* in the East Indies, *eree* and *rhio* in Otahite and the Sandwich Islands.—See *Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary*, sub voce *righ*.

NOTE 40, PAGE 149.

"Armand," or Herment, is described by Father Protais as almost entirely abandoned, "les gens du pays ne m'en parent dire la raison; ils l'appellent *Baleb* (bellad) *Mouze*; il y a encore un temple d'idoles, où l'on va par un chemin couvert et souterrain." "They call it in Arabic *Baleb Mouze*, or the country of Moses, because the Egyptians believe that Moses was born there."—*Vansleb, Present State, &c.*, p. 243.

Bakoui speaks of Ghouft, the ancient Coptos, as follows:—

"On y voit un bâtiment extraordinaire qui a 360 colonnes, chacune d'une seule pièce. Sur le sommet de ces colonnes est une figure d'homme, ayant sur la tête un espèce de bonnet ou mitre (*calamara*). Le toit de ce bâtiment est de pierres, dont les extrémités posent sur des colonnes, et on n'y aperçoit aucunes jointures."

The 360 columns are probably according to the usual Arab *façon de parler*, but there must have been some monument of uncommon grandeur at Ghouft even to account for such an exaggeration.

NOTE 41, PAGE 150.—Dendera.

"Les gens du pays disent que ce palais a été bati par les démons, et que l'on voit la nuit plusieurs fantômes se promener dans ses ruines."—*P. Lucas, Voyage au Levant*, tom. i, p. 109. Bakoui notices the *birbe* of Dendera, "et autres bâtimens, qui sont autant de talismans;" and De Guignes, in a note on the passage, suggests the probability that the dread of the natives, lest the talismans should be discovered and injured, may contribute as much as the belief in concealed treasures to their aversion to the excavating propensities of the Franks.—*Notices des MSS., &c.*, tom. ii, p. 436.

NOTE 42, PAGE 153.—Memphis.

Rapid must have been the work of decay and destruction since the time of Abd'allatif:—"Malgré l'immense étendue de cette ville et la haute antiquité à laquelle elle remonte, nonobstant toutes les vicissitudes des divers gouvernements dont elle a successivement subi le joug, quelques efforts que différens peuples aient faits pour l'anéantir, en en faisant disparaître jusqu'à ses moindres vestiges, effaçant jusqu'à ses plus légères traces, transportant ailleurs les pierres et les matériaux dont elle étoit construite, dévastant ses édifices, mutilant les figures qui en faisoient l'ornement; enfin, en dépit de ce que quatre mille ans et plus ont dû ajouter à tant de causes de destruction, ses ruines offrent encore aux yeux des spectateurs une réunion de merveilles qui confond l'intelligence, et que l'homme le plus éloquent entreprendroit inutilement de décrire. Plus on la considère, plus on sent augmenter l'admiration qu'elle inspire; et chaque nouveau coup-d'œil que l'on donne à ses ruines est une nouvelle cause de ravissement. A peine a-t-elle fait naître une idée dans l'ame du spectateur, qu'elle lui suggère une idée encore plus admirable; et quand on croit en avoir acquis une connoissance parfaite, elle vous convainc au même instant que ce que vous aviez conçu est encore bien au-dessous de la vérité."—*Relation, &c.*, p. 185.

Besides a beautiful monolithic shrine, called the Green Chapel, (destroyed in 1449,) he specifies idols that, whether their number or size be considered, surpass description:—"Mais ce qui est encore plus digne d'exciter l'admiration, c'est l'exactitude dans leurs formes, la justesse de leurs proportions, et leur ressemblance avec la nature. Nous en avons mesuré une qui, sans son piédestal, avoit plus de trente coudées; sa largeur, du côté droit au côté gauche, portoit environ dix coudées; et du devant au derrière, elle étoit épaisse en proportion. Cette statue étoit d'une seule pierre de granit rouge; elle étoit recouverte d'un vernis rouge, auquel son antiquité sembloit ne faire qu'ajouter une nouvelle fraîcheur."—*Relation, &c.*, pp. 185-7.

This, probably, was the statue of Sesostris, discovered by Caviglia, or one of its brethren that stood before the temple of Vulcan.

Abulfeda, who flourished a century later, speaks of the antiquities of Memphis as considerable, but neglected and perishing; the green and other colours, he says, remain as vivid as ever.

"On voit encore les ruines de cette ville," is all the notice Bakoni bestows on them at the commencement of the fifteenth century.

Furer, in 1565, asserts that two giants, or colossi of porphyry, originally elevated on lofty bases and sculptured with hieroglyphics, were then lying prostrate in Memphis—the name he gives to Old Cairo. "One of them," he says, "measures twenty feet from the head to the extremity of the torso,—the other wants the head. The Arabs will have it they are the images of the son and daughter of Pharaoh. Very many other statues, a camel especially, of stupendous size, a lion, a sphinx, besides other animals, are seen there—all of red marble, but all broken and destroyed."—*Itinerarium*, p. 19. I am inclined to think he never saw them, and has misunderstood and

misstated information similar to that which Radziwil obtained in 1583—that two colossi, twenty cubits high, each of one stone, most beautifully sculptured, both fallen, but entire—one of them representing a Pharaoh, the other a Queen, perhaps his wife—were lying on the ground five miles to the south of the Pyramids; he did not see them himself, he tells us, but received this account from persons at Cairo, who assured him they had.—*Jerosolymitana Peregrinatio*, p. 164.

Villamont, however, in 1590, speaks of these statues as an eye-witness: “En chemin,” he says—for the mummy-pits, nine miles from Cairo, “nous veismes sur le sable deux grands Colosses, que nous laissames pour suivre nostre chemin jusques à Zaccara.”—*Voyages*, &c., p. 584.

“A city, great and populous, adorned with a world of antiquities! But why spend I time about that that is not, the very ruins now almost ruined? Yet some few impressions are left, and divers thrown down statues of monstrous resemblances; a scarce sufficient testimony to show unto the curious seeker that there it hath been. Why then deplore our human frailty?

“ ‘Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit.’ ”

“ ‘When stones as well as breath
And names do suffer death.’ ”

Sandys, p. 132.

NOTES.

EDOM AND THE HOLY LAND

NOTE 1, PAGE 159.

"Camels are the ships of Arabia, their seas are the deserts."—*Sandys*.

NOTE 2, PAGE 165.

"As this was the first time that I rid upon a camel, I could hardly endure the shakings, which the manner of walking of this fantastic beast caused me to suffer. I confess, when I saw myself upon this colossus, without any stay, lifted up in the air, seated upon an ugly beast, my feet in two ropes instead of stirrups, holding in my hand a cord made with the strings of a palm-tree, which cut my hands, it seemed to me very strange; I resolved, nevertheless, to overcome all these difficulties; and, instead of vexing myself, I made a sport of that which would have troubled other persons."—*Vansleb's Present State of Egypt*, p. 196.

NOTE 3, PAGE 166.

"The tracks of the chariot-wheels are not only to be seen on the shore, but as far into the sea also as one's sight can reach; and if they should at any time be defaced, either by chance or through curiosity, the divine power immediately orders the winds and floods to restore them to their former condition."—*Orosius, quoted by Baumgarten, who confirms the tale, lib. i, c. 21.*

NOTE 4, PAGE 167.

The El Tih, Ard El Tia, or Tiah beni Israel, lies, according to the best Arab geographers, between Aila and the mountains As Schorah, or Mount Seir, to the east, the Sea of Kolsum or Gulph of Suez, to the west, Palestine to the north, and the Sinaite promontory, to the south. **"Major autem pars terræ hujus At Tiah arenis constat, alia loca salebrosa sunt; reperiuntur quoque palmæ et fontes late dimanantes pauci."**—*Abulfedæ Tabula Syriæ*.

This, in Ptolomy's time, was the country of the Saraceni, whose name (derived, Mr. Farren thinks, from the word *Sarakeen*, robbers—the epithet bestowed on them by their enemies) was afterwards popularly extended to the whole Arab race. Ptolomy distinguishes them from the Pharanitæ, who

then inhabited the country south of Gébel Tiah; but Procopius, four centuries later, extends their power over the whole peninsula, describing them as the ancient inhabitants of the Phœnicen, or palm-forest, extending to a great distance along the coast, and which their prince Abocharibus, who dwelt there, had nominally given to Justinian.*

The monks of Sinai, in the day of their power, appear to have made good their claims as representatives of the Emperor; they are still in possession of extensive palm-groves, near Tor, but those of Wady Feiran—all, indeed, in the peninsula—are said to have once belonged to them.

Procopius, I may add, as well as Bakoui and other of the Arabian geographers, consider Aila as the eastern boundary of Egypt.

Sir John Mandeville gives a graphic description of the Bedouins, who inhabit the desert between Sinai and Jerusalem:—

“Thei ben folke fulle of alle evylle condiciouns. And thei have none houses but tentes, that thei maken of skynnes of bestes, as of camaylles and of other bestes, that thei eten; and there-benethe thei couchen hem, and dwellen in place where thei may fynden watre, as on the Rede See, or elleswhere. For in that desert is fulle gret defaute of watre; and oftentime it fallethe that where men fynde watre at o [one] tyme in a place, it faylethe another tyme. And for that skylle they make none habitations there. Theise folk that I speke of, thei tyken not the lond, ne thei laboure noughte; or thei eten no bred, but zif it be ony that dwellen nyghe a gode toun, that gon thidre and eten bred som tyme. And thei rosten here [their] flesche and here fische upon the hot stones azenst the sonne. And thei ben stronge men and wel fyghtyng. And there is so meche multitude of that folk that thei ben withouten nombre. And thei ne recchen of nothing, ne don not but chacen afre bestes, to eaten hem. And thei recchen nothing of here lif; and therfore thei dowten not the Sowdon, ne non other prince; but thei dar well werre with them, zif thei don ony thing that is grevance to hem. And thei han oftentyme werre with the Soudan; and namely that tyme that I was with him. And thei beren but o scheld and o spere, withouten other armes. And thei wrappen here hedes and here nekke with a gret quantytee of white linnen clothe. And thei ben ryghte felonouse and foule, and of cursed kynd.”—*Poiage and Travaile, &c.* p. 77, sqq.

“They are of mean statures, raw-bone, tawny, having feminine voices, a swift and noiseless pace—behind you, ere aware of them.”—*Sandys.*

* “Sur les bords de ce golfe est un canton où se trouvent plusieurs sources, et que sa fertilité a rendu celebre: on l'appelle Phœnicen, à cause des palmiers qu'il produit. Ces arbres forment un bois pour lequel on a le plus grand respect, parceque les environs, exposés à toute l'ardeur du soleil, sont brulans, sans eau, et sans ombrage.

“On y voit un ancien autel construit en pierres dures, et dont l'inscription est en caractères inconnus.

“Vers ces lieux on remarque des montagnes élevées de différentes couleurs: elles se prolongent pour former un cap, et s'étendent ensuite jusqu'à Petra, dans le pays des Arabes Nabathéens, et jusqu'à la Palestine.”—*Periples combinés d'Agatharces et d'Artemidore. Gosselin, Géographie des Anciens, t. 2, p. 232.*

M. Gosselin conceives that the palm-groves near Tor represent the ancient Phœnicen.

“ Sono huomini molto piccoli, e di color leonato scuro, e hanno la voce femminile e li capelli lunghi, stesi, e neri. Sono veramente questi Arabi una grandissima quantità, e combattono continuamente fra loro.”—*Barthelemy, Itinerario*, 1508.

“ And they had hair as the hair of women,” is expressly stated in the prophetic description of the Arab locusts, (Rev. ix. 8,) a metaphor, by the way, which the Arabs apply to themselves, to express their numbers; see *Antar*, vol. i, p. 6,—“ I must assail you without further preparation, and I shall command these armies, numerous as the locusts, to assault you, and to grind you like grain, and to ride you like lions;”^{*}—and again, vol. ii, p. 267, “ They call on Antar, and their spears are like a descent of locusts on a towering sand-hill.”

Every reader of ‘*Antar*,’ that most vivid picture of the desert life of the Arabs, must have been struck by the constant reference to their dwelling “ in the presence of all their brethren,” as a principle of action.

NOTE 5, PAGE 169.

“ Alvah—bois qui adoucit les eaux de Marah dans le desert. Moyse en avoit un morceau qui lui avoit venu par succession des patriarches depuis Noe, qui l’avoit conservé dans l’Arche.”—*D’Herbelot*.

NOTE 6, PAGE 169.

“ The twelve fountains, and the seventy palm trees of Elim, are emblematical of the twelve apostles of our Saviour, and the seventy disciples, sent forth to scatter the sweet waters of the Gospel over the world.”—*Michael Syncellus, Chronographia. Script. Byz. v. vi, p. 102.*

NOTE 7, PAGE 172.—Sea of Edom.

“ It is now an opinion generally received, that the Red Sea is the Idumean Sea, taking its name from Edom, or Esau, the Arabian patriarch; and Edom signifies red. The Arabians were, doubtless, the first navigators of the Indian Ocean, and, as they entered that sea by passing the straits of Babelmandel, they carried the name of the Red Sea, from whence they commenced their course, to the utmost extent of their discoveries. Hence the Indian Ocean received the title of Red; and the Greeks, who translated everything rather than introduce a foreign word, made it the Erythræan Sea.”—*Vincent’s Periplus*, vol. i, p. 350.

NOTE 8, PAGE 174.

The early pilgrims, who travelled in immense caravans, were often in great distress from want of water. Baumgarten describes their sufferings most affectingly:—

“ Travelling all that day and night, without eating, resting, or sleeping,

^{*} This is also a prophetic mark, *Rev. ix. 7.*

we could not avoid falling off our camels, while we were half sleeping, half waking. A thousand strange dreams and fancies came into our heads, whilst hungry and weary, and we sat nodding on our camels. We thought we saw somebody reaching us victuals and drink, and putting out our hands to take it, and stretching ourselves to overtake it when it seemed to draw back, we tumbled off our camels, and by a severe fall found it a dream and illusion. We underwent the same hardship all the twenty-second and twenty-third days, mutually pitying one another's leanness and misery, and exhorting each other to patience and resignation."—*Travels*, lib. i, c. 27.

Conf. Isaiah, c. 29, v. 8.

"As when a hungry man dreameth, and lo! he seemeth to eat,
But he awaketh, and his appetite is still unsatisfied;
And as the thirsty man dreameth, and lo! he seemeth to drink,
But he awaketh, and he is still faint, and his appetite still craving;
So shall it be with the multitude of all the nations,
Who have set themselves in array against Mount Zion."

—And *Tasso*, *Jerus.*, lib. xiii, 60.

NOTE 9, PAGE 181.—Wady Feiran.

Baumgarten and his friends found a very different reception:—

"That day, about noon, we came to a certain garden, where we were most barbarously used by the people who lived there. For, understanding that we were Christians, they came flocking out of their holes with a design to rob us; and, raising a hideous cry, threatened us with their dreadful bows and spears; some of them knocking us down off our camels, others taking us up, and protecting us from the fury of the rest. Our interpreter neglected us for some time, but did his part at last. However, we were five times knocked down, and had part of our provisions, that were not well enough hid, taken from us; and with great difficulty, after much noise and severe drubbing, we were let go, upon payment of eight pieces of silver each man."—Lib. i, c. 22.

Belon, one of the most accurate and interesting of the early travellers, gives a pleasing account of Wady Feiran in 1548. After entering the valley by a "grande ouverture entre moult hautes montagnes"—and praising the "beau ruisseau d'eau douce de claire fontaine," "la premiere eau droicte-mement douce courante que nous eussions trouvé sur le chemin depuis le

* "That morning," says Baumgarten, "a little before entering Wady Feiran, there was running by us a bitch with her puppies, that belonged to one of the Arabians, who happening to bring forth her litter there, and seeing us leave her, was horribly afraid to be left there alone with her whelps. For a long time she seemed to be deliberating, at last fell a howling most mournfully, and chose rather to save herself by following us, than stay behind and perish with her puppies."

George, the Carthusian Prior, the companion of Baumgarten, relates that, on their return from Sinai, the poor famished animal, after one bitter howl of recognition, made a meal on the remains of her offspring.—*Georgii Prioris Ephemeris*,—*ap. Pexii Thesaurus*, tom. 2, pt. 3, p. 493.

The "Ephemeris" seems to be nearly the same work with Baumgarten's, under a different name.

Caire," he proceeds as follows:—"Nous trouvâmes un grand village à l'entrée de ceste bouche, habité d'Arabes, nommé Pharagon, où il n'y avoit que trois ou quatre maisons basties; car les villages de ces pays-là ne consistent pas en maisons élevées, mais au nombre d'hommes qui habitent dessous les palmiers au desouvert ou dessous les rochers. . . . Le village de Pharagon nous sembla plaisant, au regard des pays que nous avions cheminé; car il y a bel ombrage de grenadiers, palmiers, oliviers, figuiers, poiriers, et autres arbres fructiers. . . . Les hommes de ce pays sont contents d'habiter dessous les palmiers au desouvert, qui est la cause qu'ils sont de couleur d'olive. Et pour ce qu'il ne pleut guères sur eux, il leur suffit d'avoir leurs maisons faits de rameaux de palmiers, appuyées là en contre les troncs pour les defendre quelque peu de la vehemence du soleil."—*Observations, etc.* c. 61, fol. 22^a verso.

NOTE 10, PAGE 186.

Poor Baumgarten found it otherwise. "After delivering our letters from the Patriarch at Cairo, and having a room assigned us, and eat something, when we would have gone to rest, we were surrounded by a crowd of Arabians, who put all sorts of sleep out of our mind. They broke into our room, seized our things as if they had been their own, and in a barbarous manner repeated a certain sort of word *tlus*, (*feloosh*?) which with them signifies money; with which having stopped their hellish mouths and greased their ugly fists, we shut our doors again, and composed ourselves to our much desired rest."—*Lit.* i, c. 23.

NOTE 11, PAGE 188.

"There is the Chirche of Seynte Kateryne, in the whiche ben manye lampes brennynge. For thei han of oyle of olyves ynow, both for to brenne in here lampes and to ete also. And that plentee have thei be the myracle of God. For the ravenes, and the crowes, and the choughes, and other fowles of the contree assemblen hem there every zeer ones, and fleen thider as in pilgrymage: and everyche of hem bringethe a braunche of the bayes or of olyve, in here beekes, in stede of offryng, and leve hem there: of the whiche the monkes maken gret plentee of oyle: and this is a gret marvaylle. And sithe that foules, that han no kyndely wytt ne resoun, gon thider to seche that gloriouse Virgyne; wel more oughten men than to seche hire and to worschipe hire. Also behynde the awtier of that Chirche is the place where Moyses saughe oure Lord God in a brennynge bussche. And whanne the monkes entren in to that place, thei don of both hosen and schoon or botes always; because that oure Lord seyde to Moyses, Do of thin hosen and thi schon; for the place that thou stondest on is lond holy and blessed. And the monkes clepen that place Bezekeel, that is to seyne, the Schadow of God. And besyde the highe awtiere, three degrees of heighte, is the fextre* of alabastre, where the bones of Seynte Kateryne

* Sarcophagus, or bier; *Lat. fectrum*.

lyze. And the prelate of the monkes schewethe the relykes to the pilgrymes. And with an instrument of sylver, he freteth the bones; and thanne thes gethe out a lytylle oyle, as though it were a maner swetyng, that is nouthur lyche to oyle ne to baume; but it is full swete of smelle: And of that thei zeven [give] a little to the pilgrymes; for there gothe out but lytylle quantitee of the likour. And after that, thei schewen the head of Seynte Kateryne, and the clothe that she was wrapped inne, that is zit alle blady. And in that same clothe, so y-wrapped, the angels baren hire body to the Mount Syon, and there thei buried hire with it. And thanne thei schewen the bussche that brenned and wasted nought, in the whiche our Lord spak to Moyses, and othere relykes ynowe. Also whan the prelate of the Abbeye is ded, I have undirstonden be informacion that his lampe quenshethe. And when thei chesen another prelate, zif he be a gode man and worthi to be prelate, his lampe schal lighte, with the grace of God, withouten touching of any man. For everyche of hem hath a lampe be himself. And he here lampes thei knowen whan any one of hem schalle dye. For whan ony schalle dye, the lyghte begynneth to chaunge and to wexe dym. And zif he be chosen to ben Prelate, and is not worthi, his lampe quenshethe anon."—*Mandeville*, p. 71, seq.

I transcribe a few lines from the Carmelite Le Huen's version of Breydanbach's pilgrimage, (in his 'Grant Voyage de Jherusalem,') as a curious specimen of the enthusiastie devotion of the chivalrous votaries of St. Catherine. "Quiconques est vray amateur, et devot orateur, culteur tres-reverend dicelle tressacre et bienheuree Vierge Katherine, estimera le labour facile et plaisant pour l'amour d'elle, combien qu'il soit grief et terrible, laborieux et mal, facilement se passera et surmontera.—Helas! et qui ne l'aymeroit, celle que Jhesus a tant aymee si chierement, et enquise et poursuite des sa jeunesse pour en faire son espouse: une dame si belle, si noble, et si tres-fort prudente, la Vierge Katherine! Noble de sang, plus noble de vertus—la fleur de noble sang dont elle proceda. . . . Et combien que plusieurs soient trouves nobles et sages et plaines de vertus, Katherine emporte dignement le pris; parquoy justement elle est à aimer et à venerer par toute excellence. Maintes dames saintes ont eu sapience, les autres eloquence, les autres constance; cestecy a tous." . . . Tanaquil, (he proceeds,) Calphurnia, the Sibyls, Sappho, Cantona, Angelica, Isis, Ceres, Minerva—"toutes cellesicy ne valent pas ung clou; car Katherine a la preeminence.—O vraye vierge et martyre venerande! vierge des vierges; gemme tres luisante! du Roy des Roys espouse glorieuse! O une bestie à Jhesus precieuse, que tes servans remeris noblement qui de bon cuer te servent devotement!"

NOTE 12, PAGE 188.—Monks of Sinai.

Frescobaldi, in 1384, found two hundred monks at Sinai; one hundred and fifty resident in the monastery, each with a separate cell, the rest distributed between the chapel on the summit of the mountain, and the church of Santa Maria della Misericordia—as he names the convent of the forty martyrs.—*Viaggio in Egitto, &c. Roma, 8vo, 1818, p. 20.*

There were only one hundred, when Rudolph the knight of Framcynsperg was their guest, in 1346. All strangers, he tells us, were entertained three days, and on their departure, each was presented with ten loaves, sufficient for ten days' subsistence.

They had then, as now, two small bells only,—hanging, at that time, in the principal church.

“Item, in prædicto monasterio, et capella Moysis, versus plagam Aquilonis, situm est templum Idolorum rotundum, ad quod nullus Christianorum ingredi permittitur.”—*Itinerarium, &c. ap. Canisii Lectiones Antiq. t. 4, p. 359.*

NOTE 13, PAGE 190.

Mandeville, in 1325—Baldensel, in 1336—Frescobaldi, in 1384—Anshelmus, (author of a *Descriptio Terræ Sanctæ*,) in 1509—Furer, in 1565—and all subsequent writers, identify Sinai with Gebel Mousa:—

Frameynsperg, in 1346—Breydenbach, in 1483—Baumgarten, in 1507—and Belon, in 1548—with St. Catherine's.

Mandeville speaks dubiously:—“Either mountain,” he says, “may be called Mount Sinai, since the whole surrounding country is called the Desert of Sin.”

The Arab geographers appear to comprehend the whole nucleus of the Sinaite mountains under the name of Tor Sina. The dual number, Sinein, is also used by them, “comme qui diroit les deux Sinai,” being “deux croupes séparées—Horeb et Sinai.”—*D'Herbelot.*

NOTE 14, PAGE 190.

Belon's good sense—a rare quality in the middle of the sixteenth century—refused credit to the legend. “Cestuy est le rocher dont sortit l'eau pour abbreuver les enfans d'Israel. Toute fois il est joignant un ruisseau courant qui vient de la sommité du Sinai. Cela nous fait penser ou que ce n'est pas celuy que frappa Moyse, ou qu'il n'y eust encor point d'eau en ce ruisseau là: mais, sauf meilleur jugement, nous penserions que les Caloires devroyent monstrier le roc à la source de la fontaine, dont sort l'eau le haut de dessous la montagne.”—*Observations, &c. p. 227.*

Baldensel, in 1336, says that the water produced by the rod of Moses “is in the monastery.” Mandeville, a few years earlier, tells us, that “before the zett is the well where Moses smote the stone, of the which the water came out plenteously.” The legend, therefore, cannot have been attached to the stone in the El Ledja before the 14th century.

NOTE 15, PAGE 191.

The Cypress was regarded with peculiar veneration by the Greek Christians in the middle ages, as the tree of which the shaft of our Saviour's cross was made:—

“The Cristene men, that dwellen bezond the see in Grece, seyn that the

tree of the Cross, that we callen Cypresse, was of that tree that Adam ate the apple of: and that fynde thei written. And thei seyn also, that here Scripture seyth, that Adam was seek, and seyde to his sone, Sethe, that he scholde go to the aungelle that kept Paradys, that he wolde senden hym oyle of Mercy, for to anoynte his membres with, that he myght have hele. And Sethe wente. But the aungelle wolde not late him come in; but seyde to him, that he myghte not have of the oyle of Mercy. But he toke him three greynes of the same tree, that his fadre eet the apple offe; and bad him, als sone as his fadre was ded, that he scholde putte theise three greynes undre his tonge, and grave him so: and he dide. And of theise three greynes sprong a tree, as the aungelle seyde that it scholde, and bere a fruyt, thorghe the which fruyt Adam scholde be saved. And whan Sethe came azen, he fond his fadre nere ded. And whan he was ded, he did with the greynes as the aungelle bad him: of the whiche sprongen three trees, of the whiche the Cross was made, that bare gode fruyt and blessed, oure Lord Jesu Crist; thorghe whom Adam and alle that comen of him scholde be saved and delyvered from drede of dethe withouten ende, but it be here own defeaute."—*Voiage and Travaile, &c.* p. 13, 14.

But the European superstition, by which the tremulous shiver of the aspen-leaf is accounted for, is still more beautiful:—

“The blessed cross, whereon
 The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death,
 Was framed of aspen wood, and since that hour
 Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
 A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
 Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
 Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
 The light lines of the shining gossamer.
Child. (after a pause.) Dost thou believe it, father?
Father. Nay, my child,
 We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,
 With something of a lingering love, I read
 The characters, by that mysterious hour
 Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man
 In visionary days, and thence thrown back
 On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign
 Of the great sacrifice which won us heaven,
 The woodman and the mountaineer can trace
 On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so!
 They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,
 Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
 From their strong soil within the peasant's breast,
 And scatter them—far, far too fast! away
 As worthless weeds:—oh, little do we know
 When they have soothed, when saved!”

FELICIA HEMANS.

NOTE 16, PAGE 193.

Justinian, says the historian Procopius, did not build the monastery on the summit of Mount Sinai—for no one can pass the night on it, on account of the continual clashing noises and other supernatural sounds heard there*—but far below it; and at the foot of the mountain he built a very strong fortress, and stationed in it a guard of soldiers to bridle the Saracens.—*De Edificiis Da. Justiniani*, lib. 5.

Would it not appear from this passage that the original monastery stood on the small plain, nearly on the site of the deserted Convent of St. Elias, and that, when the garrison was withdrawn, and the monks were left defenceless in the midst of enemies daily drawing the circle closer round them, they descended to, and occupied, the fortress? The existence of the church and the Mosaic portrait of Justinian certainly militate against this supposition. [For the early accounts of the monastery and district generally, see Dr. Robinson's 'Biblical Researches in Palestine,' &c., vol. i, pp. 180 sqq., and 556 sqq.—1847.]

NOTE 17, PAGE 194.

"On the eighteenth day, about sun-rising, we came down the west side of Mount Horeb by a very steep and dangerous way, and came into a valley betwixt Mount Horeb and Sinai, in which there was a monastery dedicated to forty saints," and hence "we began to ascend Mount Sinai."
 "At last our ascent grew so difficult, that all our former toil and labour seemed but sport to this. However, we did not give over, but, imploring the Divine assistance, we used our utmost endeavour. At last, through untrodden ways, through sharp and hanging rocks, through clefts and horrible deserts, pulling and drawing one another, sometimes with our staves, sometimes with our belts, and sometimes with our hands, by the assistance of Almighty God, we all arrived at the top of the mountain. The top of Mount Sinai is scarce thirty paces in compass; there we took a large prospect of the countries round about us, and began to consider how much we had travelled by sea and land, and how much we had to travel, what hazards and dangers, and what various changes of fortune, might probably befall us. While we were thus divided between fear and hope, and possessed with a longing for our native country, it is hard to imagine how much we were troubled."—*Baumgarten*.

* Marvellous sounds, of supernatural reports, still haunt the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai. One of the most romantic of these legends is that of the disappearance of a convent, situated to the west of the peninsula, between the Sinaitic mountains and the Gulf of Suez, which no one in these modern times, says Heydenbach, has ever been able to discover, though the music of its bells may be heard daily on the breeze at the canonical hours. Some Arabs declared they had been within it, but that the moment they recrossed the threshold they lost sight of it.

This idea probably arose from the natural phenomenon of Gebel Narkous, or the Mountain of the Bell, on the coast north of Tor; a legend of "a bodiless hand ringing a bell" is attached to it by Sir Frederick Henniker. Burckhardt says that the Bedouins believe the sounds to proceed from a convent buried in the sand.

NOTE 18, PAGE 197.

This would have been no drawback in the estimate of the Persian poet :—"Le Mont Sinai est la plus petite des montagnes : mais elle est en très-grande consideration auprès de Dieu par sa dignité, et par le rang qu'elle tient par dessus les autres montagnes."—*Saadi, Gulistan, ap. D'Herbelot.*

NOTE 19, PAGE 202.

"Recepte singuliere pour apprester la chair à gents qui vont en voyage lointaing :—

"Nous chargeasmes aussi un chameau de chair preparée pour le voyage, ainsi qu'ils s'ensuit. L'on tua grand nombre de moutons, qu'on fit bouillir debachez en pieces. En apres l'on separa la chair des os, qu'on tailla à petits morceaux, gros comme le bout du poulce, puis fut boullue en de la grease jusques à la consommation de la humidité qui estoit dedens, avec des oignons cuicts. Cela faict, fut salée, epicée, puis mise en barils. Ceste viande est bonne à garder long-temps. Car encore qu'on l'ait portée quinze journées, en la rechauffant, et y adjoustant un oignon, il semble que ce soit une fricassée fraichement faite du jour mesme, qui nous sembla fort bonne viande estants es deserts."—*Belon, Observations, &c., c. 53, fol. 214, verso.*

NOTE 20, PAGE 204.

—————"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes or beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

Comus.

Milton, as has been well remarked by Warton, probably borrowed this idea from the popular narrative of Marco Polo :—speaking of the "hungry desert" (as it is called) of the Mongols, he says,—"it is asserted as a well-known fact, that this desert is the abode of many evil spirits, which amuse travellers to their destruction with most extraordinary illusions. If, during the day-time, any persons remain behind on the road, until the caravan has passed a hill and is no longer in sight, they unexpectedly hear themselves called to by their names, and in a tone of voice to which they are accustomed. Supposing the call to proceed from their companions, they are led away by it from the direct road, and, not knowing in what direction to advance, are left to perish. In the night-time they are persuaded they hear the march of a large cavalcade on one side or other of the road, and, concluding the noise to be that of the footsteps of their party, they direct theirs to the quarter from whence it seems to proceed; but upon the breaking of day, find they have been misled, and drawn into a situation of danger. Sometimes, likewise, during the day, these spirits assume the appearance of

their travelling companions, who address them by name and endeavour to conduct them out of the proper road. It is said, also, that some persons, in their course across the desert, have seen what appeared to them to be a body of armed men advancing towards them, and, apprehensive of being attacked and plundered, have taken to flight. Losing by this means the right path, and ignorant of the direction they should take to regain it, they have perished miserably of hunger. Marvellous, indeed, and almost passing belief are the stories related of these spirits of the desert, which are said at times to fill the air with the sounds of all kinds of musical instruments, and also of drums and the clash of arms; obliging the travellers to close their line of march, and to proceed in more compact order."—*Book i, c. 35, p. 159, Marsden's Edition.*

It will be seen, from the following passage of Vincent le Blanc, that a similar belief prevails in the Arabian desert; the Bedouins are always uneasy if the traveller loiters at a distance from his caravan:—

"From thence" (the Dead Sea) "we took our way through the open desert, marching in rank and file. Upon our march, we were from hand to hand advertised that some one of our company was missing, that strayed from the rest; 'twas the companion of an Arabian merchant, very sad for the loss of his friend: part of the caravan made a halt, and four Moors were sent in quest of him, and a reward of a hundred ducats was in hand paid them, but they brought back no tidings of him; and 'tis uncertain whether he was swallowed up in the sands, or whether he met his death by any other misfortune, as it often happens, by the relation of a merchant then in our company, who told us that, two years before, traversing the same journey, a camarade of his, going a little aside from the company, saw three men, who called him by his name, and one of them, to his thinking, favoured very much his companion, and as he was about to follow them, his real companion calling him to come back to his company, he found himself deceived by the others, and thus was saved. And all travellers in these parts hold that in the deserts there are many such phantasms and goblins seen, that strive to seduce the travellers, and cause them to perish with hunger and despair."—*World Surveyed, p. 11.*

Many of these superstitions have probably arisen from those optical phenomena common in the desert; others, doubtless, from the excited, and, as it were, spiritualized tone the imagination generally assumes in scenes presenting so little sympathy with the ordinary feelings of humanity. As an instance of this power of fancy, I may mention that, when crossing Wady Araba, in momentary expectation of encountering the Jehaleens, Mr. Ramsay, a man of remarkably strong sight, and by no means disposed to superstitious credulity, distinctly saw a party of horse moving among the sand-hills; and, though we met none, and afterwards learnt that the enemy had already passed up the valley, I do not believe he was ever able to divest himself of the impression.

NOTE 21, PAGE 206.

The Gherashi, or Korashy, originally from the Hedjaz, are a branch of the illustrious tribe of Koreish, from whom Mahomet sprung. He was very

kind to the monks of Sinai, and Pietro della Valle records a tradition that he was once the camel-driver of the Convent.

NOTE 22, PAGE 208.—Nouebe.

“The narrow plain, which rises here from the sea to the mountain, is covered with sand and loose stones. Ayd told me that in summer, when the wind is strong, a hollow sound is sometimes heard here, as if coming from the upper country. The Arabs say that the spirit of Moses then descends from Mount Sinai, and, in flying across the sea, bids farewell to his beloved mountains.”—*Burckhardt's Travels in Syria*, p. 517.

NOTE 23, PAGE 208.

Procopius, like ourselves, restricts the appellation Red Sea to the gulf within the straits of Babelmandel, distinguishing the Elanitic arm, or gulf of Akaba, as the Sinus Arabicus, called so, he says, “because the region between Aila and the territory of Gaza was formerly named Arabia, the king of the Arabs in elder times holding his court in the city Petra.”—*De bello Persico*, lib. i, cap. 19.—*Script. Byzant.*, t. i, p. 262, edit. Ven.

NOTE 24, PAGE 217.

“There sit they chatting most of the day, and sippe of a drinke called Coffa, (of the berry that it is made of,) in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it: blacke as soote, and tasting not much unlike it—why not that black broth which was in use amongst the Lacedemonians?”—*Sandys' Travels*, p. 66.

NOTE 25, PAGE 220.

The Mons *As Scharat* of Abulfeda,* or Mount Seir of Scripture, is, I conceive, the Μελανή ορη, or Black Mountains, of Ptolomy, who extends them from the promontory of Phara, now Ras Mohammed, to Judea.† The word *Seir* or *Sihor*, black, was used for the Nile in Hebrew.‡

“The Arabian Gulf,” Sir Gardner Wilkinson informs us, was “called by the Egyptians the Sea of Shari,”—may not the Shorii or Shari of Beit-Wel-lee be the inhabitants of Mount Seir?

In his *Annales Muslemici*, Abulfeda extends the appellation Schora to the district S.W. of Kerek el Shobek; the whole passage is interesting in a geographical point of view:—“Homaima oppidum est in Schora, tractu Syriæ; quod oppidum a Schaubeo diurno itinere minus abest, sic ut eam

* Tabula Syriæ, p. 13.

† Brocardus, in the thirteenth century, says there are two Mount Seirs, that to which the name is now restricted, and Pharan.—See his “*Terræ Sanctæ exactissima Descriptio*,” in the sixth volume of Ugolini's *Thesaurus*.

‡ “The form esh-Sherah,” says Dr. Robinson, “has no relation to the Hebrew *Seir*, the ancient name of this district. The Hebrew word means ‘hairy,’ and is written with ‘Ain, which never falls away; while the Arabic name signifies ‘a tract, region.’” It can only, therefore, be by coincidence—and yet is a very singular one—that the terms Μελανή ορη and *Seir* should correspond so exactly in meaning. [1847.]

later et Vadi-Musa medium situm sit, et versus Schanbeca meridieum occidentalem spectet. Tota vero illa planicies, quæ a Schanbec inde in meridiem et occidentem porrigitur, Schora appellatur."—Vol. i, p. 477.

NOTE 26, PAGE 224.—Wady Mousa.

" Cette contrée était entièrement plantée d'oliviers féconds, qui formaient une épaisse forêt et couvraient de leur ombre toute la surface de la terre; leur produit servait aux habitans du pays, comme il avait servi à leurs ancêtres, à se procurer toutes les choses nécessaires à la vie; cette ressource enlevée, ils devaient se trouver dépourvus de tout moyen de subsistance," &c.—See William of Tyre's *Histoire des Croisades*, livre 16; tom. 2, p. 458.—(Guizot's *Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France*.)

He places Wady Mousa in the third Arabia, or Syria de Sohal, commonly called Terra de Montreal; Petra was in those days mistaken for Carac, or Kerek, the Mons Regalis of Godfrey: see livre 22, t. 3, p. 450.

Brocardus de Monte Sion, who confounds the fort retaken by Baldwin with that of Kerek, calls it, however, 'Castrum Mozara,'—a corruption, apparently, of 'Wady Mousa,' yet a most felicitous one, if, as Colonel Leake remarks in the Introduction to Burckhardt's *Travels in Syria*, "Mousa is perhaps an Arabic corruption of Mosera, where Aaron died."

Bakoui, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, speaks of "beaucoup d'oliviers," in Oadi Mousa.

NOTE 27, PAGE 226.—Petra.

From Bostra and Petra—the northern and southern capitals of Arabia Provincia—having begun to compute their years from the date of their subjection to Rome, it is probable that the architectural magnificence of both cities is to be ascribed to Trajan, who reduced the country in the seventh or eighth year of his reign. Du Cange remarked this 160 years ago—long before Petra had been recognised in Wady Mousa.—See his notes to the *Chronicon Paschale*, *Script. Byz.* tom. v, p. 458.

But the importance of Petra, as the central point of commerce, "to which all the Arabians tended from the three sides of their vast peninsula," and from which "the trade seems to have been again branched out in every direction to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, through Arsinoë, Gaza, Tyre, Jerusalem, Damascus, and a variety of subordinate routes that all terminated on the Mediterranean,"—dates from the most remote antiquity.—*Vincent's Periplus*.

The Al Rakim of Abulfeda, with its "houses cut in the live rock," is rightly identified by Schultens with the *Απερσμη* of Josephus, and Petra of the desert. The word 'Rekem,' however, which occurs in Numbers, xxxi. 8, and in Joshua, xiii. 21, is not the name of the city, as Bochart and Vincent suppose, but that of one of the five Midianite kings subdued by Moses, and tributary, it would appear from a comparison of the passages, to Sihon king of the Amorites.

Bekem, according to Calmet, signifies, in Hebrew, "painting or embroidery of several colours or shades;" may not this refer to the rainbow-like tints of the rocks at Petra? *

The original inhabitants of Petra—or Hagiār, as many of the Arab writers call it—and to whom her magnificent excavations are attributed by tradition, were the Beni Thamoud,† descended from a prince of that name, nephew of Arphaxad; they were cut off, in consequence of their impiety, by a judgment of God similar to that which exterminated the children of Aad. These two tribes, of gigantic stature, and of race distinct from the three great houses of Yoktan, Ishmael, and Esau, figure in the Arabian history much as the Titans and Giants do in the Grecian. For the destruction of the Aadites, see the first book of *Thalaba*; that of the Thamudites is related as follows in the seventh chapter of the *Koran*:—"And unto the tribe of Thamud we sent their brother Saleh. He said, 'O my people, worship God: ye have no God besides him. Now hath a manifest proof come unto you from your Lord. This she-camel of God‡ is a sign unto you; therefore dismiss her freely, that she may feed in God's earth: and do her no hurt, lest a painful punishment seize you. And call to mind how he hath appointed you successors unto the tribe of Ad, and hath given you a habitation on earth; ye build yourselves castles on the plain thereof, and cut out the mountains into houses. Remember, therefore, the benefits of God, and commit not violence in the earth, acting corruptly.' The chiefs among his people, who were puffed up with pride, said unto those who were esteemed weak, namely unto those who believed among them, 'Do ye know that Saleh hath been sent from his Lord?' They answered, 'We do surely believe in that wherewith he hath been sent.' Those who were elated with pride replied, 'Verily we believe not in that wherein ye believe.' And they cut off the feet of the camel, and insolently transgressed the command of their Lord, and said, 'O Saleh, cause that to come upon us, with which thou hast threatened us, if thou art one of those who have been sent by God.' Whereupon a terrible noise from heaven assailed them; and in the morning they were found in their dwellings prostrate on their breasts, and dead. And Saleh departed from them, and said, 'O my people, now have I delivered unto you the message of my Lord; and I advised you well, but ye love not those who advise you well.'"—A fuller version of this story (expanded till the sublime is utterly lost in the ridiculous) will be found in D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, on the authority of a paraphrast on the *Koran*.

Mahomet himself halted at Hagiār on his expedition to Tabuc,§ in the

* Baldensel describes the desert between Palestine and Mount Sinai as inhabited by an "infinita multitudo Arabum, qui dicuntur alio nomine Ridilbim:" a name which reminded Canisius of Thevet's assertion that Arabia Petrea "is called by the Arabs in their patois, Rahhal Albaga." Sandys says that Petra is called by the Arabs Rathalalah. Ptolemy, in his description of Arabia Petrea, places the Raitheni *παρα την ορεσιν της ευδαιμονος Αραβιας*.

† They settled there after their expulsion from Yemen by the Hamyarites.

‡ Produced miraculously out of a rock by Saleh, the proof of his divine mission.

§ "Ad litus maris Rubri jacet urbs Madian, major quam Tabuc: et in ipsa extat puteus, ē quo Moses, cui pax, adaquavit gregem Scioab. Ab urbe Madian ad Ayla

ninth year of the Hegira. The army, says Abulfeda, suffered much on the road from heat and thirst; "præsertim quum Propheta illos, ad Hagrum, antiquam Tamuditarum sedem hærentes, vetaret aquas illas haurire, et haustas juberet effundere, et crustula, si quæ illa ex aquâ coxissent, camelis escam obijcere."—*Annales Muslemici*, t. i, p. 173.

The fullest Arab description of Petra is that given by Edrisi, in the twelfth century.—"At vero Hagiar distat à Vadi Aliqora, * stat. 1; estque arx pulchrè sita inter montes, in quibus commorabatur familia Thomud; santque in illis domus excisæ in petrâ; atque hi montes vocantur ab habitatoribus Hagiar et earum partium, Alathaleb. (Id est, saxa. *Marg.*) Isti verò montes, quamvis aspicienti à longe videantur conjuncti, tamen eùm is, qui illuc pergit, accedit ad ipsos, et in medio eorum se constituit, deprehendit singulas partes per se existere, ita ut unaquæque ambiri possit, neque una alteram tangat, aut una cum alterâ commisceatur; et est ibi modò pateus Thomud. Circumdant Hagiar undique montes et arenæ, quorum cacumina nemo valet sine maximo labore ac difficultate conscendere."—*Geogr. Nub.* p. 110.

[I have retained the foregoing paragraphs, as the authorities adduced are interesting—but Dr. Robinson denies the identity of Hagiar (or Hijr) and Rekem with Petra, and apparently on sound considerations. See the 'Biblical Researches,' vol. ii, p. 653.—1847.]

For a most interesting commentary on the history of Petra, I need hardly refer to a book so well known and so universally valued as Dr. Keith's *Evidence of Prophecy*.

NOTE 28, PAGE 237.

Both Mandeville and Baldensel mention Beersheba, having crossed the desert direct from Mount Sinai to Hebron—a journey of thirteen days. "That town of Bersabee, founded," says Sir John, "by Bersabee, the wif of Sire Urye the knight," "was wont to ben a fulle faire town and a delytable of Christien men; and yet there ben some of their churches."—*Voyage*, p. 79. Baldensel uses nearly the same words,—"quondam fuit villa competens; pulchras habuit ecclesias, quarum adhuc aliquæ perleverant; pulcher valdè locus est; et delectabilis atque sanus."—*Ap. Canisii Lectiones Ant.*, tom. iv, p. 345.

Breydenbach mentions "the city of Abraham" ("oppidum Sancti Abrahe dictum") as lying to the left of his road from Hebron to Gaza.† A

habetur intervallum quinque stationum A Madian ad Tabuc, per mediterraneum, orientem versús, insunt stationes sex. Estque sita urbs Tabuc inter Hagiar et initium Damasci (initium autem Damasci, quod est in mediâ ferè viâ quæ ducit Damascum, distat ab ipsâ stationibus quatuor) habetque intrâ se arcem pulcherrimam: et scatebra aquæ potum civibus suppeditat; suntque in eâ palmæ permultæ. Dicuntur autem incolæ Aichæ, ad quos Deus destinavit Scioaib, fuisse tunc in ipsâ. Cæterùm Scioaib erat ex Madian. At verò Hagiar, &c.," as quoted in the text.—*Geogr. Nub.*, p. 109.

* Aliqora, the Alcoura of other Arab geographers, (not to be confounded with the El Coura, or plain of Moab,) is the El Ghor, or the valley of the Jordan.

† Elsewhere, he says, that "Bersabee, now called Gallyn, is four leagues distant from Gaza, and, like Gaza, more than a day's journey from Hebron."

noted hospital was maintained there by the Saracens, who supplied all, without distinction of sect or nation, that asked their charity, with bread, oil, and broth. Every day, he says, 1200 loaves were baked for the poor, and the annual expenditure of the establishment amounted to 24,000 ducats.*

This accurate and pleasing traveller crossed the desert from Gaza to Sinai by a route undescribed—so far as I am aware—by any other writer, and which I here subjoin abridged from his ‘Itinerary.’†

“Aug. 24, 1483. Quitted Jerusalem at vespers, and slept at Bethlehem, where we remained two days.

“Aug. 27.—To Hebron.

“Aug. 28. Starting before light, travelled the whole day till after sunset, when we found shelter in a large solitary house. Here the mountains end, and a tolerably fruitful and pleasant plain begins. Passed on the road a castle named after Saint Samuel, to the left of which is the city of Abraham, &c. &c. •

“Aug. 29. Reached Gazera (Gaza) a little after noon. Passed many cisterns to-day; the Saracens draw up the water with great exertion, and offer it to pilgrims for the love of God.

“We were detained several days at Gaza, a city twice as large and of twice the circumference of Jerusalem, but inferior to it in the structure of its edifices.

“Sept. 10. Quitting Gaza, slept at Lebhem, a village a mile distant, where a large, deep, but dry well is shown as the night’s resting-place of the Virgin and her son on their flight into Egypt. We now entered the great Southern desert.

“Sept. 11. Across a gravelly plain—horizon unbounded, except to the West by the Great Sea—and encamped on a spot called in Arabic Cawatha, and in Latin Cades.

“It was on this day that we came to the real desert, where man never dwelt, nor the son of man abode: a land that you can neither plough nor sow—no city, village, or hamlet—not a house—not a cottage visible as you proceed—no fields, no vineyards, no gardens or trees of any description, but a land scorched, burnt up, by the heat of the sun, utterly sterile and unfruitful—abundant only in torrents, hills, and mountains, which bear the stamp of horror and the image of death. We often saw vast clouds rising over the desert like smoke, but soon found them to consist merely of dust and the finest sand, caught up by the wind. These sands are always shift-

* That “he acted as his father had done in keeping up the establishments for guests, in protecting the timid and the helpless, and in clothing the widowed and the naked,” is the commendation of Khaled in the romance of “Antar.”

† When this work was last published, I had not been able to procure Tucher’s rare Itinerary, printed in 1482; and since obtaining it, I find that Dr. Robinson has given an abridgment of his route from Gaza to Sinai, by a more easterly track than Breydenbach’s. “He appears,” observes Dr. Robinson, “to have crossed the Tih by the pass el-Mureikhy, which he calls *Roackie*. He gives the following names:—Sept. 22. *Mackati*, wady.—33. *Nockra*, wady.—26. *Lodra*, wady.—27. *Schilludy*, mountain. 28. *Toriko*.—30. *Vintheine*, wady. Oct. 1. *Roackie*, pass, [el-Mureikhy.]—2. *Malchalack*, wady.”—*Biblical Researches*, vol. i. p. 564. [1847.]

ing; where to-day the path is clear, to-morrow you will find a little mountain in its place. Thus slowly step by step advancing, we reached, on

"Sept. 12, a place called Gayan, where we pitched our tents in the dry bed of a torrent.

"On the 13th, came to a great torrent-bed in the mountains, called Wadalar,* where we saw quantities of colocintida.

"On the 14th, entered a solitude, still more desolate than that we crossed yesterday and the day before—no men, cattle, or birds (except ostriches) to be seen: thence—between lofty and sterile mountains, 'non nisi limpidissimis et abruptissimis petris coagulata,' and named, from their ruggedness, Gebel Helel†—to a sandy spot called Magare.

"On the morrow, crossing another very rugged desert, and much colder than usual in the East, halted in a flat chalky spot, Mynscheue.‡

"On the 16th, through another broad and rugged district, (said to extend for two months' journey eastward, and thought by some to be part of the Torrid Zone, and to be prolonged as far as Paradise,) to Alherock.

"Sept. 17th, to Mesmar, at the foot of a lofty mountain, (apparently artificial,) named Caleb.

"Sept. 18, the ground covered with depositions of salt—halted in the dry bed of a torrent.§

"Sept. 19, reached those mountains from which you get the first sight of Horeb and Sinai, still four days distant, to the left, and on the right the Red Sea. The road here so rocky and precipitous that we were obliged to dismount and go on foot.|| Rested in some caves near a place called Ramathym. No water, trees, or shrubs.

"Sept. 20th, rising with the dawn, entered rugged mountains of mingled red and black, shining in the sun as if anointed with oil; the air quite perfumed with the blossoms of the Spina-Christi tree. Here we saw a beast larger than a camel, which our guides told us was an unicorn.¶ Towards evening, halted at Scholie.

"Henceforth, in all our difficulties and fatigues, we had this constant consolation, that the star called St. Catherine's, brighter than any of the other constellations, rose every night after twelve in the South, and hovering over Mount Sinai till the morning, pointed out our way.**

"At sunset on the 21st, we encamped in Abulherock, a great plain shut

* "Wady el-'Arish," suggests Dr. Robinson, who has given Breydenbach's route in the Notes to his "Biblical Researches," vol. i, p. 564. [1847.]

† Jebel Helal.—Robinson. [1847.]

‡ "Hachssene el Hasana," according to Dr. Robinson, is mentioned on the 15th September, before arriving at Mynscheue, by Fabri, a companion of Breydenbach on this route. [1847.]

§ Named Meschmar, by Fabri. [1847.]

|| "Sept. 19, the pass of Rackami, 'er-Rakineh.'"—Robinson. [1847.]

¶ A wood-cut representing the unicorn, crocodile, salamander, capre de Indes, giraffe, camel, and a baboon (with the legend, "non constat de nomine,") holding it by the bridle, will be found on the verso of Breydenbach's map of Syria. The wood engravings in this work are extremely curious, and often very spirited, and were executed, as we learn incidentally in the text, from the drawings of "Erhardus Rewich de Trajecto Inferiori, pictor ille artificiosus et subtilis . . . qui omnia loca in hoc opere depicta docta manu effigiavit."

** So too Hans Tucher, 4th October, 1479, in the journal of his pilgrimage, printed in 1482. [1847.]

in on every side by lofty mountains, and in which Moses is said to have kept the flock of Jethro; a hollow in the rock, commanding a view of the whole plain, was shown to us as the place where he sat and slept.

“On the 22nd, getting up very early in the morning, we entered the inner wilds of the desert by a narrow pass which led us into a large sandy plain—”

—the El Baha of modern travellers, which Breydenbach and his companions entered from Wady Sheikh—and here I leave them.

NOTE 29, PAGE 238.

Yet the ancient name is not forgotten—Abulfeda calls it Beit Chabrun.

Breydenbach describes Old Hebron as “*hodie omnino destructa; et sunt ruine ejus magne valde, et videtur fuisse satis gloriosa.*” Four bow-shots to the S. E. was New Hebron, built on and around the sepulchral cave of the patriarchs.

NOTE 30, PAGE 240.

The old pilgrims delight to dwell on the etymologies of Bethlehem and Nazareth:—

“Bethlehem, which is, being interpreted, the House of Bread. Nor is it called so without good cause, for the fruit of life sprung there from the flower of Nazareth—the son, namely, of the living God, Christ Jesus—the bread of angels and the life of the whole world.”—*Johannis Wirzburgensis Descriptio Terre Sanctæ, seculo 13. ap. Pezii Thesaur., t. i, part 3, p. 490.*

“Nazareth is als moche as to seye, Flour of the Gardyn; and be gode skylle may it ben clept Flour, for there was noisicht the Flour of Lif, that was Crist Jesu.”—*Voiage &c., of Sir John Maundevile, p. 136.*

NOTE 31, PAGE 247.—The Ghor.

The following description of the Ghor is given by Jehn of Wirzberg, in the thirteenth century:—“*A montibus Gelboe usque ad lacum Asphaltitis, vallis est illa, per quam habitur Jordanis; et hæc vallis vocatur, ut diximus, prægrandis seu campestris, quæ ex utrâque parte vallatur continuis montibus à Libano usque ad desertum Pharan.*”—*Descriptio Terre Sanctæ, c. 5, ap. Pezii Thes. t. i, p. 3, p. 505.*

Similarly Ebn Haukul:—“The district of Gheur . . . commences at the borders of Arden” (the country of the Jordan); “when it passes them, it extends to the boundary of Palestine, and in like manner reaches to Aileh.”—*Oriental Geography of Ebn Haukul, translated by Sir W. Ouseley, p. 41*: or, as quoted by Abulfeda—“*Incipit al Ghaur a mari Gennesareth, unde protenditur ad Baisanam, hinc ad Zoaram et Jerichuntem usque ad Mare Mortuum, hinc ad Ailam.*”—*Tabula Syriæ, p. 9.*

[Since this work was published, it has been ascertained that a line of cliffs, forming a watershed, from which the waters flow respectively North and South into the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akaba, crosses the Ghor to the N. of a place named es-Zuweirah.—This of course disproves the hypo-

thesis, that the Jordan discharged itself into the Gulf of Akaba previous to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The name of the Ghor is now restricted to that portion of this immense valley which lies to the North of the line of cliffs above mentioned; all to the South of it is the Araba.— This, on the other hand, (Araba,) is the precise name given by the writers of the Old Testament to the whole of the valley from the Sea of Tiberias to the gulf now called of Akaba. See Dr. Robinson's 'B. Researches,' vol. ii, pp. 258, 490, 599.—1847.]

NOTE 32, PAGE 249.

It would be difficult to read, without a smile, the following comparative estimate of distances, in the environs of Jerusalem and London :—

"Now concerning how the country about Jerusalem lyeth, for your more ease and perfect understanding, I will familiarly compare their several places with some of our native English towns and villages, according to such true estimation as I heare made of them.

"The river Jordan (the very nearest part thereof) is from Jerusalem as Epping is from London.

"Jericho, the nearest part of the plaine thereof, is from Jerusalem as Lowton Hall, Sir Robert Wrath's house, is from London.

"The lake of Sodom and Gomorrha is from Jerusalem as Gravesend is from London.

"The fields where the angels brought tidings unto the shepherds, lye from Jerusalem as Greenwich doth from London.

"Mount Olivet lyeth from Jerusalem as Bow from London.

"Bethania is from Jerusalem as Blackwall is from London.

"Bethphage is from Jerusalem as Mile End is from London.

"The valley Gethsemane is from Jerusalem as Ratcliffe fields lye from London.

"Brooke Cedron is from Jerusalem as the ditch without Aldgate is from London," &c.

The distances of Bethlehem, Beersheba, Gaza, Joppa, Samaria, and Nazareth, from Jerusalem, are similarly estimated by those of Wandsworth, Alton, Salisbury, Aylesbury, Royston, and Norwich, from London.

See the "*True and Strange Discourse of the Travailes of two English Pilgrimes, etc., written by Henry Timberlake, on the behalfe of himselfe and his fellow pilgrime, (1601.)*" 4to, 1620.

NOTE 33, PAGE 249.—Burckhardt.

The rough unfinished state in which his journals were left is against it—and their scrupulous minuteness; yet there are many most touching passages scattered through them.

I cannot refrain from transcribing Mr. Legh's account of his interview with Burckhardt in Nubia. Two Arabs had hailed that gentleman from the shore—he demanded what they wanted—"To our great astonishment, we were answered in English, and immediately recognised the voice of our

friend Sheikh Ibrahim, whom we had left at Siout in Upper Egypt, extremely well dressed after the Turkish fashion, and in good health and condition. He had now all the exterior of a common Arab, was very thin, and upon the whole his appearance was miserable enough. He told us he had been living for many days with the Sheikhs of the villages through which he had passed, on lentils, bread, salt, and water, and, when he came on board, *could not contain his joy at the prospect of being regaled with animal food.**

No one, observes this intelligent traveller, was ever better fitted for such undertakings as Burckhardt was employed upon—"his enterprise, his various attainments in almost every living language, and his talent for observation, are above all praise."

NOTE 34, PAGE 263.—Sea of Galilee.

"Au milieu du Lac est un rocher creusé, dans lequel on croit qu'est le tombeau de Salomon. Le philosophe Lokman a été enterré à Thiberiade."†
—*Bakoui*.

Motanebbi ‡ has inserted a beautiful compliment to this lovely lake in a poem addressed to his benefactor Ali ben Ibrahim, and inserted, for that reason, by Koehler in the Appendix to Abulfeda's Syria:—

"Save for thee, son of Ibrahim! I would not quit the Lake of Tabaria, while the Ghor is warm, and its wave cold.

"The water-birds float on its billows, like the riders of black horses without bridles.

"When the winds lash it—you would think you saw two armies, one in flight, the other in pursuit.

"The moon sheds her radiance on the Lake, but black groves girdle it round.

"It is soft to the touch, like a body—yet without bones; it rejoices in its finny daughters, yet never knew the pains of a mother.

"The birds warble on its banks; copious showers irrigate its gardens.

"It flashes like to a round mirror when the veil that hides it is withdrawn.

"Yet this is to its shame—that it is notorious over the whole earth, what vile and cowardly inhabitants defile its territory."

* But this is nothing to what he underwent on his journey through Arabia Petrea; see his *Travels in Syria*, p. 438.

† The author of the *Tarikh Montekheb*, however, says that the tomb of Lokman was in his time (the fourteenth century) to be seen at Ramlah.

‡ This illustrious poet was born at Cufa in the 303rd year of the Hegira, and, after a wandering unsettled life, courted wherever he went, yet rendered miserable by his overweening vanity, was slain by robbers near Bagdad, in 354—A.D. 965.—See *D'Herbelot*, v. 3, p. 737. Seif Addaulet, the Sultan of Aleppo, appears to have been his chief patron; the court of that monarch, says Carlyle, "was the most polished in the East; the Sultan and his brothers were all eminent for poetical talents, and whoever excelled, either in literature or science, was sure of obtaining their patronage; so that, at a time when not only Europe, but great part of Asia was sunk in the profoundest ignorance, the Sultan of Aleppo could boast of such an assemblage of genius at his court as few sovereigns have ever been able to bring together."—*Springs of Arabian Poetry, &c.*, p. 97.

Had this poem been written in the middle of the sixteenth instead of that of the tenth century, the satirical allusion at the close might have been explained, in accordance with the prejudices of the age, by the following passage from Belon:—"Les villages sont maintenant habités des Juifs, qui ont nouvellement basti en tous lieux au tour du lac, et pour y avoir inventé des pescherias, l'ont rendu peuplé qui estoit auparavant desert."—*Observations*, &c. c. 20, p. 263.

NOTE 35, PAGE 265.—Bethsaida.

The ruined Khan near the shore, called Khan Mennye, must be the one referred to by Seetzen under the name Beit-Zeide, which he passed soon after crossing the Jordan, on his road from Damascus to Tabaria. See his "Brief account of the Countries adjoining the Lake of Tiberias," &c. p. 20.—The Beitsida, discovered by Pococke, was two miles west of the Lake.

[Dr. Robinson thinks that the places mentioned to Pococke and others, as Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, &c., were responsive to leading questions on the part of the travellers, and are therefore not to be depended upon. "The very names of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin, have," he says, "perished."—*B. Researches*, vol. iii, p. 295. —1847.]

Most of the old pilgrims record a belief which once prevailed, grounded on our Saviour's denunciation against Chorazin, that it was to be the birth-place of Antichrist.

NOTE 36, PAGE 277.—King Baldwin's Expedition against Jerash.

William of Tyre notices this Expedition as follows, in the twelfth book of his History:—

"L'année suivante, (1122,) Doldequin (Toghtaghin), perfide et impie roi de Damas, conclut un traité avec le prince des Arabes, et prit à son service ses chevaliers. Voyant notre roi fort occupé des affaires des deux pays qu'il avoit à gouverner, et accablé de sollicitudes qui semblaient dépasser ses forces, Doldequin envoya ses légions dans les environs de Tibériade, et fit ravager toute cette contrée. Le roi, en ayant été informé, rassembla aussitôt ses chevaliers dans tout son royaume, et lui-même, selon sa coutume, partit en toute hâte pour Tibériade. Doldequin, instruit de sa prochaine arrivée, jugeant bien qu'il lui serait impossible de poursuivre son entreprise avec succès, et n'osant se mesurer avec son ennemi, se retira dans l'intérieur de ses états. Le roi dirigea sa marche vers le midi avec ses bataillons, et arriva à Gérasa. Cette ville, située dans la tribu de Manasse, à quelques milles du Jourdain, et tout près du mont Galaad, était autrefois l'une des plus nobles cités de la province dite Decapolis. Une portion de la ville avoit été abandonnée depuis long-temps, dans la crainte des invasions ennemies; il en restait encore la partie la mieux fortifiée, dans laquelle Doldequin avoit fait élever l'année précédente une citadelle construite à grand frais et bâtie en grandes pierres carrées. Le roi assiégea le fort avec la plus grande vigueur aussitôt qu'il y fut arrivé: quarante soldats, qui y avoient été laissés pour le défendre furent forcés de le livrer, à condition

qu'il leur ~~s~~ait permis de se retirer sains et saufs dans leur pays. Alors le roi mit en délibération dans son conseil s'il vaudroit mieux raser le fort, ou le conserver aux Chrétiens. On reconnut enfin que ceux-ci ne pourraient jamais s'y maintenir sans de grandes dépenses et des fatigues continuelles, et sans se voir constamment en péril, exposés aux attaques de tous les Massans, et l'on résolut en conséquence, à l'unanimité, de détruire la nouvelle forteresse."—*Hist. des Croisades*, tom. ii, p. 221.

None of the Arabian geographers appear to take the slightest notice of Jeraah.

NOTE 37, PAGE 282.—Ammon.

"Amman, urbs antiqua, quæ jam ante Islamismum destructa est. Sæpius ejus mentio fit in annalibus Israelitarum. Est vero jam ingens area ruderibus obrita. Sub illâ decurrit fluvius *az Zerka*, qui religiosorum e Syriâ Chegjazam petentium occurrit catervis. Urbs ad occidentem hujus rivi et ad Boream *Barkat Ziza* (s. *B. Zaira*) sita est ad mansionem fere inde. Est vero sub ditione *el Balke*. Supersunt rudera ejus ingentia. In agro ejus sunt terebinthi aliusque generis arbores. Cincta est undique arvis. Solum enim illud est purum et salubre. In *Ketab al Athwal Loth* dicitur ejus fundamenta jecisse. Secundum *al Lobab* est urbs *el Belkæ*."—*Abulfeda Tabula Syriæ*, p. 92.

Colonel Chesney, in 1830, visited "some ruins called Djezia," several hours to the South-East of Ammon, where "all he found was a large *birket*, or reservoir, measuring 120 paces in length by 90 broad."—(*Travels &c. of George Robinson, Esq.*, vol. ii, p. 179.) This is, probably, the Birket Ziza of Abulfeda.

NOTE 38, PAGE 285.—Assalt.

The castle of *as Szalt* was built, according to Abulfeda, by El Melek el Moadham, the captor of St. Louis, and the last of the direct line of Saladin. He was murdered by his Mamalukes, in 1250. Sheikh Dhaher, the celebrated predecessor of Djezzar in the pashalic of Acre, "almost wholly rebuilt it," says Burckhardt, "and resided here several years."

"The city," says Abulfeda, "is populous; a copious fountain, springing up at the foot of the mountain, runs down into it; there are many gardens, and great over the whole earth is the fame of its pomegranates."—*Tabula Syriæ*, p. 92.

NOTE 39, PAGE 289.—Ajeloon.

Abulfeda speaks of the castle of Ajeloon as *recently* built by Azzodin, (otherwise named Osamat, "qui fuit ex majoribus Emiris Sultani Salochod-dini,") to control the natives of Mount Aouf. It is strongly fortified, he says, and of great fame, and can be seen from Besan. The cultivated part of the mountain is remarkable for its trees and streams, and a soil of extreme fertility—I can attest the truth of this description.—*Tabula Syriæ* p. 13, and pp. 92-3.

NOTE 40, PAGE 293.

Apropos of ladies' costume : it may not be generally known that bussels and patches are both of Eastern origin. Patches were, according to Abulghazi Khan, a favourite ornament of the ladies of Tungoose Tartary, and D'Arvieux considers the fashion described as follows, and still of general prevalence among the Arab women, as an approximation to them :—"Elles se font faire de petits points noirs aux côtés de la bouche, du menton, et aux jones, qui leur tiennent lieu de mouches ; quand le nombre n'en est pas grand, cela leur est un agrément."—*Memoires, &c.*, tom. ii, p. 297. It was reserved for the ladies of England to invest patches with the dignity of party signals ; see the *Spectator*, Number 81.—Bussels are of Persian origin, being, as Dr. Nott observes in his Notes critical and explanatory on the Odes of Hafiz, "the *refaicht*, or that kind of bolster which the Persian ladies fixed to the under garment, and which was to produce a certain roundness which they thought becoming."

NOTE 41, PAGE 297.

Abulfeda mentions this road in his account of *Scharchhod*, or Salkhud :—"A plagâ ejus orientali porrecta est via regia ar *Raszif*,—i. e. aggeribus munita, in Irakam ferens. Tradunt itinera, huic qui insistat eum decem circiter diebus ad Bagdadum pervenire."

The whole district took the name of Strata from the road that passed through it.—See *Procopius de Bello Persico, Script. Byz.*, tom. i, p. 256, edit. Ven.

Almonzar, or as this writer styles him, Alamundarus, was singularly skilled in warfare, bold but prudent, and a most faithful adherent to the Persian interest. For fifty years he harassed the Romans, and brought them, so to speak, to their knees. They could not have had a more troublesome enemy. From the borders of Egypt to the banks of the Euphrates, like a bird of prey, he was constantly on the wing—plundering, killing, and carrying away captive the few he *did* spare in expectation of ransom. Had he lived longer, says the Byzantine, he would have depopulated the whole East.

To balance his power, Justinian invested Aretas, or Hareth, chief of the tribe of Gassan, and the natural enemy of Almonzar, with the superiority over all the tribes who acknowledged the Roman yoke.

The aspect of the same landscape, as viewed through variously tinted panes of the window, is not more different than that of human character as contemplated through the medium of friendship or enmity ; and yet, in both cases, the features remain unaltered, the tints only vary. One would scarcely suppose that, in the following character of Almonzar, the historian of Antar delineated the same moral landscape as the Byzantine Procopius :—

"Monzar was an intelligent man and very regular in administration of justice, and prudent in policy. For this reason Chosroe had appointed him king over the Arabs, and, when he was present in the palace of Chosroe, he

enjoyed superior dignities, and he was never styled but as king of the Arabs. And Chosroe used to treat him as a friend, and to eat and drink with him, and when they were busy in conversation Monzar used to describe to him the peculiarities of Mecca and the sacred shrine, and their glory over the Deelimites and the Persians, and used to recite to him the verses of the eloquent men. And Chosroe, in his impartiality, was pleased with him, and enjoyed his society, and loved to dignify him with presents of gold and silver; for the Chosroes of Persia were renowned for their love of justice and impartiality, and abhorred oppression and violence, ruling over mankind with impartiality and generosity."—*Antar*, v. 1, p. 227.

"O great and renowned monarch," said Antar, "be glorified! for no one can ever vaunt himself superior to thy glories. As to liberality, thy hand has grasped it all; as to rain, thy palm bestows it—and thy hand calms every woe. How many hast thou relieved from sorrow, whose pains vanish as soon as thy countenance appears! The armies of battle are thy drawn sword, and, wherever it moves against the foe, it vanquishes. May the glory it desires never fail it, and may the world ever be at thy command! May thy Lord ever grant thee every favour, and mayst thou avert and subdue all thy enemies! May the projects and efforts of man ever fail against thy enterprises, and may glory ever belong to the grasp of the hand and the fingers of King Monzar! He has attained every honour, every virtue, every excellence, every felicity, and universal liberality."—*Ibid.* p. 313.

And this was the man who, if we may believe Procopius, sacrificed to Venus a son of Aretas, whom he had surprised and taken prisoner!

Monzar's usual title in '*Antar*,' is "King of the Arabs, ruler of the tribes of Lakhm and Juzam." Monadherah, or Monzar, was the usual name of the Lakhmite kings of Hira, as Hareth or Aretas was that of the Gassanites of Syria. Both families came originally from Yemen, being descended, by different brothers, from Cahlan son of Saba, of the illustrious race of the Hamyarites.

The ancestors of the tribe of Gassan quitted Yemen after the deluge of Irem, and, arriving at Gassan, a well-watered and fertile district on the borders of Syria, drove out the Dhajaame Arabs who then occupied the spot, and established themselves in their stead. An Aretas is mentioned in the history of St. Paul, and the name is familiar to the reader of Josephus. Their descendants still reigned over the Syrian Arabs at the birth of Mahomet; most of them were Christians, and held their power under the Roman Emperors, as the Lakhmites held theirs under the Chosroes of Persia.* The last of their kings embraced Islamism under the Caliph Omar.

A descendant of this illustrious race—himself illustrious for his genius—is numbered among the literati of Spain, as a panegyrist of Saladin.—*D'Herbelot*.

* "At that time," says Asmaee, "Chosroes and Cæsar reigned over the whole earth, and the Euphrates divided them. The Emperor ruled over the countries of Europe and the Christian tribes, and Chosroe Nushirvan ruled over the Arabs and the Persians."—*Antar*, vol. i, p. 302.

Some, also, of the tribe of Lakhm, settled in the district of Diberis, the modern Elvira, near Granada.—*Casiri, Bibl. Arab. Hisp. Escorialensis*, t. ii, p. 252.

NOTE 42, PAGE 302.

I cannot trace the route of the army on the modern map of Syria, until it reaches Adrata, the modern Daara, or Edrei.

Ρωβ, according to Eusebius, quoted by Reland, was a town four miles distant from Scythopolis, or Bethsan. But this place, though it might have given its name (if then remembered) to the "terra de Roob," vaguely identified by Baldensel with Upper Galilee and Decapolis, has evidently no connexion with the 'valley of Reeb' of William of Tyre. Calmet gives us more assistance; "Syria of Rehob, or Rehob," says he, "was that part of Syria of which Rehob was the capital, near the northern frontier of the Land of Promise, (Numb. xiii. 21), on the pass that leads to Emath or Hamath. It was given to Asher, and lay contiguous to Apher, in Libanus. Josh. xix. 28—30; xxi. 13. Laish, situate at the fountains of Jordan, was in this country, *Judg.* i. 31."

The Medan is the name of the plain where one of the branches of the Jordan re-appears, after its subterraneous course from the lake Phiala; "Innumerable multitudes," says an old writer, "meet here at the beginning of summer, with goods of every description for sale." *Eugesippus de distantibus locorum Terræ Sanctæ*—compiled in 1150, ap. *Leon. Allatii Symmicta*, p. 109. The Saracens, says Breydenbach, from Aran, (Hauran,) Mesopotamia, Syria, Moab, Ammon, and all the east country, meet round the fountain Phiala, and, pitching their tents of divers colours, (beautiful to behold,) hold a fair there through the whole summer.—The former of these passages accords best with the words of the Archbishop of Tyre:—"La plaine que l'on appelle Medan, et où les Arabes et les autres peuples orientaux se réunissent tous les ans pour une foire considérable."

NOTE 43, PAGE 306.—Bozrah.

To the argument already alluded to in a note on Petra, Du Cange adds the positive testimony of a medal inscribed *Nova Trajana Bostra*, in proof of the architectural munificence of that Emperor having been extended to one, at least, of the sister capitals of Arabia Provincia.

William of Tyre writes the name Bussereth; the Assises de Jerusalem, Bethseret: De Saligniac, before 1525, Burseth,—the common pronunciation of the present day is Bussra.

Abulfeda describes the castle as "ædificatum ad instar arcis Damascenæ." He says nothing of the vines for which Bostra was formerly celebrated, but the dependent town of Salkhud he describes as abounding in them.—*Tabula Syriæ*, pp. 99, and 105.

"Cette ville, au rapport du geographe Persien, a un château tres-fort, une porte de la hauteur de vingt coudées, et un des plus grands bassins ou naves d'eau, qui soit dans tout le Levant."—*D'Herbelot*.

NOTE 44, PAGE 312.—Nedjraun.

The inscription runs as follows:—

Τον δε νεον οἱ τυμβον ανηρ ὀριςτος εδωκε
τιρωνος αρτιεπης νῆωνος φιλασολβιος τ.
ὃς ποθ' ἡγεμονος βενεφικαριος* καὶ ταθθνος
επλετο φοινικον δαλματιος αντα δομωιο
αυλης το προπαροιθε ενευδειν οἰψ απ' αλλων
ὀππαταν αι εθελησιν ὁμουου θανατοιω
οφρα νεκς τ' ανδρεσσιν αιει ζωοισιν εντη.

NOTE 45, PAGE 320.—Palmyra.

Palmyra was first made known to Europe by some English merchants in 1691; it had long been known to the Arabs under the ancient name Tadmor, which it still retains. Bakoui, at the close of the fourteenth century, describes it as “remplie de colonnes de marbre et de statues; on pense que ce sont des genies qui l'ont bâtie pour Salomon.” Abulfeda mentions briefly its ancient columns, palms, and olive-trees. Benjamin of Tudela, about 1160, says that two thousand Jews dwelt there, “valiant, and ready prepared for battle,”—“qui cum Christianis et Arabis qui imperio Noraldini parent bellum gerunt, et vicinis suis, sc. Ismaelitis, suppetias ferunt.” Abou Obeid, a writer cited by Schultens, and whose mention of both obelisks being erect at Heliopolis proves him to have lived before 1160, gives a short but interesting description of Palmyra, from which it would appear that the stone folding doors of the great gate of the temple-court were still existing, and in use, when he wrote his Geographical Lexicon. The whole passage is worth extracting:—“Tadmor,” says he, “substructionis est admirandæ, quippe quæ columnis albis marmoreis tota sustinetur ac suspenditur. Ejus incolæ dictitant jam ante Salomonem Davidis filium eam extitisse. Nunc degunt in arce quâdam ejusdem, quæ muro lapideo est septa, et cui porta est bipatentibus e lapide valvis prædita. Durant in eâ turres fastigatæ ad hoc usque tempus. Habent et fluvium qui palmas eorum hortosque rigat.”—*Bohadini Vita Saladini; Index Geogr. voce Tadmor.*

NOTE 46, PAGE 323.

This appears, from Mr. Wood's account, to have been a sepulchre; it has sadly fallen to ruin since his day.

NOTE 47, PAGE 326.

A Cufic inscription is painted on the right of the doorway, entering this tomb.

* Βενεφικιαλος (?)—“beneficialis, beneficiarius, apparitor, minister magistratus” *Gloss. Basil.* Βενεφικιαλος, ὁ στρατιωτικὸς ἐνὶ ὑπαρχείῳ τοῦ Μαγιστράτου τεταχμενός *Ducange, in voce.*

NOTE 48, PAGE 327.

"Nowhere could we discover in the face of the heavens more beauties, nor on the earth fewer, than in our night travels through the deserts of Arabia."—*Wood's Baalbec*, p. 15.

NOTE 49, PAGE 333.

Beret ani means "the second village,"—it *was* the second we came to after crossing Antilibanus. Yet the name might well remind us of home, for Mr. Farren informs me that *beret anic* would imply in Arabic, "the land of tin,"—tantamount to the Cassiterides of Herodotus; and he is inclined to think that the name *Νησοι Βρεταννικαι* is derived from it.

NOTE 50, PAGE 336.—Baalbec.

That the unfinished temple was dedicated to the great Gods of Heliopolis would appear from the votive inscriptions on two bases of the portico, (built into the eastern wall of the platform,) purporting that, for the welfare of Antoninus Pius and his mother Julia, the inscribers had been at the expense of preparing capitals for the columns, "dum erant in muro inluminata." Mr. Wood understands these as the names of Caracalla and his mother Julia Domna. I should rather suppose them to be those of Bassianus, commonly called Heliogabalus, as Priest of the Sun at Emesa, who assumed the name of Antoninus, and his mother, Julia Soæmias. What could be more natural than for the Syrian Heliogabalus to propose the completion of the great Temple of Heliopolis?

NOTE 51, PAGE 343.—Baalbec.

"Beyond the borders of Demesck," says Ebn Haukul, in the tenth century, "is Baalbec, situated on an eminence. Here are the gates of palaces, sculptured in marble, and lofty columns, also of marble; in the whole region of Syria there is not a more stupendous or considerable edifice than this."

The Temple of Baalbec was built, according to popular superstition, by Solomon, for the reception of Belkeis, Queen of Sheba; or, as others say, for that of his Egyptian bride, the daughter of Pharaoh. Asmodeus, the Asmugh div of the Persians, was the architect, if we may believe Benjamin of Tudela. The Sabian or Fire-worshippers, according to an Arab writer cited by Abulfeda, held it in high reverence as the work of their ancestors.

Baalbec is often mentioned in the chronicles of the crusaders, and is always identified by William of Tyre with Heliopolis. Warfare and earthquakes have both contributed to its present state of ruin.

Baumgarten visited Baldach, as he calls it, (the country of Baldach, the friend of Job,) in 1507, but his chief admiration was attracted by the huge stone that lies in the quarry near the town, "resembling for bigness a tower or a hill; ' near it, he says, stand "three pillars, not unlike those that are

to be seen in St. Mark's place in Venice,"—these have disappeared. "Not far from thence is the Castle Baldach; the rows of pillars are admirable, being stones of a huge bigness; the building is very high and stately, but all gone to ruin, yet even what is left shows there has been there something very great and noble."

Belon's account of Baalbec is very succinct; he mentions, however, the granite columns of the Sheikh's tomb, to the west of the town, which escaped the notice of most subsequent travellers:—"Approchants de Baalbec, trouvâmes un sepulchre en la campagne, soustenu de gros pilliers courts et ronds faits de la pierre Thebaigne, dont le faiste estoit une voute de grosses pierres dessus, qui se termine en poincte." Most of the inhabitants at that time were Jews.

André Thevet, who visited Palestine in 1551, and styles Belon "mon amy . . . et mon compaignon du pais de Levant," mentions having seen at "Baalbeth," "vingt-sept colonnes de diverses hauteurs, dont la moindre avoit pour le moins douze brasses de hauteur, et deux et demie de largeur. On m'a asseuré que depuis mon partement Sultan Solyman (mort depuis huict ans) a faict mener une partie de ces colonnes en Constantinople, comme il fait de mon temps plusieurs autres qui estoient en Egypte, pour orner et decorer sa mosquée, commencée du temps que j'y estois."—*Cosmographie Universelle, Paris, 1575, fol. 192 verso.*

We owe the first accurate account of Baalbec to Monconys, who visited it in 1647, and, with a more discerning eye than honest Maundrell, (whose fidelity deserves the praise of every one who has had the opportunity of verifying his descriptions,) immediately recognised the dependence of the two courts and the nine larger pillars on one unfinished design; announcing, moreover, the existence of the dedicatory inscription to the great Gods of Heliopolis, and of that in the gallery under the platform, imperfectly given by Maundrell. See his *Voyages, &c.*, pp. 347, sqq.—a curious medley of valuable and worthless information.

La Roque spent a fortnight at Baalbec, in 1688; his account is exaggerated, but furnishes many curious particulars. Maundrell's, in 1696, is meagre; Pococke's, in 1738, good; but all verbal descriptions have been superseded by Wood's folio, 1757, which leaves nothing to be desired on the subject of Baalbec.

NOTE 52, PAGE 343.

"Nous y trouvâmes en deux jours les quatre saisons de l'année. Car au pied de la montagne il y fait une chaleur tres vehemente; à moitié de sa hauteur l'air y est temperé, comme au printemps et en automne; et au sommet l'on n'y void que des neiges et des glaçons, vrais images de l'hyver."—*Voyage d'Italie et du Levant, de Messrs. Fermanel, Fauvel, &c., en 1630; Rouen, du. 1670, p. 209.*

NOTE 53, PAGE 344.

I transcribe the following passage from Belon's travels, in the hope of directing the attention of some future traveller to the ruins mentioned by

him:—Starting from Baalbec on his road to Homs, in the evening, “ nous trouvâmes une plateforme, faite de pierre de grosse étoffe de maçonnerie, située sur le pendant d’un coustan, ayant vingt et cinq pas de longueur, et quinze de largeur, spacieuse par le dedans, dont les murailles ne sont guères hautes, toutefois sont de desmesurée épaisseur. Arrivés le soir en un village nommé Lubon, nous trouvâmes un édifice antique, fait par les Romains, qui est encor tout entier, de grosses pierres massives de deux toises de largeur. Ce village est bien ombragé d’ormesaux et noyers, et est arrosée d’un ruisseau qui descend de la montagne. Au partir de là nous vîmes gagner une plaine. Quand nous fûmes un peu avancés, commençâmes à monter une colline, &c.” Beyond it, after repelling an attack of the Arabs, “ nous passâmes nostre chemin, et ne cheminâmes guères que ne vinssions en une grande plaine, qui est semblable à celle de Damas, en laquelle l’eau est conduite par petits ruisselets, en sorte que tout le territoire est rendu fertile.” This plain was thickly covered with villages. Presently, losing sight of Lebanon, they began crossing mountains, “ lesquelles s’eslargissant de costé et d’autre entourent une grande campagne en laquelle nous descendîmes au pais de Cilicie ”—or Homs.

I am permitted to insert the following interesting extract from a letter of Mr. Farren:—

“ The ‘ Megaret el Rahab,’ which you see in the map, signifies ‘ the caverns of the monks,’ and I think it must be the spot I passed, on ascending the valley of the Bekaa northwards, (though it is not so called there,) at the point where Antilebanon begins to decline, and the vale, by gentle undulations, expands itself into the great plain of Homs. The caves are on the western bank of the Orontes, and most of them resemble ancient tombs. Not far from them is the small town or village of Hamael, which is covered with fragments of antiquity.

“ On the eastern side of the stream, and within half an hour of its bank, stands a curious monument, which, placed on a most commanding situation, is visible for hours in the distance. It is a square building, of solid masonry, and without aperture or chambers. It rests on a pedestal of steps, and is surmounted by a pyramid or cone. The faces of the square are ornamented with pilasters, (Doric, I think,) and on a broad entablature are sculptured, in bold relief, the figures of dogs, boars, gazelles, and various implements of the chase. It may have been dedicated to Diana, or commemorative of a great hunting match. It is very remarkable that the faces of this monument are covered with small marks, cut on the stones,—hieroglyphics I cannot call them—they are too numerous to be accidental, and I was convinced that they were not from the mere process of chiselling the stones.*

“ Hamael is very inaccurately placed in Arrowsmith’s map, with Corry’s corrections, the one I had. It is on the west, and not on the eastern side of the valley; nor does Antilebanon run parallel to the other range up into Northern Syria, but (nearly in a line with this monument) its elevations

* Can these be the marks or ornaments of the masons in that remote day? [1867.]

subside into the valley, which, as I have mentioned, expands round it into that of Homa, and stretches out to the desert."

NOTE 54, PAGE 345.

El Hakim, according to Egyptian tradition, was a wise astrologer and mighty magician, and built on Mount Mokattam, east of Cairo, a mosque and an observatory—to the latter of which he was in the custom of retiring to make his talismans, "an art in which he was very skilful. The Egyptians say that he could go in and out into all the caves under ground, where he knew the treasures of the ancient kings and lords of Egypt to be hid, and that he could make use of them when he pleased; and that, by the power of magic and the extraordinary skill that he had in that art.

"According to the example of those great men, a little before his death, he buried his own treasures, and put a crocodile made by the talismanical art, to keep them.

"In this mountain, and near this mosque, he caused several caves to be digged, wide and large, in the rock, so as to pass from one into the other; in the furthestmost he caused a pond to be made to keep water in, cut in the rock; in it is a crocodile that begins to fly at one as soon as a man enters in. Moreover, in the bottom of the water, is to be seen a door which leads to other caves under ground, where the records of Egypt declare that his treasures are hid. No man can imagine from whence this water can come, for the cave is upon a high mountain which is very dry always, and in this place is no spring; and it is not known what this crocodile is, and how he may be nourished during so many ages. To take this treasure, you must know how to undo this talisman, that is, one must take away the water and the life of the crocodile; for both are the effects of magic, which depend upon the art of the talismans."—*Vansleb's Present State of Egypt*, p. 170-1.

The Bibliothèque Royale at Paris ought to be very rich in the magical lore of the Arabians, for Vansleb, a devout believer in their supernatural powers, tells us that amongst other rare "Manuscripts," he had been very diligent in collecting and sending to Paris "the ancientest and best authors of the Arabians, which might give some light and knowledge of this noble science. I may say that I have emptied Egypt of them, with an intent that if I was ever admitted to the service of him who had given me this commission,* I might have the time and the means to discover with ease the admirable secrets of this science, and to unfold the enigmas under which it lies hid; and by the same means to discover of what consequence those manuscripts are, though they are despised by some that understand not neither their price nor use."

NOTE 55, PAGE 345.—Fakr-ed-din.

Marmaral and his friends give an interesting account of their interview with this remarkable man, in 1630, at Beirut. He was very partial to that

* The great Colbert.

town, they say, "à cause qu'il y arrive quantité de navires de la Chrestienté ; s'y rend fort familier avec les marchands Chrestiens, jusques à venir jouer avec eux. Nous ne voulusmes pas manquer à luy faire la reverence, et luy faire presens d'une veste de drap : il nous receut courtoisement, nous faisant disner avec luy, où nous fusmes traitez comme en la Chrestienté, y ayant tables, linges, chaires, et la viande, quoy que grossiere, bien accommodée. Ce prince avoit soixante et dix ans, mais neantmoins il se portoit bien, estant encore dispos et habile à toutes sortes d'exercices : il estoit de moyenne stature, de couleur basanée, les cheveux tous blancs, et les sourcils si grands qu'ils luy couvroient presque la veue. Nous ne pouvions assez admirer comment il mangeoit, car il en prenoit plus que quatre de nous autres. Au reste c'estoit un homme plein d'esprit, versé en plusieurs sciences, grand herboriste, philosophe, et astrologue, et n'entendoit que trop de la Magie naturelle. Il estoit estimé pour un des plus habiles hommes de la Turquie. Il traittoit bien ses sujets ; les Chrestiens n'y sont aucunement sujets aux avanies, et y vivent avec autant de liberté que dans leur pais naturel ; le voyage que ce Prince a fait en la Chrestienté, ayant demeuré l'espace de quatre ans à Florence, a beaucoup servy à polir ses mœurs et son esprit, et à rendre sa domination ainsi douce." — *Voyage en Italie et du Levant, &c.*, p. 326-7.

The river Kishon, according to M. Fermanel, divided Fakr-ed-din's country from that of the Emir Turabeye, of whom D'Arvieux has given so interesting an account, and whose dominion extended over part of Samaria and Lower Galilee, and the whole coast from Carmel to Jaffa,—Nablous, Jerusalem, and Judea, belonged to the Emir Faroux. The ancestors of these Princes ruled over Palestine at the time of Sultan Selim's conquest, and were confirmed by him in their authority on engaging to pay a regular tribute.

NOTE 56, PAGE 347.

This episode in the history of the Saracen conquest is related as follows by Ockley, after Al Wakidi :—

"Deir Abi'l Kodos lies between Tripoli and Harran. There lived in that place a priest eminent for his singular learning, piety, and austerity of life, to such a degree that all sorts of persons, young and old, rich and poor, used to frequent his house, to ask his blessing, and to receive his instructions. There was no person, of what rank or quality soever, but thought themselves happy if they had his prayers ; and whenever any young couple amongst the nobility and persons of the highest rank were married, they were carried to him to receive his blessing. Every Easter there used to be a great fair kept at his house, where they sold rich silks and satins, plate and jewels, and costly furniture of all sorts.

"Abu Obeidah, now possessed of Damascus, was in doubt whither to go next. One while he had thoughts of turning to Jerusalem ; another, to Antioch. Whilst he was thus deliberating, a Christian, that was under the Saracens' protection, informed him of this great fair, which was about thirty miles distant from Damascus. When he understood that there never used

to be any guards at the fair, the hopes of an easy conquest and large spoil encouraged him to undertake it. He looked round about upon the Mussalemans, and asked which of them would undertake to command the forces he should send upon this expedition; and at the same time cast his eye upon Caled, but was ashamed to command him that had been his General so lately. Caled understood his meaning; but his being laid aside stuck a little in his stomach, so that he would not proffer his service. At last Abd'ollah Ebn Jaafar, (whose mother was, after his father Jaafar was killed in the wars, married to Abubeker,) offered himself. Abu Obeidah accepted him cheerfully, and gave him a standard and five hundred horse. There was never a man of them but what had been in several battles. The Christian, who had first informed them of this fair, was their guide. And whilst they staid to rest themselves in their march, he went before to take a view of the fair. When he came back, he brought a very discouraging account; for there had never been such a fair before. He told them, that there was a most prodigious number of people, abundance of clergy, officers, courtiers, and soldiers. The occasion of which was, that the Prefect of Tripoli had married his daughter to a great man, and they had brought the young lady to this reverend priest, to receive the communion at his hands. He added that, taking them altogether, Greeks, Armenians, Copties, Jews, and Christians, there could be no fewer than ten thousand people, besides five thousand horse, which were the lady's guard. Abd'ollah asked his friends what they thought of it? They told him that it was the best way to go back again, and not to be accessory to their own destruction. To which he answered, 'that he was afraid, if he should do so, God would be angry with him, and reckon him amongst the number of those who are backward in his service; and so he should be miserable.' 'I am not,' said he, 'willing to go back before I fight, and if any one will help me, God reward him; if not, I shall not be angry with him.' The rest of the Saracens, hearing that, were ashamed to flinch from him, and told him he might do as he pleased, they were ready at his command.

" 'Now,' says Abd'ollah to the guide, 'come along with us, and you shall see what the Companions of the Apostle of God are able to perform.' 'Not I,' answered the guide, 'go yourselves; I have nothing to say to you.' Abd'ollah persuaded him with a great many good words, to bear them company till they came within sight of the fair. Having conducted them as far as he thought fit, he bade them stay there, and lie close till morning.

" In the morning they consulted which way to attack them to the best advantage. Omar ebn Rebiyah thought it most advisable to stay till the people had opened their wares, and the fair was begun, and then fall upon them when they were all employed. This advice of his was approved by all.

" Abd'ollah divided his men into five troops, and ordered them to charge in five different places, and not regard the spoil nor taking prisoners, but put all to the sword.

" When they came near the monastery, the Christians stood as thick as possible. The reverend father had begun his sermon, and they thronged

on all sides to hear him, with a great deal of attention. The young lady was in the house, and her guard stood round about it, with a great many of the nobility and officers richly clothed. When Abd'ollah saw this number of people, he was not in the least discouraged, but turned himself about to the Saracens, and said, 'The Apostle of God has said, that Paradise is under the shadow of swords; either we shall succeed, and then we shall have all the plunder, or else die, and so the next way to Paradise.' The words were no sooner out of his mouth, but he fell upon them, and made a bloody slaughter.

"When the Christians heard the Saracens make such a noise, and cry out 'Allah Achar!' they were amazed and confounded, imagining that the whole Saracen army had come from Damascus, and fallen upon them; which put them at first into a most terrible consternation. But when they had taken time to consider and look about themselves a little, and saw that there was but an handful of men, they took courage, and hemmed them in round on every side, so that Abd'ollah and his party were like a white spot on a black camel's skin."

Meanwhile, news had reached Abu Obaidah of the stress in which his friends found themselves, and the gallant Caled, forgetting his late grievance, and exclaiming that, if Omar had given the command of the army to a child he would have obeyed him—much more one whom he respected as having embraced Islamism before himself—leapt on his horse, summoned his men, "and away they flew with all possible speed. And if we consider the circumstances, they had need make as much haste as they did; for that small number of Saracens which had made the first attack, was quite drowned and overwhelmed in that great multitude of Christians, and there was scarce any of them but what had more wounds than one. In short, they were at their last gasp, and had nothing left to comfort them but Paradise.

"Fighting in this desperate condition, about sun-set they saw the dust fly and horsemen coming full speed, which did rather abate than add to their courage; they imagining at first that they might be Christians. At last, Caled appeared, fierce as a lion, with his colours flying in his hand, and made up to Abd'ollah, who with much ado had borne up his standard all this while, and was now quite spent.

"But, as soon as they heard Caled's voice, and saw the Mahometan banner, the sinking drooping Saracens, who were scarce able to hold their swords, as if they had had new blood and spirits infused into them, took fresh courage, and all together rent the skies with 'Allah Achar!' Then Abd'ollah charged the guard which was round the monastery on the one side, and Derar Ebn'ol Azwar on the other. The Prefect of Tripoli himself was engaged with Derar, and was too hard for him, got him down, and lay upon him; at which time Derar secretly drew a knife, which he used to carry about him against such occasions, and stabbed him. Then he mounted the Prefect's horse, and cried out 'Allah Achar!'

"Whilst Derar was engaged with the Prefect, Abd'ollah Ebn Jaafar had taken possession of the house, but meddled with nothing in it till Caled

came back, who had gone in pursuit of those Christians he had beaten, and followed them to a river which was between them and Tripoli. The Greeks, as soon as they came to the river, took the water. Calad pursued them no farther, but when he came back he found the Saracens in the monastery. They seized all the spoil, silks, cloaths, household stuff, fruits, and provision, that were in the fair, and all the hangings, money, and plate in the house, and took the young lady, the Governor's daughter, and forty maids that waited upon her. So they loaded all their jewels, wealth, and furniture, upon horses, mules, and asses, and returned to Damascus, having left nothing behind them in the house but the old religious.

"Whilst the Saracens were driving away the spoil, Calad called out to the old Priest in the house, who would not vouchsafe an answer. When he called a second time, 'What would you have?' said the Priest; 'get you gone about your business, and assure yourself that God's vengeance will light upon your head for spilling the blood of so many Christians.' 'How can that be,' said Calad, 'when God has commanded us to fight with you and kill you? and if the apostle of God, of blessed memory, had not commanded us to let such men as you are alone, you should not have escaped any more than the rest, but I would have put you to a most cruel death.' The poor religious held his peace at this, and answered him never a word."—*Hist. of the Saracens*, vol. i, pp. 186, sqq.

I grieve to add that the captive bride was never ransomed. She lived in Abd'allah's harem for at least forty-five years, at the expiration of which time she was transferred to that of the Caliph Yezid, at the request of the latter. Her charms must have been as perennial as Helen's.

NOTE 54, PAGE 347.

The people of Bethulia, near Jerusalem, a place celebrated for a vigorous stand made there by the Christians, are considered by themselves and the surrounding country to be of foreign origin and to speak a dialect, which is said to resemble the Maltese.—*Information from Mr. Parren.*

NOTE 58, PAGE 350.—Cedars of Lebanon.

Furex, in 1565, speaks vaguely of "about twenty-five cedars." Rauwolf, in 1575, found "twenty-four, that stood round about in a circle, and two others, the branches whereof are quite decayed with age." What follows is remarkable: "I also went about in this place to look out for some young ones, but could find none at all." It appears, therefore, that none of the secondary growth are three hundred years old.*

* His words, in the original German, are:—"Und ob solcher Cedarbäume schon diss Gebirge vor Jaren sehr vollgestanden, so habens doch mitler zeit dermassen abgenommen, dass deren nicht mehr (wie ichs gezehlet) dann nur vier und zwentzig in einem kleinen Kreyss herum zu sehen, und under anderen noch zween, deren Erste nahe gar vor alter abgefallen seind. So bin ich auch ferner auff dem Platz umbher gangen, mich nach anderen jungen weiter umbsehen hab aber keine, die hernacher wachsen, finden mögen."—*Beschreibung der Reyes*, &c., vol. ii, p. 145; and the translation in Ray's "Collection of Curious Travels and Voyages," vol. i, p. 329.

Radziwil, in 1588, Biddulph, about the commencement of the sixteenth century, De Breves, in 1605, and Lithgow, in 1612, found the same number, twenty-four. All these travellers protest against the prevailing superstition, that it was impossible to count them correctly, an idea accounted for as follows by the narrator of De Breves' journey:—"Quant au nombre de ceux qui restent au lieu susdit, que plusieurs veulent estre mysterieux et estrange, escrivans n'avoir jamais esté trouvé au vray, j'en ay conté vingt quatre par deux fois, et plusieurs de nostre compagnie autant, quelques uns aussi moins, et d'autres plus; mais en cette variété et difference n'y a point de miracle; l'erreur vient de ce qu'aucuns de ces arbres estans secs et denuez de feuilles, aucuns jettans du pied deux ou trois troncs, et aucuns autres jeunes naissans de la racine des vieux, il y en a qui content ceuxcy, d'autres les obmettent,—aucuns de plusieurs troncs n'en font qu'un arbre, d'autres en font plusieurs,—aucuns laissent les secs, d'autres les nombrent, et par ainsi se trouve peu de convenance aux rapports qu'on en fait Au reste, je n'en ay veu que vingt quatre, s'entend de vieux pleins de vie et de verdure."—*Relation des Voyages, &c.*, p. 55.

Fermanel, in 1630, found twenty-two, and one lately fallen, having been accidentally set fire to by some shepherds. Roger, who quitted Palestine in 1634, after five years' residence, mentions twenty-two, and two others, "de même antiquité, qui sont à terre sans feuilles et sans fruit, neantmoins sans corruption." One possibly of the fallen trees is reckoned by D'Arvieux in his enumeration of twenty-three, to be seen there in 1660. La Roque, in 1688, found twenty,—Maundrell, in 1696, only sixteen,—Pococke, in 1738, fifteen, the sixteenth having been blown down shortly before his visit. Two more have perished during the last century.

It is gratifying to reflect that great care is now taken of these 'remnants of the giants.' The trees are accounted sacred, and the Patriarch performs a solemn yearly mass under their shade on the feast of the Transfiguration.

NOTE 59, PAGE 354.—Convent of Canubin.

"Nous apprîmes d'eux qu'entre plusieurs monastères qu'il y avoit autrefois sur le Liban, on en comptoit trois principaux, du nombre desquels étoit Canubin, lequel contenoit seul trois cens religieux; et parceque c'est l'unique des anciens qui subsiste encore aujourd'hui avec un nombre considerable de moines, et qu'il est d'ailleurs le chef de tout l'ordre ecclesiastique et religieux de la nation Maronite, le nom de Canubin lui a été donné du mot grec latinisé Coenobium, comme qui diroit le Monastère par excellence."—*La Roque, Voyage de Syrie et du M. Liban*, t. i, p. 56.

"Ce dit monastère de Canubin fut basti par Saladin, lorsqu'il prit ce pays, à cause du bon accueil qu'il avoit receu du supérieur, y passant inconnu."—*Monconys, Voyages*, p. 554.

Twenty thousand monks, according to La Roque, once inhabited the convents and hermitages dependent upon Canubin.

Among many pleasing tributes to the hospitality and worth of the patriarchs and monks of Canubin, I select the following from the narrative of

De Breves' travels in the Levant, in 1605, on his return from Constantinople, where he had resided above twenty years as political representative of France :—

“ Ils n'ont aucun revenu que leurs bras, et font profession de pauvreté, non de mendicité : aux intervalles de leurs devotions, ils travaillent tous, non par divertissement, comme nos religieux, mais de nécessité, pour se nourrir, et pour faire charité aux pauvres : les uns cultivent la terre afin d'en tirer les grains, herbages, et legumes ; les autres font des nattes et cofins de feuilles de palmiers, pour vendre, comme Sainct Hierome remarque es Vies des Peres ; les autres nourrissent les vers à soye et s'occupent à d'autres exercices : bref, leur vie est active et contemplative ensemble ; jamais ne mangent chair ni poisson, ainsi vivent seulement de racines, d'herbages, de legumes, et de fruits, dont ces montagnes sont assez fertiles.

“ Dans ledit convent, qui est la residence ordinaire du Patriarche, il a pour tout logis une chambre meublée d'une chaire de bois, d'une tablette, où sont quelques livres, et de deux ou trois petits tapis estendus sur le plancher, qui à la mode Turquesque luy sert de table et de lit : neantmoins, parmy ceste indigence, il est aymé et reveré de son peuple comme un demy-dieu, à cause de la candeur et sainteté de sa vie.”

De Breves found four prelates, two archbishops, and two bishops in attendance on the Patriarch—“ non reluisans d'or et de pierreries, comme les nostres, mais bien de sainteté et de bonne vie, et au reste couverts seulement de leurs pauvres habits ordinaires.”

“ Apres disné, à cause de la beauté de ces montagnes, nous allasmes nous promener, et par le chemin les uns prirent plaisir à voir ces hautes montagnes, les autres admirerent la quantité des ruisseaux. et les beaux jardins remplis de belles fleurs.

“ Nous nous trouvâmes, sans y penser, au dessous du convent, dans le fond d'un vallon, qui d'en haut ne se peut regarder sans l'éblouissement, paroissant comme un noir abysme effroyable, tant pour sa profondeur, qu'à cause du bruit du fleuve qui coule à travers : nous y demeurâmes peu, car le soleil s'abaissant nous contraignit aussi de nous retirer et remonter au convent en diligence, où ayans soupé, nous nous couchâmes sur les terraces, au clair de la lune.

“ Le lendemain, à la pointe du jour, nous partîmes pour aller voir les Cedres, en compagnie du Patriarche, et de l'Evesque Georges, qui par honneur convoierent Monsieur de Breves ; et, parvenus pres d'un grand village, situé sur une belle et fertile coste, entre des vallons bien cultivés, nous rencontrâmes le Seigneur du lieu, suivy de deux arquebusiers, qui nous attendoit au passage, ayant fait apporter quantité de vivres sur le chemin, pain, vin, agnoux, chevreuils, volailles, le tout dressé à terre joignant une claire fontaine à l'ombre de huit ou dix oliviers. Nous repeusmes là sur l'herbe, puis tirâmes outre, et peu de temps apres, traversans un autre village de Maronites, le Seigneur de ce lieu se joignit aussi avec quatre arquebusiers, pour nous faire escorte contre les Arabes : nous vîmes par les rues les femmes et les filles, assemblées en troupes, faire de grandes acclamations de joye, fredonnant de la langue contre les dents, et à ce bruit tou'

peuple sortit des maisons, courir en foule autour dudit Patriarche, pour recevoir sa benediction, les uns luy baisoient les pieds, les autres les mains ou la robe, et ceux qui n'en pouvoient approcher se contentaient de baiser ceux qui l'avoient touché; et par la campagne encore, de tant loin que les paysans l'appercevoient, quittans les charrues, les haues, les troupeaux, venoient à perte d'haleine luy faire la reverence,—tant est grand le respect que ce peuple porte à ses Prelats."

NOTE 60, PAGE 358.—*Mar Elisha.*

La Roque gives a charming account of the Convent of Mar Elisha, then inhabited by monks of the order of Mount Carmel:—

"Si nous fûmes contents et même touchés de voir durant la nuit l'intérieur de cette solitude, nous ne fûmes pas moins satisfaits d'en considerer les dehors pendant le jour. On peut dire que c'est un des plus beaux endroits du Liban, sur tout par cette prodigieuse abondance d'eau qui sort de diverses ouvertures des rochers aux environs, en deça et en delà du fleuve, laquelle forme des napes, des cascades, et de petits torrens qui se precipitent dans le vallon et grossissent le fleuve. Cela, joint à l'agréable verdure des arbres et des bocages, forme un spectacle charmant durant le jour, et la nuit on est pénétré, pour ainsi dire, d'une douce terreur par le bruit de ces eaux qui ne tarissent jamais.

"Mais le plus bel ornement de cette retraite est la sainte vie qu'y menent les religieux Carmes. On peut dire que c'est parmi eux qu'on trouve encore cet esprit de mortification et de détachement des choses de la terre qu'on admireoit autrefois dans les Anachorettes de l'Orient. Rien n'est plus édifiant que la conversation de ces bons Hermites."—*Voyage en Syrie, &c.*, pp. 76—78.

The memory of De Chasteuil, a Provençal gentleman—the friend of Peirese, and universally admired for his acquirements, especially in Oriental learning, but who broke away from all the fascinations of society and friendship to bury himself, in the flower of his age, in the wilds of Lebanon—was long and fondly cherished in the sacred valley, but especially among the recluses of Mar Elisha, with whom he spent the last few years of his life, dying in the odour of sanctity, A.D. 1644, prematurely worn out by the fasts and penances to which he subjected himself. The Maronites almost adored him, and in La Roque's time he was never mentioned by any other name than that of the Happy One.*

NOTE 61, PAGE 361.

See the 21st book of William of Tyre; speaking of King Baldwin, he says, "Il traversa les champs de Sidon, gravit les montagnes qui séparent notre pays de celui des ennemis, et arriva en un lieu où l'on trouve presque

* According to the Oriental Christians, the Sethites, or "Sons of God," set the first example of the monastic life by retiring to Mount Hermon, in the hope of regaining Paradise by the sanctity and purity of their lives; despairing, at last, of this, and weary of celibacy, they descended to the plains, and intermarrying with "the daughters of men," their kinsmen of the race of Cain, begot the Giants.—*St. Hieronymus.*

tous les biens de ce monde, un sol fertile, de belles sources, et que l'on nomme Messaara; il descendit de là dans la vallée dite de Baccar, et arriva dans une terre qui distille le lait et le miel, comme on lit dans les anciens historiens. . . . Anciennement, c'est à dire au temps des rois d'Israël, il était appelé la forêt du Liban, parceque la vallée qui le forme se prolonge en effet jusqu'au pied du Liban. Il possède un sol fertile, des eaux très-salubres, et se recommande en outre par l'abondance de sa population, par la grande quantité des villages qu'on y rencontre, et par la douceur extrême de sa température. On montre dans la partie la plus basse de ce vallon une ville, aujourd'hui encore entourée de fortes murailles, où l'on trouve beaucoup d'antiques édifices qui attestent sa noblesse, et que l'on nomme de son nom moderne Amégarre. Ceux qui étudient l'antiquité pensent que c'est la ville de Palmyre. . . . Arrivés dans ce pays, les nôtres se mirent à le parcourir librement, sans que personne s'y opposât, et livrèrent tout aux flammes. Les habitans s'étaient retirés dans les montagnes; il n'y avait pas de chemin pour aller les y chercher, et en partant, dès qu'ils furent instruits de la prochaine arrivée des nôtres, ils avaient conduit la plus grande partie de leur gros et menu bétail dans les marais situés au milieu de la vallée, et qui fournissaient des pâturages très-abondans. Pendant ce temps le comte de Tripoli, ayant passé, comme il avait été convenu, à travers les champs de Biblos et auprès du château fort nommé Monaitera, entra tout-à-coup sur le territoire d'Héliopolis, et les nôtres apprirent bientôt qu'il était avec les siens dans la même vallée, brûlant tout sur son passage. Les premiers marchèrent à la rencontre du comte dès qu'ils furent informés de son approche; celui-ci ne desiroit pas moins les retrouver, et ils se réunirent à peu près au milieu de la vallée," &c.—*Histoire des Croisades*, tom. t. 3, p. 326-7.

"Inter Szaida et Maschgharam, quæ est ex amœnissimis illius regionis oppidis, secundum Al Azizi, vallis est, cui arbores et rivi plurimum decoris conciliant, ad 24 milliaria, procurrens. Maschghara vero ab urbe Khamed dicta, quæ olim princeps fuit iharam regionum, distat 6 miliaribus. Ah hâc ad vicum qui vocatur Asin al Gjarri," (Ain al Garri, alibi,) "sunt 18 milliaria, et totidem ab hoc ad Damascus."—*Abulfeda Tabula Syriae*, p. 93.

Ain al Garri is the Amegarra* of William of Tyre, now called Handjjar, near Medjdel; we passed it on the left, crossing the Bekaa on our return to Damascus. Abulfeda says, that in it are "monumenta magno saxo cæsa." I am informed by Mr. Farren, that traces of the walls are still visible, but the materials have been carried off to build adjacent villages.

"Monaitera," says Abou Obeid, quoted by Schultens, "est munimentum in Syria prope Tripolim." Its capture by Nouredin, in 1169, is said by Bohadin to have induced the retreat of the Christians from Egypt.—*Vita Saladini*, p. 32

* Probably mistranscribed and misprinted for Ainegarra, in the original manuscript, the dot of the i being often omitted in old writing.

NOTE 62, PAGE 364.

Since this was written, Mr. Farren has ceased to occupy this important post; or rather the office of Consul General has been done away. Residents and travellers—all who are interested in Syria—will rue this. But the poor Indian Mussulmans, whose rights, as British subjects, Mr. F. asserted and established, to the astonishment of the Turks, and their own inconceivable delight and happiness—will rue it most, should the tyrants of the country again oppress them, and no one stand up as their friend.

NOTE 63, PAGE 364.—Beyrout.

Baumgarten has drawn a sweet picture of Beyrout:—

“The same day we went out of the city to take a view of the situation of the town, and the ground about it; we entertained ourselves with the charming pleasantness of these fields; we saw many olive-yards and almond-trees just in their bloom, the land very fruitful and well-watered, abounding with pomegranate-trees, and trees of many other kinds, which at that time were full of fruit. This prospect afforded us a great deal of pleasure, and was the object of our admiration. For at the same time that in our country the ground is covered all over with hoar-frost, the rivers frozen up, and the woods hardly able to sustain the weight of snow that is ready to break down all their boughs, here is a charming spring, the brooks sweetly gliding, and making a murmuring noise as they flow, adorned on both sides with grass and flowers, the trees so loaden with fruit, that they often sink and fall to the ground under their burden. And, which was still more wonderful, the mountains within our view were at the same time all covered with snow.”—*Book 3, c. 9.*

Fakr-ed-din's palace, described by Maundrell, is still to be seen at Beyrout, but has lately been turned into a barrack by Ibrahim Pasha.

Willibrand of Oldenborg, Canon of Hildesheim, nephew of Willibrand, Count of Harlemunt, and a pilgrim to the Holy Land in 1211—describes the Castle of Beyrout as very strong, defended on one side by the sea and the precipice, and on the other side by a ditch, overlooked by two strong walls flanked by towers, in one of which, recently built, an apartment had been constructed of such beauty that he deplores his inability to do it justice in description.

The pavement was a mosaic, most delicately imitating water agitated by the breeze; the walls were lined with marble slabs; while, depicted on the vaulted roof, (the result of the friendly emulation of the Syrians, Saracens, and Greeks, in their respective arts,) might be seen the clouds careering through the sky, zephyrs puffing and blowing, and the sun measuring out the months, weeks, days, hours, and minutes of the year, by his course through the zodiac.

In the centre of the hall was a marble cistern, paved with a mosaic of flowers of every hue, so smoothly united and polished as not to offend the touch by the slightest inequality of surface. A dragon, elevating its head

in the middle of the pool, disgorged a copious fountain, which cooled and freshened the warm breezes admitted freely by the windows disposed in beautiful order around the apartment, while the soft murmuring of the water lulled one insensibly to slumber—a luxury which the worthy Canon concludes by telling us he went there to indulge in, every day he sojourned at Beyrout.—*Itin. Terræ Sanctæ, ap. L. Allatii Symmicta*, pp. 126-7.

Willibrand's narrative, though written in barbarous Latin, contains much information as to the state of the castles and fortresses of Syria, at the commencement of the thirteenth century. His honesty in declining to speak of places he had not seen with his own eyes is as commendable as his constant practice of giving the Arabic names of those he *did* visit.

INDEX.

A.

ABANA and Pharphar, 331; xxxii
Abdallah, the author's Kordofani servant, accident to, 198
Abilin, vale of, 259
Abousir, names of European travellers carved on the rock of, 132, 134
Abou Zatoun, sheikh of Wady Mousa, exactions of, 227
Abydus, a donkey ride to, 73; ruins at, 75
Acherusia, Lake, 153
Acre, the bay of, 257; seen in the distance, 258
African coasts, beautiful view of, 171
Agatharcides, remains described by, 402
Ajeloon, Gebel, ride over, 288; the castle of, described by Abulfeda, 427
Akaba, route to, 204; arrival at, 208; the Turkish governor of, *ib.*, 213; beauty of the gulf of, 215
Akhmim, the temple of, 394
Akoura, a Maronite village, 359
Alewyn, Mr., the author's fellow-traveller in Mount Lebanon, 315, 329
Alexandria, arrival of the author at, 13; appearance of the city, 14; Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle at, 15; ruin excavated at, *ib.*; the far-famed library of, *ib.*; catacombs without the city, *ib.*; motley inhabitants of, 18; associations con-

nected with, 19; remains at, described by Paul Lucas and other travellers, 367 sqq.
Almonzar, King of the Saracens, his skill in warfare, 297, 428
Alouins, conference with the, 211
Anmon, the country of, 277; the dreary valley of, 279; extensive ruins at, 279; the mausoleum at, *ib.*; magnificent theatre at, 280; deserted state of, 282; Abulfeda's account of, 427
Anabroot, beautiful scenery near, 252
Anezees, tribe of the, Arabs, 278, 292
Animals, paintings of, in tombs, 395
Ansina, the (legendary) City of Magicians, 382
Antilibanus, grand scenery of the, 332
Anzairies, the, of Lebanon, 344
Apostles, fountain of the, 248
Arab boatmen, songs of, 62, 63
Arab traditions relative to the pyramids, 48, 379, 380
Arabian history, its three great periods, 27
Art of ancient Egypt, characterised, 81, 102 sqq.
Aspen leaf, tradition concerning the, 413
Assalt, its beautiful situation, 285; Abulfeda's notice of, 427
Ateel, village of, 308; beautiful little temple near, *ib.*; its date, xxx

Atreibi, the plain, 234
Avars, origin of the name of, 390

B.

- Baalbec, visit to, 333 sqq.; description of the great temple at, 337; Temple of the Sun at, 339; Corinthian temple at, 342; columns of Egyptian granite, built into a Santon's tomb, at, 343; legends and notices in early travellers of, 432; further facts from Dr. Robinson, xxxii**
Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, his expedition against Jerash, 277, 426
Baldwin III. of Jerusalem, siege of the citadel of Petra by, 223; his expedition to Bozrah, 300
Baldwin of Edessa, his successful foray, 283; his courtesy to an illustrious lady, ib.; gratitude of an Arab prince to, 284
Balm, or balsam, history of the garden of, at Mataria, 385 sqq.
Banks, Mr., genealogical tablet discovered by, 76
Barbary Mountains, coasting the, II
Barrada, stream of the, 331; valley of the, ib.
Bashan, forest scenery of, 290
Baumgarten, his visit to Wady Feiran, 409; his description of Beyrout, 444
Bedouin tribes, political constitution of the, 163; their arms and attire, 164; character of the, 214; graphic descriptions of them by Mandeville and others, 407
Beer, or Beeri, arrival at, 252; probably the ancient Beeroth, ib.
Beersheba, 257; described by Sir John Mandeville, and other travellers, 420
Behharran, or wild camomile, 161
Bait-Wellee, rock-temple at, described, 124; interesting sculptures at, 125; allegorical group at, 126
Bekaa, plain of the, 360
Bellina, beautiful plain of, 259
Bellini, a walk to, 77.
Belzoni, tomb discovered by, at Thebes, 86
Beni Hassan, in Egypt, visit to the ancient tombs at, 151
Beni Hassan tribe, camp of the, 278, 292
Berber language, region of the, 122
Berber, or Nubian sailors, 132; songs of the, 135
Beret Ani, the village, 432
Bethany, the home of Lazarus, 245
Bethel, discovered by Dr. Robinson, 252
Bethlehem, approach to, 239; visit to the Spanish convent at, 240; marriage-party at, ib.; view of, 242; the Cave of the Nativity the true spot, according to Mr. Stanley, xxiv
Bethlehem and Nazareth, etymologies of, 423
Bethsaida, 265; question of its site, 426
Beyrout, 364; described by Baumgarten and others, 444
Birkets, or immense reservoirs at Bozrah, 296
Boulac, college or school at, 32; printing establishment at, ib.
Bozrah, interesting associations connected with, 294; the castle of, ib.; the theatre at, ib.; the mosque of Omar at, 295; mosque of El Mebrak at, 296; immense reservoirs at, ib.; noble old Roman road at, 297; sad fate of this town, ib.; defeat of the Christians at, 298; Christian expedition against, 300; their retreat from, 303; present state of the city, 305; views of Mr. Porter respecting the castle of, xxvii; prophecies respecting the two Bozrahs, how assigned

by Mr. Porter, *ib.* xviii; further particulars relative to, 430
 Brayitha, district of, 228
 Breysenbach, his route from Gasa to Mount Sinai, 421, xxxiv, *seq.*
 Bruner's tomb, at Thebes, paintings of harps and domestic life in, 87
 Burckhardt, the celebrated traveller, 249, 268, 271, 424
 Bush, the burning, 188
 Bussels and patches, of Eastern origin, 428

C

Cadiz, visit to the town of, 3; cathedral of, 5; M. Campan's house at, 6
 Caïsa, voyage to, 21; introduction to the pasha at, 23; the streets of, 27; tombs of the Mamaluke sultans at, 28; beautiful view from, at sunset, *ib.*; the streets and houses at, in 1634, 371; the cantons, or saints of, 373
 Camels, different breeds of, 163; Vansleb's description of riding on, 406
 Campan, M., visit to his house at Cadiz, 6
 Cana, village of, 261, xxv
 Canaan, when first peopled, 55
 Canubin, convent of, 358; its interior described, 354; descriptions by early travellers, 440
 Capernaum, no traces of, 264
 Carmel, Mount, undescribed route to, from Samaria 255; Carmelite convent on, 256
 Carnac, the temple of Jupiter Ammon at, 98; its vast dimensions, 99; historical sculptures at, *ib.*; observations of Miss Martineau respecting, xv
 Carteia, visit to the old town of, 10
 Castor-oil tree, its great beauty, 107
 Catacombs near Alexandria, 16
 Cataracts of the Nile, ascent of

the, 110; the upper ones, 120; descent of the, 138; a walk to the, 143
 Caviglia, researches of, 22; tombs excavated by, 39; evening in his tent, 44; his love of the Scriptures, *ib.*; remarkable prophecies quoted by, 45; his studies in magic, *ib.*; his happy solitude, 46; some account of, *ib.*, and 380
 Cedars, of Mount Lebanon, 340; descriptions of, by the old travellers, 439
 Cephrenes, pyramid of, at Caïsa, 47
 Chameleon, described, 137
 Chastani, M. de, "the Happy One," a hermit in Lebanon, 442
 Cheops, visit to the great pyramid of, 38; its shape, 40; the entrance to it, *ib.*; its interior described, 41; Davison's chamber in, 42; descriptions by the old travellers, and traditions, 378 *seq.*; subsequent discoveries, vii, xvi
 Chorasie, no trace of, 265
 Clarke, Mr., son of Dr. Clarke, the traveller, 145, and afterwards
 Cleopatra's Needle, at Alexandria, 15, 367, xxxiii
 Coffee, Sandys's description of, 417
 Coleridge, description in a poem of, the counterpart of a scene in Lebanon, 351
 Copts, ability of the, 34; degradation of the, 392; extinction of their language, 398
 Crucifixion, the miraculous darkness observed in Egypt, 401
 Cush, a voyage to the land of, 121
 Cypress, legend concerning the, 412

D

Daara, a town of the Hauran; 291-298
 Dahabieh, or Nile-boat, described, 61; her crew, 62

Damascus, arrival at, 315; residence at, 329; palace of the Mufti at, 363
 Dandour, small temple at, 148
 Daniel, the prophecies of, 370
 Dashour, the two great pyramids of, 154
 Davey, Mr., one of the author's party to Palmyra, 316
 Davison's chamber in the pyramid of Cheops, 42
 Dead Sea, its silent shores, 247
 Deir-el-Akhmar, the Maronites at, 344
 Deluge, Arab traditions respecting the, 48
 Dendera, the temple of, 149; described, 150, 151; talismans at, 403
 Derr, characteristics of the inhabitants near, 133
 Desert, the hungry, of the Mongols, 415; delusions of the, and superstitions relative to the, 416
 Dimitri, Father, at Mount Sinai, 187
 Dothan, recently discovered by Dr. Robinson, vii.
 Druses, towns inhabited by the, 292; of Mount Lebanon, 345

E.

Ebn Khasib, story of, 66
 Ebsambul, account of a visit to the rock-temple of, 146, xv
 Eden, the trees of, 350; village of, *ib.*; the vale of, 355; scenery near, 356; population of, 357
 Edfou, a visit to the temple of, 106; culture of the land near, *ib.*
 Edom, desolation of, 233; the sea of, 408
 Egypt, when first peopled, 55, 115; Arab legends regarding the government of, 382
 Egyptian magician, his performances, 35

Egyptians, doctrines of the, 90; their degradation and oppression in modern times, 391
 Eilethya, interesting tombs at, 94, 95
 El Ata, desert, probably the Etham of Scripture, 167
 El Deir, a stupendous excavation near Petra, 224, xxiii
 Elephantine, description of the island of, 109; a stroll over, 144
 El Erbain, convent of, 190
 El Foura, plain of, 235, 236
 El Hakim, the Prophet of the Druses, 345, 435
 El Hussn, the mountain, 266; probably the ancient Gamala, *ib.*, xxvi; ruins at, 267
 El Hussn, in Gilead, rural custom at, 291
 Elijah, the cave of, on Mount Carmel, 257
 Elim, the fountains and palm-trees of, 408
 El Kasr, a temple, near Ateel, 308
 Ellar, village of, 255
 El Ledja, a deep ravine in Mount Sinai, and the rock of Moses, 190; and see 412
 El Mebrak, mosque of, at Bozrah, 296
 El Melek, wells at, 235
 El Murgha, plain of, 172
 El Raha, noble plain of, in front of Sinai, 194, ix, xviii
 El Syk, ravine of, on approaching Petra, 221; its luxuriant foliage, 222; colour of its rocks, *ib.*
 El Uebe, the well of, 231
 Esdraelon, or Jezreel, plain of, 259
 Esneh, description of the temple of, 104
 Essouan, town of, 108; the Isle of Flowers opposite, *ib.*; return to, 140; tombs and mosques near, 144; accounts of, by the old travellers, 401
 Ezra, town of, 312; palace of the Yellow King near, 313; large

mansion at, described, 314, xxvii, xxviii, xxxvi

F.

Faber, the Dominican friar, his 'Evagatorium,' xxxiv

Fakr-el-Din, interview of Fermanel with, in 1630, 435

Farren, Mr., visit to, 315; kindness of, 330, 363, 364; importance of public services of, 444

Forty martyrs, convent of the, near Mount Sinai, 190, 191.

G.

Gadarenes, the city of the, identified, 268, ix, xxvi

Gahilee, the sea of, 262, 263; poem of Motanebbi addressed to the lake of, 425

Gamala, the ancient, 266, xxvi

Gassan, the tribe of, 428

Gebel Ajeloon, magnificent view from, 288

Gebel Asufar, dreary ridges of, 234

Gebel Ataka, 161

Gebel Gilād, the ancient Mount Gilead, 285

Gebel How, and the approach to Sinai, 184; described by Dr. Robinson, *ib.*

Gebel Katerin, ascent of, 189, 191; view from the peak of, 192

Gebel Minnegia, hill of, 194; theory respecting, 195

Gebel Nummula, in Mount Seir, descent of, 230

Gebel Osha, grand view from, 286

Gebel Serbal, view of, 170, 175, 178, 183; identified by Ritter with the 'Mount of God' in the wilderness, viii, xvi, xvii

Gebel Sheikh, snowy ridge of, 262. —See *Hermon*

Gebel ul Gheretain, a range of stony hills, 236

Gennesareth, the plain of, 264

Gherashi, a branch of the tribe of Koreish, 416

Ghor, or valley of the Jordan, 247, 265; described by John of Wirzberg and others, 423

Ghouft, the ancient Coptos, Bakoui's account of, 403

Giant races of Canaan, 54, xxvi

Gibraltar, first view of, 7; beauty of the gardens at, 8; motley scene at, 9; ride to the Cork wood, *ib.*; its garrison-library, 10

Gilgal, the plain of, 246

Gipsies in Lower Egypt, 390

Globe with wings, 17

Gobat, the Abyssinian missionary, 22

Godfrey, of Boulogne, his personal strength, 282

Gospels, beautiful manuscript of, in Greek, at Mount Sinai, 189

Gournou, temple of Ammon at, 79

Gow el Kebir, 73

Gozo, the isle of, 12

Guerf Hassan, gloomy temple of, 126

H.

Hadjar Silsili, granite quarries at, 151

Hales, Dr., chronology of, 59; on Egyptian hieroglyphics, 115, 116

Ham, the sons of, 54

Hamburg, effects of the fire at, 273

Hamilton, Mr., inscription deciphered by, 15

Handjiar, the Ain al Garri of the Crusades, 443

Hare, its appearance considered a bad omen, 200

Haroun-al-Raschid, the Caliph, story told of, 66

Hasroun, mulberry-groves of, 358

Hatsheit, village of, 358

Hauran, plain of the, described, 291; beautiful views over the, 292; Mr. Porter's theory regarding the stone architecture of the, viii, xxvi

Hawk, a chief object of worship in Egypt, 116
Hataoth, identified with Huddra, 205
Hebron, approach to, 238; its beautiful situation, *ib.*; some account of the town, *ib.*; described by Breydenbach, 423
Heliopolis, site of, and obelisk at, 38; descriptions of, by Abd'allatif and Makrizi, 384; obscuration of the sun at, 401
Heliopolis of Syria, see *Baalbec*
Hemacuta, the golden mountains of Egypt, according to the *Indoes*, 121
Herment, or Hermonthis, some account of the temple at, 142, 408
Hermon, Mount, 262; Mr. Porter's exploration of, Pref. vii
Hermopolis, said to have been the residence of the Holy Family, 71
Hieroglyphics, discovery of the interpretation of the, 79
Homr-plant, 168; its properties, 169
Hor, Mount, splendid view of, 225
Howara, the well of, 168
Huddra, district of, a dismal wilderness, 205
Hurnul, monument at, 434, vii, xxxvi
Humvul, or colocinth plant, 173
Hussein, Sheikh of the Towara, 162; provides the author with camels, 163
Hussein, Sheikh of the Alouins, 210; his character, 213, 214; visit to his camp, 217; his personal appearance, 218, xiii, xix

I.

Iamblichus, tomb of, at Palmyra, described, 326
Ibrahim Pasha, gardens planted by, in the island of Roda, 30
Irrigation of Egypt, 100, 109
Isaiah, his personification of Hades illustrated, 91

Ishmaun, Sheikh, demands of, 204
Isle of Flowers, opposite to Es-souan, 108, 144
Israelites, their passage across the Red Sea, 166; stations of the, on the route to Mount Sinai, 180, 180

J.

Jehaleens of Kerek, the, 230; attack Sheikh Hussein's camp, 282
Jehoshaphat, the vale of, 245
Jerash, burnt forest near, 273; description of the ruins at, *ib.*; temple of Baal at, 274; general style of the remains at, 275; effects of the earthquake at, 277; swarms of insects at, *ib.*; expedition of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, against, 426, xxvi
Jericho, visit to, 245
Jerusalem, journey to, 241; view of, from the Mount of Olives, 244; departure from, 249
Jerusalem and London, amazing comparison (temp. James I.) as to the estimate of distances in the environs of, 424
Joab, his siege of Ammon, 277
Jordan, valley of the, 245, 246; waters of the, 246, 265
Joshua, the tomb of, 283
Judea, curse on the land of, 248; its nature and limitation, 251
Jugglers, Egyptian, 37
Jupiter Ammon, temple of, at Carnac, 28

K.

Kadesh-Barnea, identified by Robinson with El Uebe, 282; by Stanley with Petra, xix, *seq.*
Kadisha, or sacred river of Lebanon, 348; valley of the, 351
Kamsin, or hot southerly wind, 189
Karietein, 317, 327
Kedron, bridge over the, 243
Kennawat, ruins at, 309

Kennah, arrival at, 77
 Kerek, village of, 293
 Khan Khair, a ruined tower, 227
 Kishon, banks of the, 256
 Koran, forbidden to be printed, 33
 Khasné, or treasury of Pharaoh,
 at Petra, 223
 Korosko, environs of, 129

L.

Lakhm, the tribe of, its history,
 429

Lazarus, the supposed tomb of, at
 Bethany, 245

Lebanon, Mount, the Druses of,
 345; journey over, 347; the
 cedars of, 348; characteristics
 of the scenery of, 355; the south-
 ern, 359; the cedars of, as de-
 scribed by the old travellers, 439

Lebonah, beautiful valley of, 253

Legh, Mr., his interview with
 Burekhardt in Nubia, 424

Lepsius, Professor, his remarks on
 Gebel Serbal, 179

Lieder, Rev. Theophilus, kindness
 of, 33; his laudable efforts, *ib.*

Lindsay, Lord, arrives at Gib-
 raltar, 1, and Cadix, *ib.*; his
 voyage to Malta, 11; describes
 the ruins of Alexandria, 14;
 reaches Cairo, 21; introduced
 to the Pasha, 23; inspects the
 college at Boulac, 32; visits the
 pyramid of Cheops, 38; passes
 an evening with Caviglia, 44;
 his night-scenes on the Nile, 63;
 inspects the tombs of Lycopolis,
 68, and the palace of Sesostris
 at Abydos, 75; his account of
 the temples, sculptures, and
 tombs at Thebes, 79 sqq.; the
 temples of Eneh and Edfou,
 108; reaches Esouan, 108;
 ascends the cataracts, 111;
 visits the island of Philæ, 113;
 his journey to Wady Halfa, 135;
 his wreck and detention at Es-
 souan, 136; examines the tem-

ples of Hermant, Dendera, and
 Ombos, 148; and the pyramids of
 Dashour and Saccara, 153; his
 journey to Mount Sinai, 159 sqq.;
 crosses the desert of Suez, 161;
 reaches the Convent of Mount
 Sinai, 185; ascends Mount St.
 Catherine, 190; identifies the
 great plain of Er Raha as the
 scene of the encampment of
 the Israelites, 185; departs for
 Akaba, 198; his servant wound-
 ed, *ib.*; return to the Convent
 and residence there for some
 weeks, 201; fresh start, and
 journey to Akaba, 203; confer-
 ence with the Alouins, 210; route
 through the Wady Araba, 215;
 arrives at Sheikh Hussein's
 camp, 217; his stay at Petra,
 221; crosses the desert to Heb-
 ron, 236; reaches Bethlehem,
 240; his stay at Jerusalem, 243;
 his excursion to Jericho and the
 Dead Sea, 246; his arrival at
 Nablous, 251; visits Samaria,
 254; Mount Carmel, 257; Acre,
 258; Nazareth, 260; and Mount
 Tabor, 261; arrives at the sea
 of Galilee, 263; his journey
 round the Eastern shore, pre-
 viously unexplored, and dis-
 covery of the "city of the
 Gadarenes" and the tombs, the
 scene of the miraculous cure of
 the demoniac, at El Husn,
 263 sqq.; visits Jerash, 273;
 Ammon, 279; and Assalt, 285;
 crosses Mount Gilead, 286; his
 journey in the Hauran, 291;
 encamps among the ruins of
 Bozrah, 293; his ride to Sueda,
 306; exploration of Kennawat,
 309; of Shoaba, 310; of Nedj-
 raun, 311; of Ezra, 312; reaches
 Damascus, 315; his journey to
 Palmyra, *ib.*; description of
 that city, 319; returns to Da-
 mascus, 329; crosses the Anti-
 libanus, 332; visits Bealbec, 333;

- crosses Mount Lebanon, 347; encamps under the cedars, 348; visits the monastery of Canubin, 352; reaches the vale of Eden, 355; describes the scenery of the Southern Lebanon, 359; crosses the Bekaa, 362; arrives at Damascus, 368; and at Beyrout, where he embarks for England, 364
- Lussof, the plant, 172
- Luxor, visit to the temple of, 97; described by Father Protais in 1668, 397
- Lycopolis, tombs of, 68
- M.**
- Mac Lennan, Dr., the author's companion from Sinai to Damascus, 145, 199, 200, 202, 249, 262, 263, 374
- Magic, as practised at Paris at the commencement of last century, 375
- Magician, Egyptian, answers of an, 35
- Mahmoudieh Canal, gigantic labours in its formation, 21
- Maisuna, the song of, 375
- Malta, voyage to, 11; armoury in the old palace at, 13; language of the inhabitants, *ib.*; visit to St. John's at, *ib.*
- Manaius, tomb of, at Palmyra, 325
- Mandeville, Sir John, his description of the Bedouins, 407
- Manfalout, grottoes near, 68; notice of, by Leo Africanus, 393
- Mar Elisha, La Roque's account of the convent of, 442
- Mara, the bitter waters of, 168
- Mar Georgius, convent of, 346
- Maronites of Mount Lebanon, 344
- Martineau, Miss, her 'Eastern Life' quoted, xv, xvi, xix
- Mataria, the Virgin Mary's tree at, Christian legends relating to, 71, 389; history and vicissitudes of the garden of balsam there, gathered from the old travellers, 385 sqq.
- Mauro, Fra, account of his 'Map pamundi,' or map, 396
- Medan, plain of, 430
- Medinet Habou, account of the ruins at, 83; the sculptures there, 103
- Medjdel, wretched village of, 264
- Medjdel, a ruined tower, 363 xxxiii
- Melka, village of, 270
- Memnon, statue of, described, 80
- Memnonium, or the palace and temple of Sesostriis, 81; its interior described, 82
- Memphis, a visit to the site of, 152; colossus of Rameses the Great at, 153; temple of Vulcan at, *ib.*; accounts of, by the old travellers, 404
- Metoualis of Mount Lebanon, 345
- Minetri, village of, 360, xxxiii
- Minieh, tradition attached to, 65
- Missionaries, their exertions in the Levant, 33
- Missirie, the author's courier, 10; acts as *cuisinier*, 62; testimony to his merits, 367
- Moab, mountains of, 242
- Mohammed Ali, his navy, 19; introduction to, 23; remarks on his government, 24; his bad policy, 25, 253; vast extent of his dominions, 26; olives planted by, 30; tomb erected by, 32; his college at Boulac, *ib.*; his printing establishment there, *ib.*
- Mohammed, the little Sheikh of the Alouins, 216, xix
- Moses, the wells of, 166, xii
- Mount of the Beatitudes, 262, xxv
- Mount Seir, ascent into, 220; notices of, by Abulfeda and others, 417
- Mufti of Damascus, visit to his palace, 363
- Mycerinus, mummy of, in the British Museum, xvi

N.

- Nablous, visit to, 253
 Nahr el Zerka, 278
 Naimi, village of, in Gilead, 272; wood scenery near, *ib.*
 Nazareth, the vale of, 259; earthquake at, 260; the church at, 260; steep rock near, 260
 Nedjraun, Roman mansion at, 311; Greek inscription at, 431
 Night encampment, described, 216
 Nights in the Desert, 165
 Nile, rise of the, 31; night scenes on the, 63; scenery of the river, 64, 111; colour of its waters, 130
 Nith, or Minerva, worship of, 22, 88
 Noah, the tomb of, 362
 Nouebe, the plain of, 208, 417
 Nubia, remarks on the races of, 132; beautiful climate of, 135
 Nubian music, 135

O.

- Ockley, episode in the Saracen Conquest, related by, 436
 Og, King of Bashan, 287, xxvii
 Oleander bush, in flower, 220; abundance of, 229, 265
 Olives, Mount of, view of Jerusalem from the, 244
 Olives, planted by Mohammed Ali, 30
 Omar, mosque of, at Bozrah, 295
 Ombos, temple of, 150
 Oom Keis, the ancient Gadara, described, 269; tombs near, *ib.*
 Orleans, Philip Duke of, incantation witnessed by, 375
 Osirei, tomb of, 86; his wars with the Lydians, 99
 Osiris, the burial-place of, 74

P.

- Palestine, the curse upon the soil of, 251
 Pali, or Shepherd-race of India, 57

- Palmyra, expedition to, 315; distant view of, 319; Temple of the Sun at, 320; description of the ruins at, 321; the tombs at, 325; accounts of, by earlier writers, 431
 Pell, Mr., the author's fellow-traveller to Palmyra and Lebanon, 316, 329
 Petra, visit to, 221; history and traditions of, according to the Arab writers, 418 sqq.; identified by Mr. Stanley with Kadesh-Barnea, viii, xix sqq.
 Pharaohs, tombs of the, 86; outrages on the, *ib.*; portraits of the, 86, 123
 Philæ, the sacred island of, 113; the extreme outpost of the Roman Empire to the south, 402
 Philistines, occupy the land of Canaan, 56; question of their origin, 56, 391
 Phthah, or Vulcan, temple of, at Guerf Hassan, 126
 Pilgrims, early, their distress for want of water, 408
 Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria, 15; early accounts of it, 367
 Porter, Rev. J. L., his 'Five Years in Damascus,' vii, viii, xxvi, xxvii, xxviii, xxix, xxx, xxxi
 Printing-establishment of Mohammed Ali, 32.
 Prophecies, remarkable, quoted, 45, and passim; x sqq.
 Protas, Father, a Capuchin missionary his descriptions of Luxor and Carnac, 396; dies of the plague, 399
 Psherré, descent to, 351; return to, 357
 Psylli, or serpent-charmers, 37
 Ptolemies, library of the, at Alexandria, 15
 Pyramids, first view of the, 22; traditions of the, 48; when built, 53; speculations as to their founders, 54; second visit to the,

155; notices of the, by the early travellers, 380; guardian spirits of the, 51, 383

Q.

Qoornet Murraee, tomb at, 85

R.

Rachel's tomb, near Bethlehem, 242

Rameses II., the palace of, at Thebes, 84; sculptures recording his victories, 82, 124, 147; colossal statues of, 81, 146

Rameses V., tomb of, described, 86

Ramsay, Mr. his description of Egyptian ships, 19; his Journal quoted, 24, 27, 81, 82, 43, 45, 73, 74, 76, 93, 95, 102, 103, 106, 132, 133, 137, 148, 149, 150; dies of the cholera, 329

Ras Mousa, the promontory of Moses, 166

Rattam, a species of broom, 183

Red Sea, passage over the, 166; its geographical limits, 417

Rehoboam and the captive Jews, represented in the sculptures at Thebes, 99, 100

Reni, village of, 261

Rhodope, Queen of Egypt, 48

Riha, miserable village of, 245

Ritter, suggestion of, respecting Gebel Serbal, viii

Road, Roman, from Bozrah to the Euphrates, 297

Robinson, Dr., his Biblical researches, 175; his account of Gebel How, 184, 202; quoted, 205, 207, 214, 227, 232, 234, 235, 236, 237, 252, 265; his 'Later Researches,' vi sqq.

Roda, garden of Ibrahim Pasha at, 30; traditions of, from the Arab writers, 373

Roob, the valley of, traversed by the Christian army, 302, 304

S.

Saccara, the pyramids at, 153

Sa-el-Hagiar, the site of the ancient Sais, 22

St. John's, at Malta, visit to, 13

Safeta, the mountains of, 346

Saladin, tomb of, at Damascus, 363, xxxiii

Salem, Sheikh, a chief of the Alouina, 210

Samaria, miserable modern village of, 254; remains at, 255

Samaritans, remnant of the, 254

Samuele, the hill of, 251

Santons at Cairo, 373

Saracens, their conquest of Bozrah, 300

Saurid Ebn Salhouk, antediluvian King of Egypt, and founder of the Pyramids, according to Arab legends, 48

Schranz, Mr., a German artist, 315

Scourge of the Ethiopians, used in the Crusades, 402

Seetzen, inquiry after, 271

Sepphoury, the ancient Sarepta, 259

Serpent-charmers, in Egypt, 37

Sesostris.—See *Rameses II.*

Shepherd Kings of Egypt, speculations as to their origin, 53 sqq., 391

Shehayl, beautiful island of, 110

Shia, shrub so called, 199

Shoaba, a Druse town, streets and buildings in, 310

Sicard, his exaggerated account of Carnac and Luxor, 399

Siloan, the ancient Siloam, 243

Simoa, village of, 236; ruined castle near, *ib.*

Sinai, Mount, journey to, 159; approach to, 183; ascent of, 193; alternately identified with Gebel Katerin and Gebel Mousa, 412; mysterious sounds reputed to haunt the mountain, 414

Sinai, Mount, the Convent of, a monastic fortress, 185; arrival at, 186; church at, 187; prolonged residence at, 201; the church of,

described by Mandeville, 410;
other ancient accounts of, 411
Sinaite inscriptions, remarks on,
175, xvi, xxiii
Siout, the tombs and catacombs
at, 68; tradition respecting, 70;
modern cemetery at, 71; its
condition in the sixteenth cen-
tury, 393
Solomon, the pools of, near Bethle-
hem, 239
Souf, Phœnician monuments near,
290
Sphinx, appearance of the, 51;
was a talisman, 52; descriptions
of the, by ancient travellers,
384; its Arab names, 398
Stabl Antar, excavation of, 69
Stanley, Rev. Canon, his 'Sinai
and Palestine,' vi, viii; his ob-
servations on the interpreta-
tion of prophecy, x sqq.; on
Gebel Serbal, xvi; on the plain
Er Raha, xxiii; on Petra, xix,
sqq.; and see xxiv, xxv
Strata, the great Roman road so
called, 428
Sueda, the capital of the Druses of
the Hauran, 306; some account
of the town and ruins, 307
Suez, journey over the desert of,
160; arrival of the author at,
161
Sultans of Egypt, ceremonies of
presentation to the, in the 14th
century, 371
Sultans, Mamaluke, tombs of the,
near Cairo, 28; the garden and
pleasure-house of the, near
Cairo, in the 16th century, 386
Summut, village of, 290
Sun, temple of the, at Jerash, 274;
at Palmyra, 320; at Baalbec, 339
Surya, the Regent of the Sun, his
descent upon the Ethiopians,
122

T.

Tabor, Mount, encampment on,
261; mass of ruins on, 262

Tadmor, palm-trees at, 320.—See
Palmyra
Tarfa and wild date-trees, 170
Taxation in Egypt, 24
Tebanna, a branch of the Gebal
tribe, 182
Thamud, the tribe of, the mythical
founders of Petra, 419
Theatre, magnificent, at Ammon,
281; at Bozrah, 294, and Pref.
xxviii
Thebans, tombs of the, 92
Thebes, arrival at, 79; temple of
Gournou at, *ib.*; statue of Mem-
non at, 80; palace and temple
of Sesostris at, 81; the ruins of
Medina Habou at, 83; the palace
of Rameses III., 84; tombs of
the kings at, 86; tomb of Osirei
at, *ib.*; of Rameses V. at, 88;
private tombs of the ancient
inhabitants, 92; tomb of a royal
scribe at, 96; the temple at
Luxor, 97; the temple at Carnac,
98; oblivion over, till the middle
of the seventeenth century, 395;
accounts of, by Father Protais
and subsequent travellers, *ib.*
sqq.
Tiberias, view of, 262; lake of,
263
Toualeb, his high character as a
guide, 202
Towara Arabs, their character,
209
Tunis, the bay of, 12
Turkey, obsequiousness of travel-
lers in, two centuries ago, 373
Turks, courtesy of the, 30

U.

Uk-sos, or royal shepherds, 55
Ullan, a ruined village, 287
Ulmedurra, a strange-looking
chalk-hill, 233

V.

Vansleb, his mission by Louis
XIV. to collect Arabic MSS.,
485

Virgin Mary and Our Saviour, legends regarding their visit to Egypt, 71, 388, 389

Vulcan, temple of, at Memphis, 153

Vyse, Colonel, 85; his researches in the Pyramids, 155; discoveries of, 156, xvi

W.

Wady Araba, route up the, 215; noble expanse of, 230; journey over, 231

Wady Boodra, a walk in the mountains of, 174

Wady Feiran, the paradise of the Arabian peninsula, 177 sqq.; accounts of, by early travellers, 409

Wady Gharandel, 169

Wady Halfa, arrival at, 131

Wady Kebeer, valley of, 318, xxxi

Wady Kournou, extensive ruins near, 234

Wady Metouali, vale of, 360

Wady Mokatteb, the Written Valley, 175

Wady Mousa, description of, by William of Tyre.—See *Petra*

Wady Sahal, ascent of, 204

Wady Sal, wells of, 170

Wady Sebayeh, xxxiv

Wady Seder, 167

Wady Seeg, a romantic defile in Mount Seir, 228; beautiful scenery beyond it, 229

Wady Selaff, valley of, 183

Wady Semrhi, arrival at, 206

Wady Sheikh, arrival at, 204

Wady Shellal, or the valley of the Cataract, 173

Wady Taibi, scenery of the valley of, 170

Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross," extract from, 21

Water, scarcity of, 174, 248, 270

Wellee Kiashef, the Turkish governor of Nubia, visits the author, 129; his geographical ideas, 130; his desire for knowledge, 131; his kindness, 138; his hospitality, 141; present of books to, from the author, 155

William of Tyre, his notice of the expedition of King Baldwin against Jerash, 426; and to the Bekaa, 443

Wrestling-matches, representation of, in an Egyptian tomb, 121

Y.

Yajour, village of, 256

Yermuck, the river, 269

Young, Dr., his discovery of the hieroglyphical alphabet, 79

Z.

Zaccheus, the house of, 246

Zachle, trade of, 362

Zebdani, Arab tradition respecting, 332

Zebeen, the village of, 289

Zebulon, the plain of, 259

Zembra, island-rock of, 12

Zerka, the river, 287

Zoroaster, his enumeration of the Almighty's attributes, 115

